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"YOU ARE AMERICANO. ARE YOU NOT? YOUR LAND HAS DONE MUCH FOR MY PEOPLE!"

—*The Title Market.* *Page 53.*

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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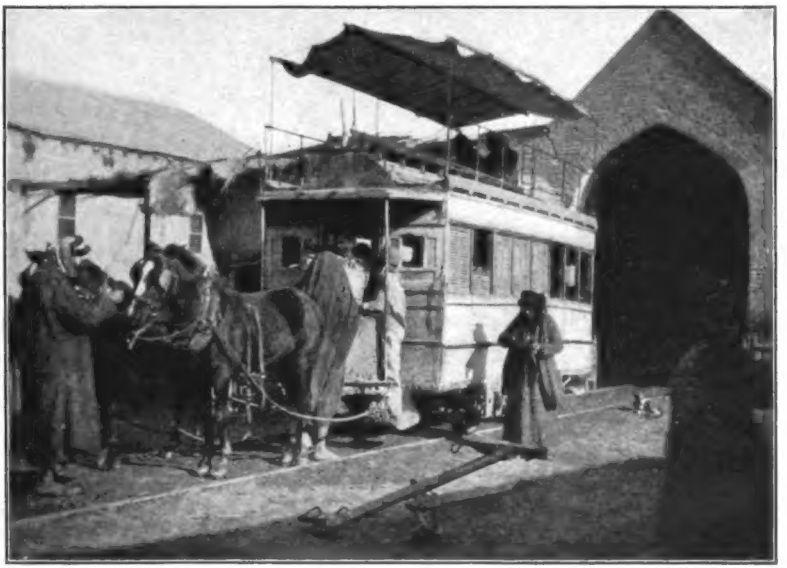

Courtesy of Cornell Expedition.

A TRAM CAR IN BAGDAD.

THE FIGHT FOR THE HIGHWAY OF NATIONS

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

Late of the American Consular Service in the Ottoman Dominions

THIS is the story of a chess game; the greatest, perhaps, since Napoleon played the Allies, with Europe for a stake—and lost. In this game England and Germany are the opponents; the prize for which they are playing is the commerce of all Asia, and the board on which they make their moves is the Babylonian plain.

There is no stranger or more fascinating story in all the world. The people with whom we have to do are the great ones of the earth. The lands wherein this world game is being played to a finish were old when the Pyramids were built, were hoary with antiquity at the Crucifixion. And the pawns in the great game are the most interesting of all, for one is an engineer with a title and a reputation, and half the alphabet trailing after his name; another is an Arab sheik with a hawk nose, who lives in a squalid, mud-walled town and rides abroad with ten score armed retainers at his back; and the third is a lean political agent in a white helmet, who has looked behind the scenes of the international diplomatic drama so long that he is cynical and has not a single illusion.

As for the rest of those who make up the motley crew of chessmen, each of them playing his little part, there are fox-eyed agents of the *Sûreté*, grizzled, grave-faced diplo-

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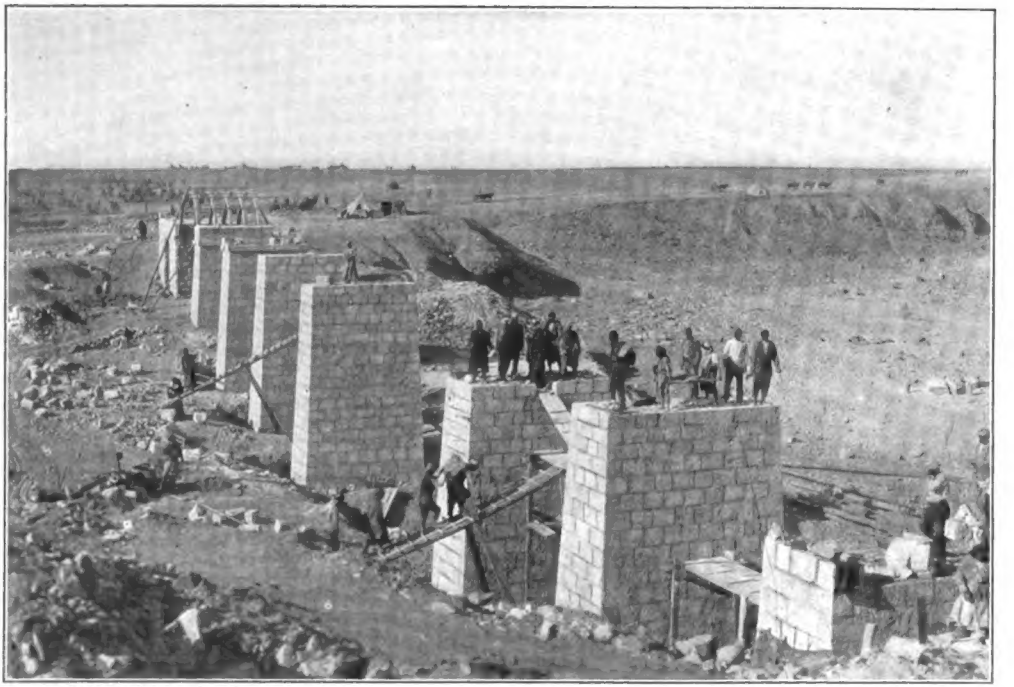

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

A TYPE OF DESERT CONSTRUCTION, AS SHOWN ON THE ROAD TO MECCA.

matists in frock coats, and a handful of Turkish pashas in their red fezes; and the rest are of no importance whatever, diplomatically, being merely engineers and bridge constructors and railway builders. While over them all hovers the shadow, ominous, mysterious, uncertain, of the Moslem power.

And now, with the board set and the game begun, let us peer behind the curtain and see for ourselves those things of which the diplomats are wont to speak with bated breath. Let us call things by simple, everyday names, and try to learn the real reason for Germany's hatred of England and England's deep-seated fear of Germany, and of the race for battleship supremacy which is impoverishing both nations, and, above all else, why Abdul Hamid managed so long to keep his seat on his unstable and tottering throne.

In his great white palace in Berlin the head of the House of Hohenzollern sits and ponders. Outspread before him lies a map, and dotted across it is a trail of tiny flags, black-and-white-and-scarlet—German flags. They start at Hamburg, and we follow them across Germany and across the other Teutonic empire—German in all but name—to Vienna, and so on to Budapest and Belgrade and Constantinople. Even there the trail does not end, for, crossing the Bosporus, we take it up again and it leads us straight away across the steppes of Asia Minor, the mountains of the Taurus, and those ancient plains which are watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates, past Nineveh and Babylon to Bagdad, the city of the Caliphs, and at last to a little Arab village, nestling amid the sand dunes on the shores of the Persian Gulf.

And the emperor sits and ponders. He sees the toy flags linked by shining lines of steel—German steel; he sees a vast, fertile, undeveloped country opened up to civilization—German civilization; he sees the teeming millions of India and the farther East depending on rail-borne food and clothing and merchandise—German merchandise; he sees a new, far-flung empire rising from the sand-buried ruins of a more ancient civilization, and the language of this new empire is German, the flag which flies over it is the German flag, and he who sits on its imperial throne, the throne of Nebuchadnezzar and Sennacherib, of Cyrus and Alexander, is a German, too—William of Hohenzollern.

Such is the imperial dream, the *Drang nach Osten*—the German onsweep to the beckoning East. It is the *idée fixe* of Wil-

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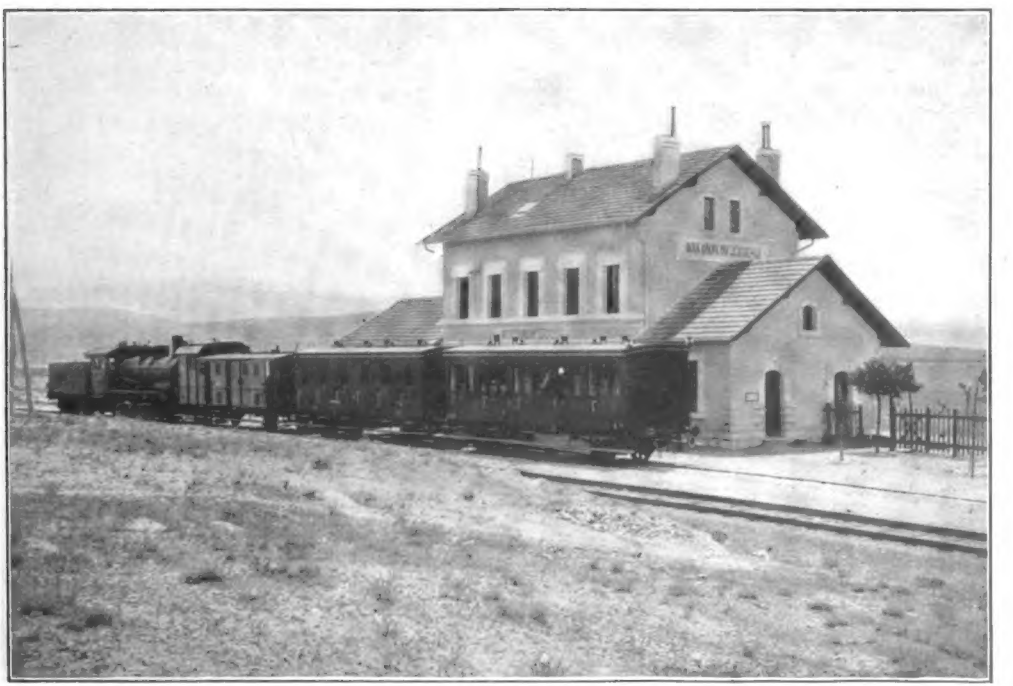
liam the Ambitious, this dream of an all-German railway from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf, so that German goods, loaded on German trucks, running on German rails, can reach the markets of British India and beyond more cheaply and more expeditiously than British-made goods can be sent out by way of Suez in British bottoms. And the same railway that can throw German goods across the Indian frontier can, it must always be remembered, throw soldiers in spiked helmets there as well. The dream is indeed imperial. How near it has already come to realization I have now to tell.

The real interpretation of modern history is to be sought in economic facts. Germany's way to the East, where a profitable market for her products awaits her coming, lies through Asia Minor and Mesopotamia; already her railways—for the German and Austrian systems are, to all intents and purposes, one—bind Hamburg to the Levant. If you will look at a map of Europe and Asia, you will see that Asia Minor is for Germany—essentially a land power—the doorway to the Farther East. You will see that the two great German railway routes from Hamburg and Frankfort converge at Budapest and, passing through Macedonia, keep on to Constantinople and thence, across the Bosporus, through Anatolia to Angora and Eregli, where the line temporarily ends.

This great highway of trade—the Highway of Nations, some one has called it—is the payment which the recent Master of Turkey made to the German War Lord for the latter's refusal to take part in the international occupation of Crete.

Never, perhaps, did the diplomatists work more diligently than a few years ago when four of the Great Powers intervened in the affairs of Crete. Many and diverse interests were at stake. England, France, and Italy, though ostensibly acting together to redeem Crete from Ottoman misrule, were suspicious and distrustful allies; Russia, as usual, was in ignorance and doubt; Germany—for reasons which I shall make plain—had thrown in her lot with the Sultan, and so, while the ships of all nations waited, grim and silent, off the Cretan shore, the real battle was fought by innumerable agents and spies in the dark underworld of politics.

It need hardly be said that the Cretan insurrection of 1897–98 was fed and fanned by the European powers. It was the aim of each of the Great Powers to secure a preponderating influence in Crete. For this



Courtesy of Cornell Expedition.

THE BOULGOURLOU STATION OF THE BAGDAD RAILWAY.

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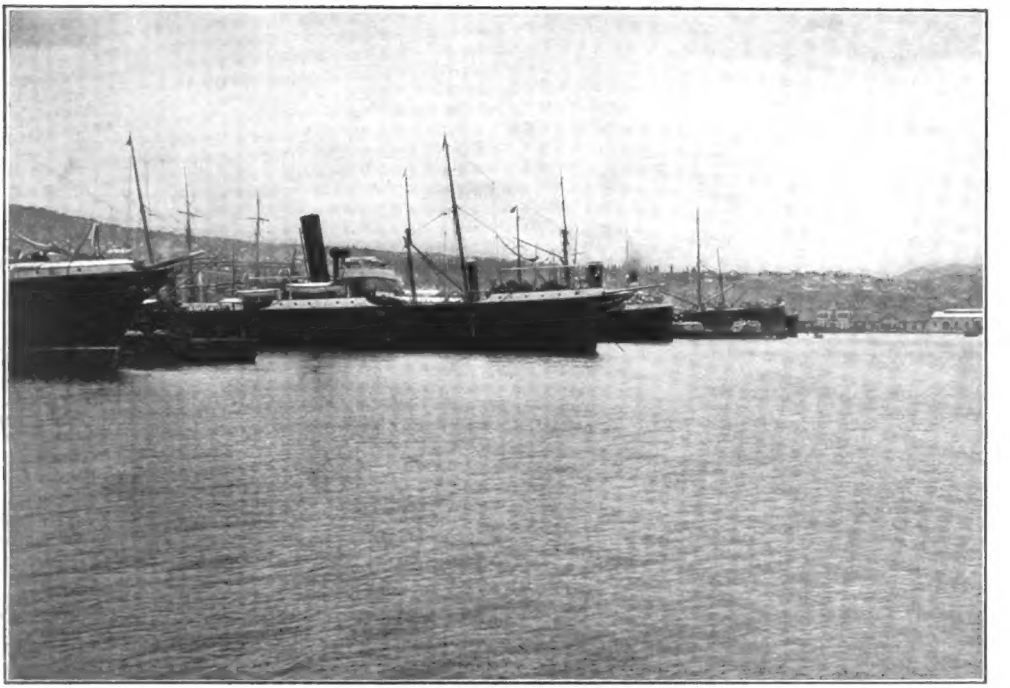

Courtesy of Charles M. Pepper.

SMYRNA, AS WELL AS HAIDAR PASHA, IS A TERMINAL OF THE BAGDAD RAILWAY.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

BUILDING A RAILWAY ACROSS A DESERT IN ARABIA.

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Courtesy of Cornell Expedition.

IN THE TAURUS MOUNTAINS, THROUGH WHICH THE BAGDAD RAILWAY PASSES.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE PONTOON BRIDGE AT BAGDAD.

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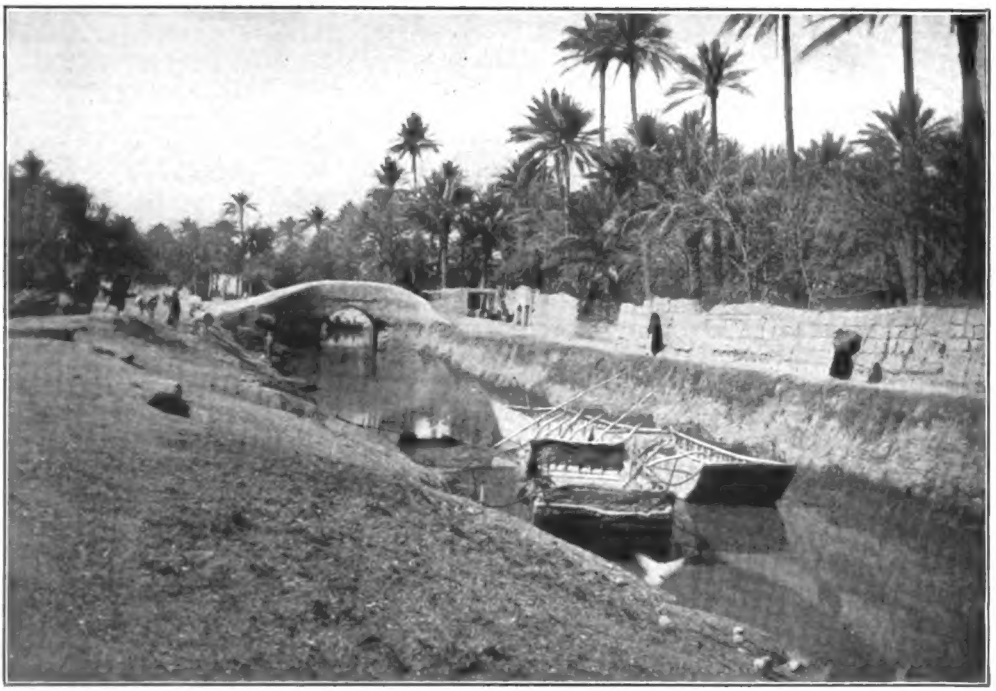

Courtesy of Cornell Expedition.

A CANAL IN BABYLONIA, SHOWING PRESENT DAY TRANSPORTATION METHODS.

Courtesy of Cornell Expedition.

BIREJIK AND THE EUPHRATES RIVER, NEAR THE POINT WHERE THE RAILROAD WILL CROSS.

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restless island has enormous strategic importance by reason of its great harbor at Suda Bay, capable of berthing a hundred Dreadnoughts, and by its position, equidistant from the shores of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and within threatening distance of the Messina Straits, the Dardanelles, and the Suez Canal. As I have said, only Germany held aloof. And this is the reason:

Even in those days the Kaiser, finding himself isolated as the result of French and British diplomacy, debarred on every hand from territorial expansion in Europe, had dreamed his dream of a commercial empire in Asia. But Wilhelm is the kind of a man who prefers to see things with his own eyes, and that is why, in the spring of 1897, he set out on his spectacular tour of the Near East. He rode through Palestine in a theatrical uniform made for the occasion, with a great cavalcade behind him. At Jerusalem he laid the cornerstone of a German church; at Haifa he addressed a great assemblage of German colonists; from Damascus he carried away with him the priceless furnishings of the palace which he occupied, loaned, for the occasion, by the neighboring pashas; at Ba'albek a peculiarly hideous tablet was placed in the Temple of Venus to mark his visit, and so he came to Stamboul, where Abdul-Hamid, his friend and brother, awaited him.

Imagine, if you can, a more queerly sorted pair. The Sultan, crafty, cautious, timid, patient; the Kaiser, bombastic, blatant, hot-headed, domineering. This meeting of the monarchs was as curious as any in modern history—the one a ruler in spite of his physical cowardice, and the shrewdest diplomat in Europe; the other a sort of footlight king. Humble, patient, and furtive, the Master of Turkey listened, while the War Lord thundered. Always he dilated on his great idea, the *Drang nach Osten*—that onsweep to the East of German imperialism. This strangely mated pair, these masters of East and West, made a compact that the one would abstain from intervening in Crete and would use his influence to obtain the withdrawal of the international soldiery from the island, and that the other would give him, in payment, a right-of-way for his railroad across Turkey-in-Asia. And so they arranged it between them, the bilious, sallow-faced, silent little man with his eternal cigarette, and the stoutish, aggressive, domineering Teuton who puffed intermittently at a black cigar. And this is what Abdul-Hamid gave to his German brother:

A concession to build a railway line from Haidar Pasha, a terminal port on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus, across from Constantinople, through the heart of Anatolia, over the Taurus Mountains to Adana and Aleppo; thence, passing through southern Kurdistan, to Nineveh on the head waters of the Tigris, thence paralleling the river to Bagdad, where, crossing over to the Euphrates, the line is to continue southward, via Babylon, Kerbela, and Basra to its proposed terminus at Koweit, on the Persian Gulf. It looks simple enough on the face of it, does it not?

But when the European chancelleries came to examine its provisions, they stood aghast, for they soon found that it constituted one of the most gigantic commercial concessions in all history. Not only was the concession granted under an Ottoman mileage guarantee of close on five millions of dollars per annum, but the *concessionnaires* were given in perpetuity a tract of land 12.4 miles wide along the entire length of the line, or, in other words, 6.2 miles on either side of the railway for a distance of fifteen hundred miles. The Sultan had, indeed, bartered a kingdom for the Kaiser's friendship. To the German *concessionnaires* was given the exclusive right to cultivate the land within this railway zone—18,600 square miles in all, and every foot of it, to all intents and purposes, German soil—to work the mines and the forests within this radius; to grow wheat, tobacco, and cotton; to colonize, and to navigate the streams, not to mention various subsidiary rights. The concession admits, moreover, of the *concessionnaires'* utilizing all waters along the route for electric purposes; and such power will eventually be used, it is planned, for lighting their towns and running their factories.

The grant likewise includes navigation rights on the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Shat-el-Arab, and permission has been granted for building quays at Bagdad, at Basra, and on the Persian Gulf. On both sides of the railway line in Mesopotamia lie bituminous and petroleum yielding lands of inestimable value, while it is calculated that Anatolia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and the Irak can produce more grain than the whole of Russia. To this are added the vast possibilities of the cotton supply in western Asia Minor. Is it any wonder that the frock-

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coated gentlemen in the foreign offices of London and Paris and St. Petersburg, reading the terms of the grant, threw up their hands in horror?

But British diplomacy is not of the kind that gives itself up to vain regrets. No sooner had the terms of this great concession become known in Downing Street than the danger to India was appreciated; for there, too, it was clear that a railway which can throw German goods across the Indian frontier can throw helmeted infantrymen and Krupp field guns as well. The instant, therefore, that the true import of this Turko-German treaty—for it was nothing less than a treaty—was appreciated, every resource of the British Foreign Office was put forth to frustrate it.

Now, owing to the physical configuration of the shores of the Persian Gulf, and to certain existing political conditions, the only port at which it would be at all possible for a railway to end is Koweit, an insignificant cluster of Arab huts, situated in a strategic position at the head of the Gulf, and the capital of a small and semi-independent territory of the same name. It was here, then, that the German engineers had planned to end their railway, the construction of which, at the time of the incident I am about to relate, had been pushed forward to Eregli, a town in the Taurus Mountains, at a cost of twenty-five millions of dollars. Now let us lift, for a moment, the curtain which has concealed one of the great diplomatic mysteries of our time, and we shall see how a British political agent, playing a lone hand against the masters of Germany and Turkey, checkmated them.

The British waited until the railway was so far completed and the investment so enormous that it was impossible for Germany to back out. Then, one day, a British gunboat dropped anchor off the low-lying sand dunes of Koweit, a gentleman immaculate in white linen and a white helmet was rowed ashore in the ship's gig and made his way to the mud-walled residence of the sheik, and after him came sailors bearing various bulky packages. Just what arguments this secret agent brought to bear on the crafty old ruler of Koweit are of small consequence here. Perhaps it was the case of repeating rifles and the embroidered saddlecloth and certain canvas sacks with clinking contents that turned the trick. Suffice it to say that an obscure Arab chieftain, as the ruler of a spot determined upon for the terminus of an epoch-making railway system, and a secret agent of the Indian Intelligence Department, as the representative of His Britannic Majesty, then and there concluded a treaty—a trifle informal, it is true, but a treaty just the same—whereby the sheik of Koweit disavowed his allegiance to the Sultan and accepted the protection of Great Britain as represented by one small gunboat in the harbor.

As soon as the treaty was concluded, the British agent gave a signal with his handkerchief, and the sailors, who went about the business as if they had done the same sort of thing before, brought ashore and erected with astonishing alacrity a flagstaff which, by a peculiar coincidence, they happened to have on board.

The sailors formed ranks, a little ball of bunting ran up the staff, and, reaching the top, broke out into the Union Jack, the guns of the warship barked a salute, the agent took off his helmet—whether from relief or respect I scarcely know—and the dream of William the Ambitious was rudely shattered.

Twenty-four hours later the officials of the Foreign Office in Berlin were astounded to receive a note from Downing Street informing them that the completion of the Bagdad Railway to Koweit could not be countenanced by His Majesty's Government unless the line was internationalized and a half share handed over to England, for, as the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs explained in his very polite note, Koweit was now British soil. So the workmen were laid off, and the international wrangling as to terms began. And to-day a certain political agent, who is noted among his fellows for being particularly close-mouthed, hangs around his neck on occasions of ceremony the cross and ribbon of the Order of the Indian Empire, bestowed "for services rendered."

And there, for the moment, the matter rests. The Kaiser, in his great white palace at Berlin, gnaws his nails and swings his arm nervously whenever the subject is mentioned to him. For he knows full well that, without the consent of Great Britain—which he hates as he hates no other power in all the world—he will find no outlet for his railway or for his ambitions in the direction of Koweit. And there is no reason to believe, as has recently been asserted, that he would ever consent to construct the line to Bagdad only, entrusting to British enterprise the completion of the route to the Gulf.

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The question now is—what nation or group of nations is destined to carry on the Bagdad Railway to completion and restore the ancient land of Shinar to its former glory? The most desirable and the most natural combination for this service—speaking from an unbiased standpoint—would be Germany, France, and England. But just at present the association of England does not seem very likely. The Germans value their concession so highly, as well they may, that they will never, unless I am greatly in error, offer the conditions of equality which are the only terms that would be accepted by England, who, to drop into an expressive vulgarism, is going to be "whole hog or none." And yet, in truth, it is only by internationalization that the greatest results from the scheme can be realized—the linking of East and West. That coöperation would give an importance to the project which it cannot possess if it is merely a railroad for the development of Asiatic Turkey. It is no secret—the fervor with which William II. has plunged into this railway scheme, and I very much mistake the grasp of his imperial mind if he is not able to realize how much greater would be the glory of contributing to establish a Highway of Nations than that of making a German railroad penetrating Asiatic Turkey, even if it did threaten the Indian possessions of his hated neighbor.

But Germany is still pursuing the policy of Bismarck, and the policy of that grim, shrewd old man was essentially a selfish one, so it is too much to expect that she should willingly surrender even a minor interest in this great project to a power which she so hates and fears. Germany, unable to secure for herself the sovereignty of Asia Minor, is willing to administer that rich province under the suzerainty of Turkey. Little she recks that by adopting this policy (which would be that of Bismarck, were he alive) she rivets the yoke of the Turk on Armenia and Macedonia and deprives Austria of her access to the Ægean at Salonica, for she appreciates full well that, being herself unable to occupy Constantinople, it is imperative for her to maintain the crescent over Saint Sophia, and thus she gives a new lease of life to the ever menacing Eastern question.

The Kaiser, imbued with the doctrines of Captain Mahan, prefers an outlet on the Persian Gulf to an outlet on the Mediterranean, and that outlet he will eventually have, if to get it he has to go to war with England. He knows that as strategical positions Ormuz and Muscat can never replace Gibraltar and Perim. But as long as Cape Town is in British hands, the Persian Gulf represents the one unbarred channel between the East and the West. Again, by placing Constantinople in connection with the warlike populations of Asia Minor he has at a stroke doubled the military power of Turkey, a power of which he may still hope to avail himself. Koweit, be it remembered, is the one British outpost which can be reached by land more easily than by water; for when the railway is finishd it will be within easy striking distance of forces massed in the fertile oases around Basra. William of Hohenzollern has placed himself in a position to realize the dreams of Trajan and of Barbarossa, and, if I read his character aright, he will stop at nothing to see that dream fulfilled. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the Lords of the Admiralty are calling for Dreadnoughts and yet more Dreadnoughts?

Come with me, now, unto Babylon. Hearken and I will explain why this ancient and mysterious land, this, the last of the world's frontiers, is worthy of so fierce a struggle for possession and exploitation. Everything considered, there is no region on earth more deserving of close attention from American manufacturers, merchants, and farmers than Mesopotamia and Babylonia. For within the next few years the country watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates is destined to be the scene of the greatest contest for commercial supremacy in modern times. In ancient times, when the whole of Mesopotamia-Babylonia and the greater portion of the country lying between the Tigris and the mountains of Persia and Kurdistan were artificially irrigated, those parts held the principal granaries of the world, the soil, according to Herodotus, yielding commonly two hundred and even three hundred fold. When the Chaldeans peopled the delta of the Tigris and the Euphrates, they constructed huge irrigation works which turned the land from a sandy waste into a vast and luxuriant garden. The whole plain was dotted with prosperous and populous cities set in the midst of engirdling areas of wheat, for it is from this region that wheat, originally found in a wild and uncultivated state, was taken and gradually transplanted all

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over the world. At that period the land was protected against the inundations of the rivers and watered in times of drought by a stupendous system of dikes and canals, which, even at the present day, in a ruined and sand-choked condition, cover like a network the face of the country.

Naturally fertile and once the richest region not only in Asia but in all the world, Mesopotamia, owing to neglect, is now a barren waste. The ancient irrigation works perished because the country was so torn asunder by internecine warfare that the inhabitants ceased to keep them in repair. The scene of the sudden destruction which overwhelmed the cities of the plain is still visible. The Tigris burst its bonds and temporarily engulfed a great area, and from that day to this desolation has reigned supreme around ancient Opis.

There comes then from Egypt a modern Moses, Willcocks by name, a baronet and an engineer of note, who has been entrusted by Turkey with the survey of the works for restoring the ancient canals and irrigating channels along the Tigris by which the plains of Mesopotamia, after centuries of waiting, will be restored to their old-time luxuriance and prosperity. Sir William Willcocks, known to fame as the builder of the great Nile dam at Assuan—an economic success, if ever there was one—divides the region which he proposes to restore into two sections: one, Upper Chaldea, representing an area of 1,280,000 acres of first-class land waiting only for water to yield at once a handsome return; the other, Lower Chaldea, 1,500,000 acres in extent, although highly valuable, he considers was never as fertile as Upper Chaldea, its soil having become impregnated with salt. Suffice it to say that the works contemplated resemble closely those in operation to-day in the Nile Valley and present no exceptional difficulties to the engineer. The cost is estimated at approximately forty million dollars, from which, it is calculated, there will be a net income of ten million dollars per annum, or twenty-five per cent. on the capital invested. Let those who know Egypt say whether they consider such figures too sanguine.

Needless to say, it was the project of the Bagdad Railway which first suggested to Sir William Willcocks the scheme that now, under the auspices of the Turkish Government, he is about to carry out. But, like all men of minds too great to allow minor issues to preoccupy them, he is not concerned with the question of who is to build the projected railway. "Politics," he once said, "I have nothing to do with. My ambition is to see ten blades of grass growing where none are growing to-day."

In ancient times all this vast extent of country was intersected by irrigating canals. The most important of them was the great Nahrawân Canal, one hundred and fifty miles in length and one hundred and thirty-two yards broad, no Egyptian, and, indeed, no Indian canal being able to compare with it. Among the other prehistoric works to be restored is the huge Kerez Saideh Canal, four hundred miles in length, which commenced at Hit on the Euphrates and fell into the sea to the west of the Shat-el-Arab, and the huge reservoir near Sippara—said to have been one hundred and forty miles in circumference and one hundred and eighty feet in depth—which was provided with flood gates so that the waters could be drawn off for purposes of irrigation.

Such, then, are the regions that the Bagdad Railway will eventually traverse; its rails will be laid on the banks of a renewed and remodeled Nahrawân Canal, and life and prosperity will again be seen in this land of great vicissitudes. With an increase of population and prosperity, Chaldea, will undoubtedly experience that same wave of prosperity which is to-day passing over Egypt, that other similarly situated land.

Of all the regions of the earth, none is more favored by nature for the production of cereals than these same lands along the Tigris—cotton, sugar-cane, corn, and all the summer products of cereals, leguminous plants, clover, opium, and tobacco will find themselves at home as they do in Egypt.

The through traffic between Europe and the East will yield no inconsiderable revenue. And when this traffic is supplemented by the transport of the abundant harvests of a restored Chaldea the Bagdad Railway will establish itself as a financial success. It will be capable of satisfying not only the German money-lords who backed it, but the War Lord who conceived the scheme. For it is to him, when all is said and done, and to the Padishah whose permission made it possible, that credit will have to be given for the resurrection of this world-famed land and for the rebuilding, in the cause of Commerce, of another Eastern Empire.

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A VISION SENT

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Mr. Pratt," "Cap'n Eri," Etc.

Illustrations by Rollin Kirby

WHEN Laban Thorp set out to thrash his son and the boy licked him instead, they found the old man settin' in the barnyard, holdin' on to his nose and grinnin' for pure joy.

"Hurt?" says he. "Why, some. But think of it! Only think of it! I didn't believe Bill had it in him."

Well, that's the way I felt when Cap'n Jonadab sprung the New York plan on to me. I was pretty nigh as much surprised as Labe. The idea of a man with a chronic case of lockjaw of the pocketbook, same as Jonadab had worried along under ever sence I knew him, suddenly breakin' loose with a notion to go to New York on a pleasure cruise! 'Twas too many for me. I set and looked at him.

"Oh, I mean it, Barzilla," he says. "I ain't been to New York sence I was mate on the *Emma Snow*, and that was 'way back in the eighties. That is, to stop I ain't. That time we went through on the way to Peter T.'s weddin' don't count, 'cause we only went in the front door and out the back, like a squealer Wixon went through high school. Let's you and me go and stay two or three days and have a real high old time," says he.

I fetched a long breath. "Jonadab," I says, "don't scare a feller this way; I've got a weak heart. If you're goin' to start in and be divilish in your old age, why, do it kind of gradual. Let's go over to the billiard room and have a bottle of sass'parilla and a five-cent cigar, just to break the ice."

But that only made him mad.

"You talk like a fish," he says. "I mean it. Why can't we go? It's September, the Old Home House is shut up for the season, you and me's done well—fur's profits are concerned—and we ought to have a change, anyway. We've got to stay here in Orham all winter."

"Have you figgered out how much it's goin' to cost?" I asked him.

Yes, he had. "It won't be so awful expensive," he says. "I've got some stock in the railroad and that'll give me a pass fur's Fall River. And we can take a lunch to eat on the boat. And a stateroom's a dollar;

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that's fifty cents apiece. And my daughter's goin' to Eastboro' on a visit next week, so I'd have to pay board if I stayed to home. Come on, Barzilla! don't be so tight with your money."

So I said I'd go, though *I* didn't have any pass, nor no daughter to feed me free gratis for nothin' when I got back. And when we started, on the followin' Monday, nothin' would do but we must be at the depot at two o'clock so's not to miss the train, which left at quarter past three.

I didn't sleep much that night on the boat. For one thing, our stateroom was a nice lively one, alongside of the paddle box and just under the fog whistle; and for another, the supper that Jonadab had brought, bein' mainly doughnuts and cheese, wa'n't the best cargo to take to bed with you. But it didn't make much diff'rence, 'cause we turned out at four, so's to see the scenery and git our money's worth. What was left of the doughnuts and cheese we had for breakfast.

We made the dock on time, and the next thing was to pick out a hotel. I was for cruisin' along some of the main streets until we hove in sight of a place that looked sociable and not too expensive. But no; Jonabad had it all settled for me. We was goin' to the "Wayfarer's Inn," a boardin' house where he'd put up once when he was mate of the *Emma Snow*. He said 'twas a fine place and you could git as good ham and eggs there as a body'd want to eat.

So we set sail for the "Wayfarer's," and of all the times gittin' to a place—don't talk! We asked no less than nine policemen and one hundred and two other folks, and it cost us thirty cents in car fares, which pretty nigh broke Jonadab's heart. However, we found it, finally, 'way off amongst a nest of brick houses and peddler carts and children, and it wa'n't the "Wayfarer's Inn" no more, but was down in the shippin' list as the "Golconda House." Jonadab said the neighborhood had changed some sence he was there, but he guessed we'd better chance it, 'cause the board was cheap.

We had a nine-by-ten-room up aloft somewheres, and there we set down on the edge of the bed and a chair to take account of stock, as you might say.

"Now, I tell you, Jonadab," says I; "we don't want to waste no time, and we 've got the day afore us. What do you say if we cruise along the water front for a spell? There's ha'f a dozen Orham folks aboard diff'rent steamers that hail from this port, and 'twouldn't be no more'n neighborly to call on 'em. There's Silas Baker's boy, Asa—he's with the Savannah Line and he'd be mighty glad to see us. And there's——"

But Jonadab held up his hand. He'd been mysterious as a baker's mince pie ever sence we started, hintin' at somethin' he'd got to do when we'd got to New York. And now he out with it.

"Barzilla," he says, "I ain't sayin' but what I'd like to go to the wharves with you, first-rate. And we will go, too. But afore we do anything else I've got an errand that must be attended to. 'Twas give to me by a dyin' man," he says, "and I promised him I'd do it. So that comes first of all."

He got his wallet out of his inside vest pocket, where it had been pinned in tight to keep it safe from robbers, unwound a foot or so of leather strap, and dug up a yeller piece of paper that looked old enough to be Methusalem's will, pretty nigh.

"Do you remember Patrick Kelly, in Orham?" he asks.

"Who?" says I. "Pat Kelly, the Irishman, that lived in the little old shack back of your barn? Course I do. But he's been dead for I don't know how long."

"I know he has. Do you remember his boy Jim that run away from home?"

"Let's see," I says. "Seems to me I do. Freckled, red-headed rooster, wa'n't he? And of all the imps of darkness that ever——

"S-sh-sh!" he interrupted solemn. "Don't say that now, Barzilla. Sounds kind of irreverient. Well, me and old Pat was pretty friendly, in a way, though he did owe me rent. When he was sick with the pleurisy he sends for me and he says, 'Cap'n Baxter,' says he, 'you're pretty close with the money,' he says—he was kind of out of his head at the time and liable to say foolish things—'You're pretty close,' he says, 'but you're a man of your word. My boy Jimmie, that run away, was the apple of my eye.'"

"That's what he said about his girl Maggie that was took up for stealin' Mrs. Elkanah Higgin's spoons," I says. "He had a healthy crop of apples in *his* orchard."

"S-sh-h! *Don't* talk so! I feel as if the old man's spirit was with us this minute. 'He's the apple of my eye,' he says, 'and he run away, after me latherin' the life out of him with a wagon spoke. 'Twas all for his good, but he didn't understand, bein' but a child. And now I've heard,' he says, 'that

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he's workin' at 116 East Blank Street in the city of New York. Cap'n Baxter, you're a man of money and a travelin' man,' he says (I was fishin' in them days). 'When you go to New York,' he says, 'I want you to promise me to go to the address on this paper and hunt up Jimmie. Tell him I forgive him for lickin' him,' he says, 'and die happy. Will you promise me that, Cap'n, on your word as a gentleman?' And I promised him. And he died in less than ten months afterwards, poor thing."

"But that was sixteen—eighteen—nineteen years ago," says I. "And the boy run away three years afore that. You've been to New York in the past nineteen years, once anyhow."

"I know it. But I forgot. I'm ashamed of it, but I forgot. And when I was goin' through the things up attic at my daughter's last Friday, seein' what I could find for the rummage sale at the church, I come across my old writin' desk, and in it was this very piece of paper with the address on it just as I wrote it down. And me startin' for New York in three days! Barzilla, I swan to man I believe somethin' *sent* me to that attic."

I knew what sent him there and so did the church folks, judgin' by their remarks when the contribution came in. But I was too much set back by the whole crazy business to say anything about that.

"Look here, Jonadab Baxter," I sings out, "do you mean to tell me that we've got to put in the whole forenoon ransackin' New York to find a boy that run off twenty-two years ago?"

"It won't take the forenoon," he says. "I've got the number, ain't I?"

"Yes, you've got the number where he *was*. If you want to know where I think he's likely to be now, I'd try the jail."

But he said I was unfeelin' and disobligin' and lots more, so, to cut the argument short, I agreed to go. And off we put to hunt up 116 East Blank Street. And when we located it, after a good hour of askin' questions, and payin' carfares and wearin' out shoe leather, 'twas a Chinese laundry.

"Well," I says, sarcastic, "here we be. Which one of the heathen do you think is Jimmie? If he had an inch or so more of upper lip, I'd gamble on that critter with the pink nighty and the baskets on his feet. He has a kind of familiar chicken-stealin' look

"'TWAS A MIGHTY UNSATISFYIN' INTERVIEW."

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in his eye. Oh, come down on the wharves, Jonadab, and be sensible."

Would you believe it, he wa'n't satisfied. We must go into the wash shop and ask the Chinamen if they knew Jimmie Kelly. So we went in and the powwow begun.

'Twas a mighty unsatisfyin' interview. Jonadab's idea of talkin' to furriners is to yell at 'em as ef they was stone deef. If they don't understand what you say, yell louder. So between his yells, and the heathen's jabber and grunts, the hullabaloo was worse than a cat in a hen yard. Folks begun to stop outside the door and listen and grin.

"What did he say?" asks the cap'n, turnin' to me.

"I don't know," says I, "but I cal'late he's gettin' ready to send a note up to the crazy asylum. Come on out of here afore I go loony myself."

So he done it, finally, cross as all get out, and swearin' that all Chinese was no good and oughtn't to be allowed in this country. But he wouldn't give up, not yet. He must scare up some of the neighbors and ask them. The fifth man that we asked was an old chap who remembered that there used to be a liquor saloon once where the laundry was now. But he didn't know who run it or what had become of him.

"Never mind," I says. "You're as warm as you're likely to be this trip. A rum shop is just about the place I'd expect that Kelly boy *would* be in. And, if he's like the rest of his relations on his dad's side, he drank himself to death years ago. *Now* will you head for the Savannah Line?"

Not much he wouldn't. He had another notion. We'd look in the directory. That seemed to have a glimmer of sense somewhere's in its neighborhood, so we found an apothe cary store and the clerk handed us out a book once agin' as big as a church Bible.

"Kelly," says Jonadab. "Yes, here 'tis. Now, 'James Kelly.' Land of Love! Barzilla, look here."

I looked, and there wa'n't no less than a dozen pages of James Kellys, beginning with fifty James A.'s and endin' with four James Z.'s. The Y in "New York" ought to be a C, judgin' by that directory.

"Godfrey mighty!" I says. "This ain't no forenoon's job, Jonadab. If you're goin' through that list you'll have to spend the rest of your life here. Only, unless you want to be lonesome, you'll have to change your name to Kelly."

"If I'd only got his middle letter," says he, mournful, "'twould have been easier. He had four middle names, if I remember right—the old man was great on names—and 'twas too much trouble to write 'em all down. Well, I've done my duty, anyhow. We'll go and call on Ase Baker."

But 'twas after eleven o'clock then, and the doughnuts and cheese I had for breakfast was beginnin' to feel as if they wanted company. So we decided to go back to the Golconda and have some dinner first.

We had ham and eggs for dinner, some that was left over from the last time Jonadab stopped there, I cal'late. Lucky there was hot bread and coffee on the bill or we'd never got a square meal. Then we went up to our room and the cap'n laid down on the bed. He was beat out, he said, and wanted to rest up a spell afore haulin' anchor for another cruise.

He went to sleep pretty soon and I set in the one chair, readin' the newspaper and wishin' I hadn't ate so many of the warm bricks that the Golconda folks hoped was biscuit. They made me feel like a schooner goin' home in ballast. I guess I was drowsin' off myself, but there comes a most unearthly yell from the bed and I jumped ha'f out of the chair. There was Jonadab settin' up and lookin' wild.

"What in the world?" says I.

"Oh! Ugh! My soul!" says he.

"Your soul, hey?" says I. "Is that all? I thought mebbe you'd lost a quarter."

"Barzilla," he says, comin' to and starin' at me solemn. "Barzilla, I've had a dream—a wonderful dream."

"Well," I says, "I ain't surprised. A feller that histed in as much fried dough as you did ought to expect——"

"But I tell you 'twas a *wonderful* dream," says he. "I dreamed I was on Blank Street, where we was this mornin', and Patrick Kelly comes to me and p'ints his finger right in my face. I see him as plain as I see you now. And he says to me—he said it over and over, two or three times—'Seventeen,' says he, 'Seventeen.' Now what do you think of that?"

"Humph!" I says. "I ain't surprised. I think 'twas just seventeen of them biscuits that you got away with. Wonder to me you didn't see somebody worse'n old Pat."

But he was past jokin'. You never see a man so shook up by the nightmare as he was by that one. He kept goin' over it and

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tellin' how natural old Kelly looked and how many times he said "Seventeen" to him.

"Now what did he mean by it?" he says. "Don't tell me that was a common dream, 'cause 'twa'n't. No sir, 'twas a vision sent to me, and I know it. But what did he mean?"

"I think he meant you was seventeen kinds of an idiot," I snorts, disgusted. "Get up off that bed and stop wavin' your arms, will you? He didn't mean for you to turn yourself into a windmill, that's sartin sure."

Then he hits his knee a slap that sounds like a window blind blowin' to. "I've got it!" he sings out. "He meant for me to go to number seventeen on that street. That's what he meant."

I laughed and made fun of him, but I might as well have saved my breath. He was sure Pat Kelly's ghost had come hikin' back from the hereafter to tell him to go to 17 Blank Street and find his boy. "Else why was he *on* Blank Street?" he says. "You tell me that."

I couldn't tell him. It's enough for me to figger out what makes live folks act the way they do, let alone dead ones. And Cap'n Jonadab was a Spiritu'list on his mother's side. It ended by my agreein' to give the Jimmie chase one more try.

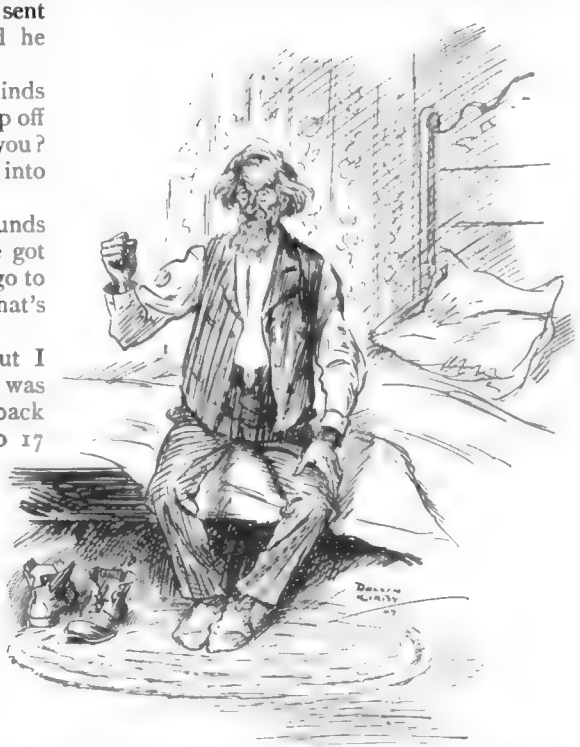
"But it's got to be the last," I says. "When you git to number seventeen don't you say you think the old man meant to say 'seventy' and stuttered."

Number 17 Blank Street was a little combination fruit and paper store run by an Eyetalian with curly hair and the complexion of a molasses cooky. His talk sounded as if it had been run through a meat chopper. All he could say was, "Nica grape, genta'-men?" "On'y fifteen cent a pound. Nica grape? Nica apple? Nica pear? Nica ploom?"

"Kelly?" says Jonadab, hollerin' as usual. "Kelly! d'ye understand? K-E-L-Kel L-Y-ly, Kelly. *You* know, *Kelly!* We want to find him."

And just then up steps a feller about six feet high and three foot through. He was dressed in checkerboard clothes, some gone to seed, and you could hardly see the blue tie he had on for the glass di'mond in it. Oh, he was a little wilted now—for the lack of water, I judge—but 'twas plain that he'd been a sunflower in his time. He'd just come out of a liquor store next door to the fruit shop and was wipin' his mouth with the back of his hand.

"What's this I hear?" says he, fetchin' Jonadab a welt on the back like a mast goin'



"'BARZILLA, I'VE HAD A DREAM—A WONDERFUL DREAM.'"

by the board. "Is it me friend Kelly you're lookin' for?"

I was just goin' to tell him no, not likin' his looks, but Jonadab cut in ahead of me, out of breath from the earthquake the feller had landed him, but excited as could be.

"Yes, yes!" says he. "It's Mr. Kelly we want. Do you know him?"

"Do I know him? Why, me bucko, 'tis me old college chum he is. Come on with me and we'll give him the glad hand."

He grabs Jonadab by the arm and starts along the sidewalk, steerin' a toler'ble crooked course, but gainin' steady by jerks.

"I was on me way to Kelly's place now," says he. "And here it is. Sure didn't I bate the bookies blind on Rosebud but yesterday—or was it the day before? I don't know, but come on, me lads, and we'll do thim ag'in."

He turned in at a little narrer entry-like and went stumblin' up a flight o' dirty stairs. I caught hold of Jonadab's coat tails and pulled him back.

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"Where you goin', you crazy loon?" I whispered. "Can't you see he's three sheets in the wind? And you haven't told him what Kelly you want, nor nothin'."

But I might as well have hollered at a stone wall. "I don't care if he's as fur gone in liquor as Belshazzer's goat," sputters the cap'n, all worked up. "He's takin' us to *a* Kelly, ain't he? And is it likely there'd be another one within three doors of the number I dreamed about? Didn't I tell you that dream was a vision sent? Don't lay to *now*, Barzilla, for the land sakes! It's Providence a-workin'."

'Cordin' to my notion the sunflower looked more like an agent from t'other end of the line than one from Providence, but just then he commenced to yell for us and upstairs we went, Jonadab first.

"Whisht!" says the checkerboard, holdin' on to Jonadab's collar and swingin' back and forth. "Before we proceed to blow in on me friend Kelly, let us come to an understandin' concernin' and touchin' on—and—and—I don't know. But b'ys," says he, solemn and confidential, "are you on the square? Are yez dead game sports, hey?"

"Yes, yes!" says Jonadab. "Course we be. Mr. Kelly and us are old friends. We've come I don't know how fur on purpose to see him. Now where's——"

"Say no more," hollers the feller. "Say no more. Come on with yez." And he marches down the dark hall to a door with a "To let" sign on it and fetches it a bang with his fist. It opens a little ways and a face shows in the crack.

"Hello, Frank!" hails the sunflower, cheerful. "Will you take that ugly mug of yours out of the gate and lave me and me friends in?"

"What's the matter wid you, Mike?" asks the chap at the door. "Yer can't bring them two yaps in here and you know it. G'wan out of this."

He tried to shut the door, but the checkerboard had his foot between it and the jamb. You might as well have tried to shove in the broadside of an ocean liner as to push against that foot.

"These gents are friends of mine," says he. "Frank, I'll do yez the honor of an introduction to Gin'ral Grant and Dan'l O'Connell. Open that door and compose your face before I'm obliged to break both of 'em."

"But I tell you, Mike, I can't," says the door man, lookin' scared. "The boss is out, and you know——"

"*Will* you open that door?" roars the big chap. And with that he hove his shoulder against the panels and jammed the door open by main force, all but flattenin' the other feller behind it. "Walk in, Gin'ral," he says to Jonadab, and in we went, me wonderin' what was comin' next and not darin' to guess.

There was a kind of partitioned off hallway inside, with another door in the partition. We opened that, and there was a good-sized room, filled with men, smokin' and standin' around. A high board fence was acrost one end of the room, and from behind it comes a jinglin' of telephone bells and the sounds of talk. The floor was covered with torn papers, the window blinds was shut, the gas was burnin' blue, and, between it and the smoke, the smells was as various as them in a fish glue factory. On the fence was a couple of blackboards with "Belmont" and "Brighton" and such-like names in chalk wrote on 'em and beneath that a whole mess in writin' and figures like, "Red Tail 4—Wt—108—Jock Smith—5—1," "Sourcrout 5—Wt—99—Jock Jones—20—5," and similar rubbish. And the gang—a mighty mixed lot—was scribblin' in little books and watchin' each other as if they was afraid of havin' their pockets picked; though, to look at 'em, you'd have guessed the biggest part had nothin' in their pockets but holes.

The six-foot checkerboard—who, it turned out, answered to the hail of "Mike"—seemed to be right at home with the gang. He called most of 'em by their first names and went sasshayin' around, weltin' 'em on the back and tellin' 'em how he'd "put crimps in the bookies rolls t'other day," and a lot more stuff that they seemed to understand, but was hog Greek to me and Jonadab. He'd forgot us altogether, which was a mercy the way I looked at it, and I steered the cap'n over into a corner and we come to anchor on a couple of rickety chairs.

"What—why—what kind of a place *is* this, Barzilla?" whispers Jonadab, scared.

"Sh-h-h!" says I. "Land knows. Just set quiet and hang on to your watch."

"But—but I want to find Kelly," says he.

"I'd give somethin' to find a back door," says I. "Ain't this a collection of dock rats though! If this is a part of your dream, Jonadab, I wish you'd turn over and wake up. Oh land! here's one murderer headin' this

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way. Keep your change in your fist and keep the fist shut."

A more'n average rusty peep, with a rubber collar on and no necktie, comes slinkin' over to us. He had a smile like a crack in a plate.

"Say, gents," he says, "have you made your bets yet? I've got a dead straight line on the handicap," says he, "and I'll put you next for a one spot. It's a sure t'ing at fifteen to three. What do you say?"

I didn't say nuthin'; but that fool dream was rattlin' round in Jonadab's skull like a bean in a blowgun, and he sees a chance for a shot.

"See here, mister," he says. "Can you tell me where to locate Mr. Kelly?"

"Who—Pete?" says the feller. "Oh, he ain't in just now. But about that handicap. I like the looks of youse and I'll let youse in for a dollar. Or, seein' it's you, we'll say a half. Only fifty cents. I wouldn't do better for my own old man," he says.

While the cap'n was tryin' to unravel one end of this gibberish I spoke up prompt.

"Say," says I. "Tell me this, will you? Is the Kelly who owns this—this palace, named Jimmie—James, I mean?"

"Naw," says he. "Sure he ain't. It's Pete Kelly, of course—Silver Pete. But what are you givin' us? Are you bettin' on the race, or ain't you?"

Well, Jonadab understood that. He bristled up like a brindled cat. If there's any one thing the cap'n is down on, it's gamblin' and such—always exceptin' when he knows he's won already. You've seen that kind, maybe.

"Young feller," he says, perkish, "I want you to know that me and my friend ain't the bettin' kind. What sort of a hole *is* this, anyway?"

The rubber collared critter backed off, lookin' worried. He goes acrost the room, and I see him talkin' to two or three other thieves as tough as himself. And they commenced to stare at us and scowl.

"RUBBER COLLAR GOT ONE F. COMME THAT MADE HIM REMEMBER HOME AND MOTHER, I'LL BET."

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"Come on," I whispered to Jonadab. "Let's get out of this while we can. There ain't no Jimmie Kelly here, or if there is you don't want to find him."

He was as willin' to make tracks as I was,

I FELT LIKE THE FELLER THAT WAS CAUGHT ROBBIN' THE POORHOUSE.

by this time, and we headed for the door in the partition. But Rubber Collar and some of the others got acrost our bows.

"Cut it out," says one of 'em. "You can't get away so easy. Hi, Frank! Frank! Who let these turnip pullers in here, anyhow? Who are they?"

The chap who was tendin' door comes out of his coop. "You've got me," he says. "They come in with Big Mike, and he was loaded and scrappy and jammed 'em through. Said they was pals of his. Where is he?"

There was a hunt for Mike, and, when they got his bearin's, there he was keeled over on a bench breathin' like an escape valve. And an admiral's salute wouldn't have woke him up. The whole crew was round us by this time, some ugly and the rest laffin' and carryin' on.

"It's the Barkwurst gang," says one.

"It's old Bark himself," says another. "Look at them lace curtains." And he points to Jonadab's whiskers.

"This one's Jacobs in disguise," sings out somebody else. "You can tell him by the Rube get-up. Haw! haw!"

"Soak 'em! Do 'em up! Don't let 'em out!" hollers a ha'f dozen more.

Jonadab was game; I'll say that for him. And I hadn't been second mate in my time for nothin'.

"Take your hands off me!" yells the cap'n. "I come in here to find a man I'm lookin' for, James Kelly it was, and—You would, would you! Stand by, Barzilla!"

I stood by. Rubber Collar got one from me that made him remember home and mother, I'll bet. Anyhow, my knuckles ached for two days afterwards. And Jonadab was just as busy. But I cal'late we'd have been ready for the oven in another five minutes if the door hadn't bust open with a bang and a loud dressed chap, with the sweat pourin' down his face, come tearin' in.

"Beat it, fellers!" he yells. "The place is goin' to be pinched. I've just had the tip, and they're right on top of me."

Then there was times. Everybody was shoutin' and swearin' and fallin' over each other to get out. I was kind of lost in the shuffle, and the next thing I remember for sartin is settin' up on Rubber Collar's stomach and lookin' foggy at the door, where the loud dressed man was wrestlin' with a policeman. And there was police at the windows and all around.

Well, don't talk! I got up, resurrects Jonadab from under a heap of gamblers and furniture, and makes for harbor in our old corner. The police was mighty busy, especially a fat, round-faced, red-mustached man, with gold bands on his cap and arms, that the rest called "Cap'n." Him and the loud dressed chap who'd give the alarm was talkin' earnest close to us.

"I can't help it, Pete," says the police cap'n. "'Twas me or the Vice Suppression crowd. They've been on to you for two weeks back. I only just got in ahead of 'em as it was. No, you'll have to go along with the rest and take your chances. Quiet now, everybody, or you'll get it harder," he roars, givin' orders like the skipper of a passenger boat. "Stand in line and wait your turns for the wagon."

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Jonadab grabbed me by the wrist. He was pale and shakin' all over.

"Oh, Lordy!" says he, "we're took up. Will we have to go to jail, do you think?"

"I don't know," I says, disgusted. "I presume likely we will. Did you dream anything like this? You'd better see if you can't dream yourself out now." 'Twas rubbin' it in, but I was mad.

"Oh! oh!" says he, flappin' his hands. "And me a deacon of the church! Will folks know it, do you think?"

"Will they know it! Sounds as if they knew it already. Just listen to that."

The first wagon full of prizes was bein' loaded in down at the front door, and the crowd outside was cheerin' 'em. Judgin' by the whoops and hurrahs there wa'n't no less than a million folks at the show and they was gettin' the wu'th of admission.

"Oh dear!" groans Jonadab. "And it'll be in the papers and all! I can't stand this."

And afore I could stop him he'd run over and tackled the head policeman.

"Mister—Mister Cap'n," he says, pantin', "there's been a mistake, an awful mis—take——"

"That's right," says the police cap'n, "there has. Six or eight of you tin-horns got clear. But—" Then he noticed who was speakin' to him and his mouth dropped open like a hatch. "Well, saints above!" he says. "Have the up-state delegates got to buckin' the ponies, too? Why ain't you back home killin' pertater bugs? You ought to be ashamed."

"But we wa'n't gamblin'—me and my friend wa'n't. We was led in here by mistake. We was told that a feller named Kelly lived here and we're huntin' for a man of that name. I've got a message to him from his poor dead father back in Orham. We come all the way from Orham, Mass.—to find him and——"

The police cap'n turned around then and stared at him hard. "Humph!" says he, after a spell. "Go over there and set down till I want you. No, you'll go now and we'll waste no breath on it. Go on, do you hear!"

So we went, and there we set for ha'f an hour, while the rest of the gang and the blackboards and the paper slips and the telephones and Big Mike and his chair was bein' carted off to the wagon. Once, when one of the constables was beatin' acrost to git us, the police cap'n spoke to him.

"You can leave these two come-ons," he says. "I'll take care of them."

So, finally, when there was nothin' left but the four walls and us and some of the police, he takes me and Jonadab by the elbows and heads for the door.

"Now," says he, "walk along quiet and peaceable and tell me all about it. Get out of this!" he shouts to the crowd of small boys and loafers on the sidewalk, "or I'll take you, too."

The outsiders fell astern, lookin' heartbroke and disapp'inted that we wa'n't hung on the spot, and the fat boss policeman and us two paraded along slow but grand. I felt like the feller that was caught robbin' the poorhouse, and I cal'late Jonadab felt the same, only he was so busy beggin' and pleadin' and explainin' that he couldn't stop to feel anything.

He told it all, the whole fool yarn from one end to t'other. How old Pat give him the message and how he went to the laundry, and about his ridiculous dream, every word. And the fat policeman shook all over, like a barrel of cod livers.

By and by we got to a corner of a street and hove to. I could see the station house loomin' up large ahead. Fatty took a card from his pocketbook, wrote on it with a pencil, and then hailed a hack, one of them stern-first kind where the driver sits up aloft way aft. He pushed back the cap with the gilt wreath on it, and I could see his red hair shinin' like a sunset.

"Here," says he, to the hack driver, "take these—this pair of salads to the—what d'ye call it?—the Golconda House, wherever on top of the pavement that is. And mind you, deliver 'em safe and don't let the truck horses get a bite at 'em. And at half-past eight to-night you call for 'em and bring 'em here," handin' up the card he'd written on.

"'Tis the address of my house I'm givin'," he says, turnin' to Jonadab. "I'll be off duty then and we'll have dinner and talk about old times. To think of you landin' in Silver Pete's pool room! Dear! dear! Why, Cap'n Baxter, barrin' that your whiskers are a bit longer and a taste grayer, I'd 'a' known you anywheres. Many's the time I've stole apples over your back fence. I'm Jimmie Kelly," says he.

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The Modern Commercial Traveler

By FORREST CRISSEY

Author of "The Country Boy," "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," etc.

HE is everywhere—this modern nomadic missionary of commerce—everywhere, yet elusive. You see him in the store talking with the proprietor; he glances out at you from the front window as you pass by; you meet him at the station looking after his grips and sample cases; you watch him in the car seat, across the aisle from you, intently turning the pages of his order book. On every highway of life he crosses your path—and still remains a bit inscrutable, wearing at least a suspicion of mystery, although in a very businesslike way. For all his unfailing presence as part of the public landscape, few of those who touch elbows with him know the manner of man he is, or read the riddle of his existence.

Passing the grocery of Our Town, the other day, on my way to the post-office, I saw a typical traveling man leave his sample cases inside the store and pass on to the post-office to mail the letter which he held in his hand.

"Gee! but he sees a lot of the world," enviously remarked the delivery boy to an older lad who was sweeping the sidewalk.

"You bet," came the quick answer, "an' gets paid big for it, too! I heard th' boss say that Burley gets *five thousand dollars a year!* That's more'n th' ol' man himself makes in two years. Watch me; I'm goin' t' get on th' road th' first show I get."

At that moment two high-school girls passed, arm in arm, and I caught these stray words:

"Perfectly splendid . . . going everywhere and always so well dressed!"

When I reached the post-office, which the commercial traveler had just left, the local pastor was standing at the delivery window and gravely shaking his head as he remarked:

"Yes; I fear they are a very worldly class and know more about billard and pool rooms than of home and church. Their influence can hardly be helpful to the young men with whom they come in contact in the stores."

"Drifters!" responded the postmaster. "Here t'day and there t'morrow. Don't belong any place in particular. Not much notion of any ties or responsibilities, I guess!"

Here, in this trail of village comment, were illustrated the conflicting impressions of the modern courier of commerce held by most of the smaller communities. Undoubtedly most of these impressions are survivals of the old days when the traveling man was commonly known as a "drummer"; they are portraits which the laggard but persistent hand of tradition has perpetuated, and they bear as little likeness to the typical traveler of this day as the figures in the old daguerreotypes bear to the men and women who walk the streets of a modern city in the sunlight of 1909.

A commercial traveler whose salary is expressed in five figures and whose name is down on the "crack" list of men in his line of trade, draws this distinction between the men of the present and those of the past in his calling:

"Always the task of the traveling man has been to give the trade what it wanted. The old-time merchant was never in a hurry; sociability was a large side of his business practice, and he would not stand for hurried treatment from the drummer; he wanted to be jollied along. Consequently, the drummer gave him what he wanted—what the merchant gave his own customers because they demanded it of him—agreeable sociability served with leisure.

"To-day the life of the traveling salesman is a series of quick commercial contacts, a panorama of hustle, a touch-and-go proposition in which he must impress his personality upon the trade with almost the quickness of an 'instantaneous exposure' of a kodak."

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Here is a moving picture of a few days in the life of a commercial traveler; its details are real, and they are paralleled in the lives of tens of thousands of other hustlers of the road, every week in the year:

This salesman left Chicago for Watertown, Wisconsin, on a Friday night, and arrived there, bag and baggage, Saturday evening. Quick hustling gained a number of important appointments for Sunday and Monday. The Sunday appointment alone resulted in two good orders in the late afternoon. This was followed by several more substantial sales on Monday. Quickly packing his samples, after selling to four out of six customers, the salesman left on the next train for Oconomowoc, arriving there at 3 P. M. He made several appointments while his samples were being hauled from the station. Then rapidly, but with careful regard for an attractive effect, his samples were put on display in the sample-room of the hotel, and one bill of goods was sold. Judgment showed the salesman that a longer stay would result in little better than nothing, so the samples were again packed and sent to the station. This matter of sizing up a town and its merchants is one of the great problems of the traveling man. In one case, for example, a traveling man judged a town and did it wrongly. "No trade here," he said to himself. But by two o'clock the next morning another man whose judgment was better had sold a bill of goods amounting to $700.

Immediately after supper the salesman left for Milwaukee and spent the time en route in copying his orders. The train was late into the city, so he retired soon after arriving.

At 6 A. M., Tuesday, the samples were unpacked and breakfast was eaten by eight o'clock. With six telescopes full of specially selected samples the salesman hired a livery rig and called upon fifteen merchants within two days.

EACH DAY A HUSTLE

He left for Hurley Wednesday evening, arriving there at eight, and sat down to a late and cold supper. Before retiring at ten, the salesman visited several of his customers, made appointments for the next day, and copied his orders.

The next day be started work at 6.30 A. M., selling several orders. Then he packed a special line of samples and, at 4 P. M., drove to call on a country merchant fourteen miles away. Here a sale was made, and the long drive back to town was ended by a supper served at 10.30 P. M.

The second half of this week was like the first, and the week was a typical one. At its end the traveling man's sales aggregated more than $6,000.

With this modern, rapid-fire system of handling goods it will be seen that the present-day commercial traveler has little or no chance for pleasure, and limited opportunity for writing letters to the folks at home. Yet it is true that the salesman who is away on the road for months at a time does write frequently, sometimes as often as a line or two a day, to his family. The home ties are strong in the traveling man, and it is the habit of many to use the long-distance telephone when they are within a hundred miles or less of their homes.

No more graphic view of the routine of the modern commercial traveler's life is obtainable from any source than that presented by the following letter, recently sent out to its salesmen by one of the largest and most thoroughly organized shoe houses in America:

INSTRUCTIONS

Keep in a convenient place for reference.

1. Read carefully all communications from the House.
2. No collections to be made unless instructed to do so by the House.
3. Positively no drafts to be drawn on the House. To secure funds return expense sheet at the end of every week with address where check is to be sent. Make proper entries, footings, and extensions. Always state amount of cash on hand and enter dates.
4. All orders are to be numbered consecutively, beginning each season with number *one*, orders for late shipments to be entered on separate sheets and to have different numbers from those for immediate shipment. The total amount of each shipment is to be entered at the bottom of front sheet, OMITTING CENTS, and keeping rubber accounts separate from leather. Freight-paid rubber goods orders are to be entered on a separate sheet. We do not pay freight on tennis goods. Enter express orders on separate sheets.
5. Never write anything on sheet containing order, except that which refers to filling that order; all directions pertaining to the making of goods and filling of orders to be entered on order sheet and *not* on letter. INVARIABLY LEAVE A DUPLICATE of the order with the customer.
6. Print the name and address of firm and shipping directions. Sell regular sizes whenever possible. Give correct stock numbers and description of items entered, using such abbreviations as Ms., Lds., Yths., Ltl. Gts., Bals., Blu., Butt., Cong., Oxfds., Pat., Cf.

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7. Be exceedingly careful to give correct and detailed address and shipping directions. If necessary use a part of the body of order sheet for this purpose. Where customers are located in inland towns, on R.F.D. route, enter thus:

   H. H. Shoemaker,
   Store at Deanville, Pa., P.O. R.F.D. No. 5, New Bethlehem, Pa. Ship by P.R.R. to Mahoning, Pa.

   Invariably give the location of customer's store, R.F.D., P.O., and shipping point.

8. When using the firm's letter-heads in your correspondence with us, enter the name of the town and state whence you are writing. Don't write about more than one firm or subject on any one sheet, and always give the location of the concern mentioned.

9. All communications for the credit department are to be written on blanks for that purpose.

10. *Be sure to mail Route List* for the following week every Wednesday. We must know where you are every day. Have your mail directed to the most accessible points along your route. Before starting on your season's trip, give us your home address, and advise us should you change it. Sign and date your lists of routes and enter abbreviated names of states in which towns are located.

11. Mail daily report cards every day or two and follow instructions on the same explicitly, entering amounts sold in their respective columns, omitting cents, and prefixing L or R to same, according as they are Leather or Rubber. Use a separate card for every town and be sure to report for every day. Be sure to write legibly, or preferably print, the names of towns and state, and firms called upon.

A strict compliance with these instructions will prevent many mistakes and save us a great deal of time. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Even a casual glance at these instructions is enough to impress the fact that the modern traveling salesman must be a man of business exactness. He is, in fact, a part of a great system, one wheel of a big machine, and must conform to the routine of that system or become a disturbing and rebellious element in the organization. Occasionally a salesman with a little of the old-time drummer spirit in him does not fall in with this system of exact accountability for every detail of his commercial existence. He feels that so long as he "gets the business" he is privileged to account for it in very much his own way.

Not long since, for instance, a good salesman sent in his weekly expense report showing a balance in his hands of more than fifty dollars, and immediately followed it with a demand for expense money. He had been in the habit of filling out his weekly reports carelessly and had so often made mistakes that repeated warnings had been given him. The auditor, on looking over this report, saw that the man had again blundered in his figures. When his telegram demanding money was received, the report was mailed back to him with the terse direction: "Correct this and you will get your expense money." His answer to this mild suggestion of disapproval was a message to the effect that he could not travel without expense money and that he would go home and wait until the house was ready to send it, which he did. As he was then two hundred miles from his home, the management of his house reasoned that the expense of returning to his home would easily have paid his hotel bill while waiting for his remittance after having complied with the directions of the auditor. Accordingly, on his arrival home, he found a notice from the house giving him ten days in which to terminate his relations. And in the settlement it was made clear to him that it was not enough for the modern salesman to "get the business," but that he must conform to the system of the house in handling that business.

Whenever traveling men meet, the conversation sooner or later turns to a discussion of their "territory." The entire force of traveling men in any house are, in a sense, competitors for certain "territory" prizes which they regard as especially rich and desirable and when the holder of one of these good selling domains leaves it, there is keen anxiety as to the inheritance of the kingdom.

The present-day tendency is to divide the larger and richer territories. Often a traveling man who has just attended the annual "house roundup" is heard to say: "Oh, I drew a garden patch! They cut up the prize territory and parceled out the pieces."

HE DREW A "GARDEN PATCH"

Only a few years ago a good salesman in central Iowa retired. His territory was a large one and was looked upon with envious eyes by the other salesmen for the house. In keeping with the latter-day tendency toward "intensive cultivation" it was divided, on the basis of population, between two new men from smaller houses. They were given a week's coaching with the samples and were furnished a list of the trade in their territories, together with the cipher code indicating the standing of the men they were to call upon. Then they went out to try their mettle.

The first year these two men sold a little larger volume of goods than their predecessor,

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and the second year they delivered nearly $100,000 worth more goods than he had in the last year of his connection with the house. The results since have been steadily progressive to such a degree that the house has adopted the words "intensive cultivation" as a watchword. The sales manager of this institution declares:

"The man who will smile when he's handed a garden patch is the one who makes a hit with the house. Why? Because only the man who has the ability to make that patch produce intensively could smile under the circumstances. He's a fighter and an optimist and will make two orders grow where only one grew before."

There is an increasing tendency, on the part of big wholesale and jobbing houses, to introduce variations of the profit-sharing plan. Here is the system by which one of the largest shoe houses in America gives a special incentive to its traveling salesmen. The force is classified according to the volume of sales delivered, as follows:

Salesmen shipping $50,000 to $75,000, Class "C."
" " $ 75,000 to $100,000, " "B"
" " $100,000 to $125,000, " "A"
" " $125,000 to $150,000, " "A1"
" " $150,000 to $200,000 " "AA1"
" " $200,000 to $300,000 " "AA11"
" " Above $300,000 "Diamond."

When a salesman lifts himself by increased sales from one class to another, he is awarded a bonus according to the following schedule:

Class "C"—$750; Class "B"—$1,500; Class "A"—$2,000; Class "A1"—$2,500; Class "AA1," Classes "AA11," and "Diamond"—$5,000 each.

Under this stimulus one man made $5,000 in bonus money for two years in succession. In those same two years the house paid to four men, in the same state, $22,500 in bonus awards. The house claims it is the only one which made an advance in sales during the panic months beginning with October, 1907, and attributes this progress under the financial depression almost wholly to its system of indirect profit-sharing.

As indicating the possible earnings of a commercial traveler in a staple line, it may be said that the "Diamond" salesmen of this house each made, in 1907, a net earning of $15,000. There are probably more big earners among clothing salesmen than in any other line; here the man who does not end the year with a $5,000 clean-up is not accounted a success; there are scores of clothing salesmen who receive $10,000 net a year; a very respectable number are in the $15,000 class, and there is said to be at least one—and perhaps there are three or four—whose earning capacity is measured by the formidable figure of $20,000.

Other salesmen of staples whose earnings are of almost sensational dimensions are the "star" men in the teas and fine silks. It is said that some of these earn $25,000 and even $30,000 a year, but this is not given as authentic.

A SAG IN SALARIES

In spite of these figures, it is true that the average earnings of the drummer of former days—especially when reduced to their relative purchasing power—were higher than the average earnings of the traveling salesman now. This is because most of the old-time drummers made good salaries and were comparatively few in number, while there are legions of commercial travelers on the road to-day, and though many of them earn very large incomes, there are also thousands whose earnings are no better than those of skilled mechanics; thousands who do not make above $1,000. The representative of a small jobbing house, in a staple line, who makes $1,800 is regarded as doing well.

"When I was a boy in a little Kentucky village," said the most successful traveling man of my acquaintance, "I knew every drummer that made the town and was proud to get a familiar greeting of 'Howdy, Sonny,' from them at the station platform. And it didn't take me long to notice that the red-faced shoe man was the king of them all in point of popularity. The first thing he did on arrival was to ask the nearest storekeeper for a chew of tobacco. The boys carried the news of his arrival to the other storekeepers, and inside of ten minutes all of them—together with a considerable share of the local population—were gathered on the shady side of the store nearest the station. Invariably the harness-maker's fiddle was placed in the drummer's hands and he began to work his trade by playing all the old-time favorites, from 'The Devil's Dream' to 'The Mocking Bird.' Then he tilted his head back against the side of the store and remarked:

"'Uncle Jim, I heard a new one up in Bow-

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lin' Green'—and story-telling held the group until his repertoire was exhausted. After that came an invitation to play marbles, and the best players in the town were pitted against him until the sun became too strong for them. Dinner at the tavern followed, and a "nap" invariably followed the dinner. Meantime not a word about trade had been said, and the onlooker would have been justified in assuming that the drummer's visit was purely one of sociability.

THE SNIPE SHOOTER

"But after his refreshment he always found the storekeeper waiting for him. 'Well, Cal,' the storekeeper would say, 'you know about what we want. Only just deal the cards a little different to us. If you gave us all the same things we might somehow put a different profit on 'em and that might start trouble.' He went through the formality of making out a different order for each of them, just as he did of asking each of them for a chew of tobacco in the course of the day, but it was largely a formality. The essential thing was to gain their confidence at the start and not to forfeit it by sharp dealing or crooked practice."

In those days the merchant's sense of loyalty to the drummer, once gained, was a thing past belief to-day. The drummer who contrived to get a grip on the trade of a town almost literally carried that trade in his pocket; it was his to have and to hold until he abused it, retired, or died. The other drummers in his line continued to "make the town"—but mainly on the chance that their rival, who held the preëmption, had suddenly "come into money" or passed away. To be next in line when Fate removed the favorites from the field was the study of those drummers who had found the trade of a certain town in the hands of a rival. This coup was often accomplished by means apparently trivial and more social than commercial. One quiet little drummer for a grocery house faithfully visited a certain Western town for two years without taking a single order. The merchants told him they liked him, but they had given their order to "Mr. Tom." He offered no argument against the monopoly of the town's trade by his elder competitor, but kept on calling as a matter of courtesy. As he was standing one day in front of the largest grocery, a boy came down the street with a gun on his shoulder.

"I used to shoot some," the drummer remarked to the grocer, "when I was a boy."

"Fond of snipe?" inquired the merchant.

The answer was enthusiastic, and a few minutes later the grocer and the drummer were heading for the wet ground beyond the water tank. The deftness with which the quiet little drummer swung his gun and caught the wheeling birds in mid-air stirred the enthusiasm of the storekeeper. Of course the drummer was invited to a snipe dinner at the grocer's home. But he left the town as barren of orders as when he had entered it. A few months later, however, he read in the newspapers of the sudden death of "Mr. Tom," the popular drummer. When he reached the town which he had visited in vain for more than two years, he went straight to the merchant with whom he had hunted snipe.

"My trade is yours, sir," was the assurance which met him after the death of his competitor had been sadly commented upon. And so was the trade of every other grocer in the town!

There is a saying among traveling men that in the old days the drummer talked, but that now the goods and the prices do the talking. There is more than a grain of truth in this observation. The course of the commercial current has shifted to the hard and cold rocks of a stern business basis. The merchant has learned that he must handle goods which sell and which pay him a good margin of profit—and he eliminates to a far greater degree than ever before the personality of the salesman.

TIME AND MONEY

The movements of men and trade are set to a livelier pace, and the spur of multiplied competition and closer margins is keenly felt. The merchant's customers are busier and have less time and inclination for sociability and a sharper eye for bargains; they have learned that their time is more profitably spent in "shopping round" than in listening to the gossip of the storekeeper and his clerks or the stories of the visiting traveling man. The storekeeper has caught the spirit of the day; and so, where the old-time drummer knew that his customers would feel slighted if he did not entertain them with stories and other personal accomplishments that he might be fortunate enough to possess, the modern commercial traveler is "up to the times" and realizes that the slighter the demand he makes upon the merchant's time the brighter will be his welcome.

"But," declared the traveling salesman who is a leader in his line, "the man who thinks

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that personality does not count to-day in the work of a commercial traveler makes a mistake."

Now individual contact is shorter, but in those few minutes that are given him in which to win a customer, the traveling man must accomplish all that the drummer did in a day's siege. And he has a sharp incentive for making his quick engagement a decisive one, for comparatively few men on the road to-day own the trade of any customer in the absolute and proprietary sense in which the drummer of yesterday owned it. Trade is on the wing, and the quick and sure shot bags it. Of course he must have the right ammunition—right goods and prices—but his personality is the weapon employed in sending the charges home to the mark. If this is of superior kind he will bring down the game all along the line.

A SALESMAN WORTH THREE MILLIONS

Again, while the element of close personal attachment and individual loyalty has to a great extent vanished from the motives of the merchant in placing his orders, it has also vanished from the traveling man's treatment of his trade. Naturally, the drummer who had the unswerving loyalty of a customer and was secure in the knowedge that his trade could not be taken away by the wiles or the bargains of a competitor, felt a corresponding loyalty; he felt that he must "stand by" such a customer in a personal way. What was the result? In hundreds—thousands—of cases, the old-time drummer, blinded by his sense of personal loyalty, lost sight of the prior claims of his house and shut his eyes to the signs of failing business, of slipshod methods, and of adverse conditions of trade affecting the financial soundness of his staunch customers. He hoped for the best, and was not an impartial observer of the credit conditions. He stood by his customer rather than by his house. Perhaps this is the reason why there is practically a universal complaint among traveling men of to-day that the credit departments of their houses do not give greater weight to their reports, made from an intimate knowledge of conditions as seen "on the ground," than to the reports of commercial agencies whose sources of information are, it is often charged by commercial travelers, likely to be incompetent, prejudiced, and perhaps improperly influenced.

From the time when the "Western Reserve" was pioneer territory to the fraternity of drummers down to the present hour, there has not been a day in which the calling of the commercial traveler has not been a straight and sure trail to big business opportunity. For there is not, in all probability, another calling of a sort equally open to young men whose gifts and training are of the ordinary kind, which is so uniformly and consistently rich in opportunity as that of the traveling man. And though the modern commercial traveler's chances may not be quite so picturesque as those which came in the pathway of the old-time drummer, who was in a sense a pioneer, they are undoubtedly more numerous, more widespread. Not long ago a clothing salesman was taking the order of a Colorado merchant in the sample room of a Denver hotel. When he had finished his work he turned to a friend and said:

"Billy, now's your chance to get in your hand at the old game."

"That's what I've been waiting for," was the quick response. After the two men were introduced to each other Billy took the merchant's order for a year's service of paper patterns for women's garments. The order amounted to about $200, and when Billy hurried away the clothing salesman said:

"There's a case of the 'ruling passion strong in death!' Wouldn't think that fellow who put up such a lively *spiel* for a $200 order is worth *more than three million dollars*, clear, would you? But he is—and right this minute there's a special train waiting to take him up into the mountains to cinch a $400,000 deal. He chartered that train before he came in here. Finding he had a little time on his hands, while they were firing up, he asked if I didn't have a customer on hand that he could sell his patterns to.

THE MONEY-MAKER

"Billy began as a lad, in the old days, but he belongs to the new dispensation. When we met up he was a cheap hustler for a hardware house—and the hardware salesmen always earn all they get. In the days when jollying and boozing were still considered the strong cards in the salesman's deck, he was neither a jollier nor a boozer—but no man could beat him at the game of quick adaptability. We had the run of the prairies of Nebraska and it looked like mighty poor picking to me. But Billy didn't complain—he just hustled. If he tarried over two hours in a town he felt that he was loafing, and it was a regu-

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lar thing for him to make four or five towns a day.

"He knew trade conditions, past, present, and future—like the alphabet. One way in which he kept his finger on the pulse of every community was by cultivating the acquaintance of the local banker and getting his confidence. A banker became confidential one day and showed Billy his private ledger, and the balance on the profit side looked good to him. Billy had about $5,000 and with this he bought into the bank. His capital grew so rapidly that it gave Billy the idea that he'd better be dealing in money as well as hardware. He knew the field and began trading in commercial paper in his territory. Finally he found himself strong enough to open an office in Denver and sell commercial paper in New York. The next step was into big securities, which he took to Europe.

THE OPEN EYE

"A good many of these securities were in the shape of the bonds of big mining companies—the solid ones. Finally he began to deal in mines as a principal instead of an agent. He got hold of one of the big Utah properties and cleaned up a million. Next he turned up a property in Oregon which had ore enough in sight to run it for twenty years. That brings Billy about up to date, for he has just picked up an old smelter at half what a new one would cost and is going to move it to the Oregon mine. That's where the special is taking him this minute.

"But there are two things which stick to Billy from the old days: The love of selling a bill of goods and the ability not to let big things blind him to the merits of smaller ones. Some time ago his wife told him about the man who made the patterns for the ladies' tailor of whom she bought her suits—and of the man's dream of sometime making those patterns by the million.

"'Well,' remarked Billy, 'your clothes look good to me; I guess he can make patterns all right.' A few days later Billy and the pattern-cutter had hitched up together. Billy then made a deal with one of the biggest publications in the country to handle the patterns —a woman's magazine that goes everywhere. Now that tailor man's dream has come true, and Billy did the business. Of course he's made a few hundred thousands out of it—but he doesn't need them. Yet Billy is never satisfied unless he is cracking the nuts of new opportunities. He is a good salesman and as square a one as ever struck the road. All the boys who ever crossed his track will tell you that."

Sometimes the really clever commercial traveler is quick enough to turn calamity into success. The hustler for a grocery house was scouring the prairies of Minnesota for orders when the grasshopper plague struck the state. He had been forehanded and had a little money in the bank. Besides he had a practical knowledge of the crop resources of the lands in his territory. When the settlers saw their crops stripped by the grasshoppers they were in a panic and cared for nothing so much as to get out of the country. One farmer offered his section at a dollar an acre. The salesman knew it to be as productive land as the state of Minnesota contained, and he bought it outright. Later he bought five more farms, some of them "on time, part down." He has since sold some of those farms at $100 an acre, quitting the road with $200,000 worth of good property. Since then, by investments directly resulting from his road experience, he has increased his fortune to $500,000.

There are other opportunities for the alert commercial traveler to make something "on the side" which are more intimately connected with his calling and which are, therefore, more apparent and easily recognized. One grocery salesman, traveling out of Chicago, has for years made a specialty of picking up "the right goods in the wrong place." Towns have their own trade peculiarities, and goods which sell readily in one place may prove to be dead stock in a town twenty miles distant.

THE RIGHT GOODS IN THE WRONG PLACE

Cigars afford a good example of this peculiarity. The merchant buys a certain brand of cigars because he likes it, perhaps, or because it contains superior stock for the price and he thinks he can make a "leader" of it. The stock is good, but it does not hit the taste of the town and it will not sell. The alert commercial traveler who has an eye for bargains on the shelves of his customers, buys the entire stock at a "knockdown-price" — say twenty-five per cent. of what the merchant paid. He then takes it to another town, where the public taste is different, and sells it for a little under the regular price.

Perhaps groceries and drugs offer the best opportunities to the shrewd traveling man for this traffic in "dead stocks," but there is scarcely a line of trade which is devoid of these

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chances for the turning of an honest penny. One salesman, traveling out of Chicago, received a regular salary of $1,800 a year but made double that amount in the rehandling of misfit goods. He is now worth $65,000.

Instead of buying from a merchant only his stock of a certain brand of cigars or canned goods, the trading commercial traveler often buys the entire store and puts it in charge of some energetic and capable clerk whose abilities have attracted his notice. There are hundreds of instances in which this has been done with great success, the "silent partner" still continuing to "follow the road" and pick up goods adapted to his own trade from the dead stock of the merchants whom he visits in the capacity of commercial traveler. A man whose business brings him into intimate contact with several thousand traveling men declares:

HOW NOT TO SELL SUGAR

"There is not a big wholesale house in any important city to-day that does not have among its road men some who have put away good solid competencies—comfortable little fortunes. I could go through the travelers' list of one house after another and pick out man after man who has $50,000 to the good and who has accumulated that surplus on the road. Some have done this by steady and consistent saving, but most have made their pile by taking advantage of the incidental opportunities with which their routine work has brought them in contact."

One feature of the traveling man's work must not be overlooked: his influence upon the merchant. It cannot be denied that the traveling man is the tutor of the retailer; the giving of suggestions which help the storekeeper to move his goods becomes second nature to the traveling salesman. A certain retail merchant of more than average intelligence bought a hogshead of New Orleans sugar from a wideawake commercial traveler. When that salesman called next time he saw a sign in the store of this merchant offering the sugar at a cut price and urging customers to buy it for melting into fine table syrup. Pointing to the sign the traveling salesman said:

"Mr. Smith, will you let a traveling man give you a pointer on how you are cutting your own throat as a storekeeper? Sugar, at best, is one of the least profitable things you handle—table syrup is one of the most profitable. Now, in order to move a lot of cheap sugar you are instructing your customers in the art of making fine table syrup from cheap sugar on which your profit is only a fraction of a cent. In other words, you are killing one of your biggest profits in order to make one of your poorest. More than that, in so doing you are teaching your customers to do this permanently. Some of them, of course, are wise and thrifty enough to do it anyway; but many of them wouldn't have thought of it unless you had put them up to it. You could better afford to dump that hogshead of New Orleans sugar into the street than to ruin your fancy syrup trade for time to come." The merchant saw the point, and took down the sugar sign. This educational work is being done every day by the commercial traveler.

Besides, the intelligent and successful traveling man furnishes to the merchant not only the goods but also the "talking points" and the enthusiasm which will move the goods from his shelves into the hands of his customers. Tea is a good illustration in point. The manager of the tea department instructs the traveling man in the superior points of the particular tea on which the house is making a strong run. If the work of the department manager has been well done, the salesman believes in the merits of that tea; and if he is a good salesman, he passes on to the merchant the impression that here is a tea which he can recommend to his trade for specific qualities. Perhaps the merchant may have on his shelves a tea of the same price to which a tea expert would give a higher grading; but the merchant catches the talking points of the new tea and the zeal of the salesman, and he feels a genuine interest in talking it to his trade. Commercially, then, the new tea is better and of greater value to the merchant than the old—for to its merits have been added the talking points and the enthusiasm gained from the salesman.

COACHING MERCHANTS

When it comes to the merchant's relations with the house from which he buys, the traveling man is his intimate adviser and mediator. One of the ablest commercial travelers in the country said to the writer: "A large per cent. of the successful retail merchants of the country have been made successful because of the sound and sensible coaching they have received at the hands of capable traveling men."

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Of course there is generally one goal ahead of the traveling man: To become a member of the house or to organize a competitive house with picked associates. But he must be a man of high abilities to accomplish this in these days when the wholesale and jobbing business requires heavy capital, even at the start. However, there are comparatively few established jobbing or wholesale houses which can say: "Not a member of this firm came off the road." More of them could declare: "A majority of our principals were practical commercial travelers."

MARSHALL FIELD A SALESMAN

Marshall Field was a commercial traveler; so were John Wanamaker and Tom Murray. So also were Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, and Richard Cobden, the famous English statesman and writer. Ex-Governor Frank Black, of New York, followed "the road" with his sample cases before beginning his legal and political career. Walter D. Moody, one of the chief executives of the Chicago Association of Commerce and author of "Men Who Sell Things," was for fifteen years a road salesman. This list might be extended almost indefinitely.

Occasionally the commercial traveler leaves the road to enter one of the professions. Milton J. Foreman, one of the leaders of the Chicago bar, President of the Chicago Charter Association, alderman, and a power in local politics, was a "star" hat salesman and took his law books on the road with him until he was well grounded in the rudiments of the profession. Then the fact that his calling as a traveling salesman gave him practically six months of clear time each year permitted him to attend law lectures and almost complete his work as a law student without interfering with his business on the road. Again, when he was ready to enter the lists as a practicing lawyer he had the advantage of ample capital and of a wide business acquaintance.

Another commercial traveler, Charles N. Crewdson, took a course in the University of Chicago after he was married. There he became interested in Egyptology and later, between his regular commercial trips on the road, visited Egypt and studied the ancient ruins at first hand. This brought him into print in a series of travel articles, and he found that he could write, and write well. Later he began to draw upon his experience as a commercial traveler for literary material and scored a success and a national reputation. But he resolutely withstood all temptation to be drawn away from the road. His work kept him in touch with the world of affairs, and one day his alert eye caught sight of the opportunity to start a novel business enterprise "on the side." His "road partner" became his actual partner in the new enterprise. Their work for their respective houses took them where they most needed to go in the interest of their private venture. To-day one of these men draws a salary of $12,000 and the other a little less than that, while their private venture probably yields them more than they earn from their regular calling.

While the men of the road represent "all sorts and conditions," no one who knows them broadly will question the fact that, as a whole, they are good family men. As one of their number puts it: "We're just as clean and straight as the men we sell to, and they have a good standing, as a rule, in the communities in which they live. And I wouldn't wonder if the traveling man is generally a bit more tender and thoughtful of his wife and children than the man who stays at home all the time. He learns, by absence, how to appreciate them—and this rule works both ways, too."

"THE GIDEONS"

That many commercial travelers are men of religious convictions is indicated by the fact that the traveling men have a large and flourishing order devoted to the spiritual interests of the men of the road. It is called "The Gideons" and has its headquarters at Janesville, Wisconsin, a city which is typical of many others in that it has a home center for a large number of traveling men. In cities of this kind are generally to be found local clubs or societies composed exclusively of commercial travelers and their families.

There is one form of organization, however, with which the majority of commercial travelers are identified; this is the mutual insurance association. Broadly speaking, this is the traveling man's savings bank and his favorite investment. As most of these associations provide for both life and accident insurance and for a certain payment when disabled by sickness of any kind, the general tendency among the men is to make their main, or at least their first, provision for their families in this form. While the management of every such organization has not been above criticism, there have been comparatively few

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scandals in this field of insurance, and a feeling of confidence in its integrity and safety is general among traveling men. There are about twenty of these associations in the International Federation of Commercial Travelers' Organizations, and many of them have a very large membership. For example, the Commercial Travelers' Mutual Accident Association of America has more than fifty thousand members, and the Illinois Commercial Men's Association more than forty thousand.

According to R. C. Cavanaugh, Secretary and Treasurer of the Illinois Association, the most distinctive modern development in the traveling man's field is the advance of the "General Salesman" system. Generalship and expert supervision are the keynote of modern commercial and industrial activity, and it is almost inevitable that the wholesaler and the jobber should fall in line with the march of progress in this respect.

In the old drummer days there were only department managers and salesmen. Now the department manager has a staff of first and second lieutenants to see that his orders are effectively carried out by the men in the field. For example, Marshall Field & Company have thirty-eight house salesmen who act in executive or supervisory capacities, and 110 general salesmen in the field. The generals and their staff officers in this newer order of things are the men who draw the big salaries and who eventually become partners and officers of the selling force; many of them are hold-overs from the old order, men who began as boys in the old drummer days but who had in them the spirit of the new dispensation.

TO RUN THE STATE OF TEXAS

One great wholesale dry goods house of St. Louis has a man in charge of its Texas territory who began "drumming" that state when he was in his teens and carried a line of hats. Often he carried his sample trunks from town to town in an open wagon and sometimes was forced to camp out by the roadside. He not only learned his line but, what is more important, he learned men. This is why the dry-goods house offered him a block of stock and a three-year contract at a total of $25,000 if he would "run the state of Texas" for them without leaving the house. He deals in human nature rather than in dry goods, and he gets results from the salesmen who go into the Lone Star State. Some days he remains at his home, if he specially desires, and does not come to the office unless summoned by telephone; again, he is free to take a three months' vacation each year if he likes. All this because he has the capacity to act as a salesman general! His case is not exceptional; it is typical of the present and will become common in the near future.

MORE DOMESTIC THAN YOU

As a last paragraph in closing this study of the traveling man I cannot do better than repeat the words of a grocery salesman who was talking informally of his associates on the road:

"They are better than their general reputation, and when a weak member of the calling takes a moral tumble a hundred steady and upright brothers of the road lament his fall and try to help him up. They're not a bunch of heathen, either. Why, only last week six of the dozen traveling men who met by chance at a hotel table drifted into a talk about 'their' churches.... The good ones want to make every train that whistles and stick to the road as long as they can wiggle. I know a commercial traveler who became crippled after he had saved a good comfortable competency. Did he quit? No; he asked for the privilege of covering his territory on half pay, and he is one of the happiest men I meet. Another veteran of the road whose trail I cross is about seventy years old and he is the principal owner of a prosperous bank. He could be its president and live in luxury without doing another day's work—but you could not shake him from the road with dynamite; he is a real commercial traveler and will die on the train with a fat order book in his hand. One of my road friends owns two big farms and was persuaded to give up his position. In six months he was back again and declared that he had succeeded in making himself and his family more miserable in that time than in all his life before. We like the game for its own sake; the most profitable goods are the hardest to sell, and the best customers are the most difficult to land. That brings out the best salesmanship in any man and develops the top-notchers in every line. I cannot recall a single one of the boys who has been divorced from his wife, and most of them are married. About the first thing the traveling man does when he puts his grip down in his room, out on the road, is to set up his family altar in the shape of the photographs of the wife and kids at home."

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HEARTSEASE

By EMERY POTTLE

WHEN summer afternoon and twilight meet,
The old, dear house is silent, cool, and sweet.
The open windows breathe the golden air,
Honeyed with August odors fine and fair;
By the shrill joy of some home-turning bird
The calm content of day is gently stirred:
A sense of blessedness, of heart's full ease,
Falls on the blossomed field and good green trees.

The shadows in the low, belovèd room
Gather and grow in slow, familiar gloom.
How strangely pale the sculptured Dante dreams
High on his shelf! How mellow are the gleams
Of faithful books!—What a mysterious grace
Lingers about the shabby, time-worn place.
The world is far away.—Here with my friends—
Old memories, old shadows—so it ends.

The grave, green stillness closer folds the land;
The room is huge with dusk. Now, pipe in hand,
I take the perfect hour.
Hush, the soft croon
Of music—O my heart, that old Scotch tune
She played the night we met!—She's calling there
For me to come—I wonder if she'll wear
The pink rose gown I so loved then?—to come
And in the tender darkness talk of home.

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THE BACK PORCH

By E. J. RATH

Illustrations by Reginald Birch

DAVY DIXON turned in at the Lathrops' front gate and went briskly up the walk. He thought he might find Anne sitting on the front porch, but she was not there. He pushed the electric button, two long rings and two short ones, which was part of the code between him and Anne, but nobody came to the door.

"I'll have a look at the back porch, anyhow," said Davy.

To those who never saw nor heard of the Lathrop back porch, an explanation is due right here; others more fortunate may skip it. It is a very famous place among the younger generation of Heatherboro. It is broad and deep, bigger by far than the front porch. Vines that climb on trellises help the big trees to shade it. A thick, soft lawn, with some flower beds and hedges, spreads out from the steps. Heatherboro may be never so busy, even noisy if it chooses, but the back porch is always quiet and secluded and shady. Yet the breezes somehow never fail to find it. In the summer it holds half a dozen big wicker chairs, two settees, two hammocks, a plethora of sofa pillows, a table with books and magazines and newspapers, some rugs, and various other comfortable things. Not a bad porch, by any means.

It is a very potent porch. It beckons to you in the most irresistible way; and once it has lured you, you are its slave forever. To sit upon it is to know that life is a very fine thing. To sit there with one of the Lathrop girls is to believe in the millennium. The porch has a long season, one that begins with the first breath of early summer and lasts until October winds become too searching. Each year it has a christening, and this is a very significant affair. The Lathrop girls draw lots for the ceremony. Then the lucky godmother invites a young man to come and spend the evening on the porch. That is all. The porch never gets a new name. It is always "the porch." But to be in at the christening is enviable good fortune for any young man in Heatherboro.

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Others by the score may sit on the porch as the summer goes by, but to be the first gives you a standing in the Lathrop household not easily shaken.

Small wonder that Davy, whose invitation to be godfather was nearly a week old, wanted to go around and have a look at the back porch. The path that skirts the side of the Lathrop dwelling brings you very suddenly to the porch itself, so that its charm is revealed to you in one sweeping glance. It seemed to Davy that the porch had never looked so well. The vines were in leaf and burdened with blossoms. The lawn was a tender, brilliant green. The big trees that arched overhead were stirring with new life. Davy stepped off the path and went a little way out on the lawn, where the viewpoint was even more favorable. Then he saw Anne.

She was very busy—painting. And she was painting the porch itself! Down on her knees was Anne, wielding a big brush with long, vigorous strokes. Davy could see only the top of her head, but he would know Anne in a million, for she is utterly unlike any other girl in Heatherboro. A gingham apron that had sleeves and buttoned up to the neck in the back, enveloped her. Her blond curls were shining resplendent in the early afternoon sun, which here and there found a breach in the vines. Not for an instant did Anne look up from her work. To Davy it seemed that she painted extremely well. She did not slop the paint. Every minute or two she would hitch along on her knees and begin on a new board. Half of the porch floor was already done, smoothly covered with a glistening coat of light gray. Davy studied the spectacle for several minutes, until his first look of wonderment had deepened into one of trouble. It was time to make inquiries.

"Hello, Anne Lathrop," said Davy.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Dixon," said Anne, without a look, or a nod, or a missed stroke with the brush. Which showed that she had known he was there all the time, and also that she was in a formal mood, even if her appearance was quite the reverse.

"Just dropped in to have a look at the porch," remarked Davy, propping himself against a tree.

"You see it," observed Anne, dipping into the paint pot in a nonchalant fashion.

"I see that it is being painted, if that's what you mean."

Anne shrugged her shoulders and continued to paint.

"I hope there's plenty of drier in the paint," said Davy.

"Yes?"

"Yes. I hope it'll be dry inside of four or five hours."

"So?"

"It certainly ought to be dry by evening," blurted Davy, desperately.

Anne hitched along to a new spot, moved the paint pot, tucked her apron close about her, and said, "Indeed?"

"For if it isn't dry, how can it be christened? I hope you haven't forgotten that you invited me to the christening this evening." Davy was worried.

"Then why arrive at two in the afternoon?" inquired Anne, placidly. "Have you been discharged?"

"Saturday half-holidays began to-day," said Davy, ignoring the thrust.

Anne appeared to give the explanation some consideration. She painted a board very carefully and with mathematical exactness. Then she looked at it critically until it seemed to satisfy her. After that she moved the paint pot again, hitched sidewise another foot, poised the brush for a fresh dip, and then looked up at Davy for the first time.

"There is not a particle of drier in the paint," said Anne very distinctly. She put some more of it on the porch.

"Do you mean that you left out the drier on purpose?" demanded Davy, bitterly.

"Paint should always dry naturally to obtain the best results," replied Anne, with the air of stating a pleasant and important fact.

"You don't want it to dry! That's what you mean."

"I don't care when it dries," remarked Anne, sweetly, putting it on with creamy thickness.

"You don't want me to christen the porch!"

"I don't want you to sit in wet paint, Mr. Dixon."

"That's considerate, now, isn't it?"

"Because then I'd have to paint it over again," added Anne, as if it was an afterthought.

Davy relapsed into a momentary and moody silence.

"Of course," he said at last, with dignity, "I understand just what this means. It's one way—and a pretty mean way—of telling

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a fellow he isn't wanted around this evening."

Anne made no protest whatever.

"You're mad about something, of course," continued Davy. "Is it about Wednesday night? I just couldn't take you, Anne. We weren't through at the office until after nine o'clock. I thought I explained that on the 'phone."

Anne painted away deliberately.

"So it *is* Wednesday night, is it? Well, it's silly to be mad about that. If you wanted to break to-night's engagement you might have sent me word, anyhow. And it's silly to call me Mr. Dixon. You could have painted the porch at any other time, too. I don't see that it needed paint, either."

"Anne needed the money," said that fair-haired person, blandly.

"Oh, it's mercenary, is it?"

"Entirely. I'm earning seven dollars."

"Seems to me your father is paying pretty high, isn't he?"

"Oh, perhaps," said Anne, calmly. "I wasn't the lowest bidder. A man offered to do it for five. I told father I'd do it for seven and he gave me the job. The paint cost two, because it's very good paint. My profit, if you don't care to figure it out for yourself, is five dollars. Father is getting an excellent job, and his daughter is going to get a new hat. Is it all plain now?"

"You could have done it any other time," growled Davy, poking the blade of his knife into his pipe to clean out the bowl. It was quite useless to argue the merits of a grievance with Anne, and he knew it. Anne always won, sometimes by ignoring him, sometimes by wit; one was as bad as the other. Davy resolved not to argue, yet he felt that he could not, at this point, retire from the field with dignity.

He approached the steps that led to the porch and was preparing to put an inquisitive finger on the lower one when Anne held up a warning hand.

"Don't touch the paint," she commanded. "It's trite to touch wet paint."

"It's a funny way to begin on a porch," said Davy, looking down at the glistening

THE BELL RANG TWICE THIS TIME, AND THE SECOND RING WAS LONG DRAWN OUT.

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steps. "Did you begin at the bottom and paint yourself upstairs?"

"Just that," said Anne, with a faint tone of defiance. "Isn't it painted well?"

"Ye-es, so far as I can observe. But I'd like to have seen the stunt performed."

Anne regarded him with displeasure, notwithstanding which Davy thought her bewitching in the all-enveloping apron, as she knelt there, the dripping brush poised in one hand, while the other unconsciously pursued a wandering lock of hair. It was a continual wonder how Anne could do things without getting mussed up; things like painting, for instance. There was not a drop on the gingham apron, not a smudge on her fingers. Anne was always like that. If you found her in a filmy white lawn dress and dared her to climb a tree, she would do it in a minute. Only she would probably go you one better by choosing a cherry tree and sitting on a limb and munching the fruit, and then descending without a stain on her gown or even a trace of cherry gum on her fingers. She was the sort of young woman who could wear a ball gown in a coal mine and emerge immaculate. Nobody knew how she managed it, perhaps not Anne herself, but the fact remained.

Davy surveyed the porch and sighed audibly. All the furniture was gone. The hammocks were slung high on their hooks and out of the way. The place looked dismally inhospitable and painty. Yet there was no denying that Anne was doing the job well, if rather erratically. The steps she had finished first, and then she had skipped to the east end of the porch, painting her way westward for a dozen or so feet. After that, as deduced by Davy, she began at the extreme western end and painted eastward. Everywhere she had laid it on thickly and smoothly, making it look like a placid ocean of paint.

"I say, Anne," volunteered Davy, "you must be tired. Let me paint awhile."

"No, thank you."

"But I want to paint. I'm getting the fever."

"Oh, no, you're not getting the fever, David Dixon," said Anne, regarding him coldly. "And besides, there's only one brush."

"There must be another down in the barn."

"I won't let you paint, anyhow," said Anne, decisively.

"I'm coming up on the porch," said Davy.

"Davy Dixon, don't you dare step on that

"HERBIE HAS WENT."

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paint!" Anne made a threatening movement with the brush.

"I can jump from here to the top," said Davy. "There isn't any paint in the middle of the porch."

"There will be," said Anne, grimly, and straightway she set to work to establish a connection between the eastern and the western oceans of paint. It was a sort of southern passage, some three feet wide, and it skirted along the outer edge of the porch, to the very top of the steps. Anne did it very rapidly, and every stroke of the brush made the barrier between her and Davy more complete.

"There!" she said triumphantly, when she had closed the connection.

"I don't think that was polite," grumbled Davy. "It wouldn't do any harm if I did step on your old paint. You could dab over the spots."

"Wet paint should never be touched," observed Anne, wisely. "It never looks the same afterward. I wouldn't even step on it myself. Besides, I'm putting it on extra thick, so it will need only one coat."

"Well, when do you think it's going to be dry?"

"Oh, I should say it would be dry by to-morrow evening."

"And I'm supposed to wait until to-morrow evening?"

"Not at all," answered Anne, dipping up a fresh brushful. "Billy Jones is coming to-morrow evening."

"Anne!" Davy's tone was so heartbroken and accusing that she bestowed a comforting smile upon him.

"That's what I call downright mean," cried Davy. "You invite me to the christening, then put the porch out of business just because you're mad about Wednesday night, and then invite the Jones child."

"He's only six months younger than you are," observed Anne, looking at Davy rather critically.

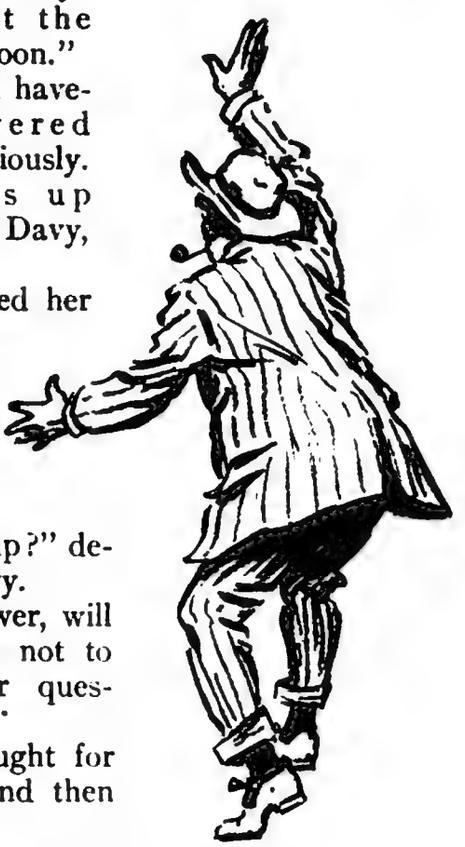
"I repeat—the Jones child," said Davy, with emphasis. "It's a typical Anne Lathrop trick."

Anne smiled and resumed her painting. Davy glared at her for a full minute, suffering the agonies of a man outraged and then ignored.

"If I had any idea——" he began.

"See here, David Dixon," said Anne, pausing. "I've got a job of painting to finish and I haven't time to argue with you about the juvenility of Mr. Jones or anything else. Now run away."

"It's not three o'clock yet," said Davy, stubbornly. "You've got the entire afternoon."



"Oh, no, I haven't," answered Anne, mysteriously.

"What's up now?" asked Davy, suspiciously.

Anne pursed her lips, gave him a merry glance, and wrinkled her nose.

"What's up?" demanded Davy.

"If I answer, will you promise not to ask another question?"

Davy thought for a moment and then nodded.

"Well, then, I'm going driving."

"Who with?"

"You are pledged to ask no more questions," remarked Anne, with a dazzling smile.

Davy bit his lip and looked sulky. "That was a regular Anne Lathrop answer," he said, savagely, kicking a piece out of the lawn. "You got me into a trap. Traps don't count."

Anne looked happy and attacked an unpainted board with vigor. The southern passage had widened to five feet, and she was moving steadily farther away from Davy.

"I suppose it's Herbert Jennings," he said moodily.

"No questions," remarked Anne. "Of course, you're allowed to suppose anything you want."

Davy was surlily trying to devise some form of inquisition that eliminated the interrogation point when the sharp buzz of the front doorbell was heard.

"Mercy!" said Anne, hopping to her feet. She made a step in the direction of the door that led into the house, but drew back suddenly. Paint. She turned toward the eastern end of the porch, then halted. Paint.

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"WET PAINT SHOULD NEVER BE TOUCHED," OBSERVED ANNE, WISELY.

She looked, bewildered, at the floor in front of her, across which ran the broad southern passage. Paint. Then she looked furtively at Davy, who smiled for the first time that afternoon.

Anne's first impulse was to stamp her foot, but she recalled suddenly that she had slipped off her pumps before she started to paint, for fear that hitching around on the porch would scrape the toes. It is silly and futile to stamp in your stocking feet, and Anne seldom did useless things. Besides, she realized that just now she needed Davy very much and that he would have to be "handled." So she smiled winsomely at him, and said in a helpless tone:

"Davy, please see who it is."

Davy smiled back reassuringly and strolled indolently across the lawn to the corner of the house, around which he peeped cautiously. Then he came lazily back and took up his position against the tree.

"It's a horse," he said.

Anne looked worried. She saw that Davy was going to be mean.

"A piebald horse," added Davy.

"Oh!" exclaimed Anne, with a faint gasp.

"Herbie's horse," continued Davy, pleasantly, preparing to refill his pipe.

The bell rang again.

"Oh, Davy, please run around and tell Mr. Jennings I'll be ready in a minute."

Davy poured some tobacco into the palm of his hand and began to roll it.

"Please!" said Anne, a picture of anxiety as she stood with her big apron and skirts gathered up on either side, unconscious that Davy was gazing interestedly at her shoeless feet.

"Do you expect me to assist at my own funeral?" asked Davy.

"Oh, now, Davy; don't be mean. Don't be vindictive."

"I'd like to know who was mean first," remarked Davy, childishly.

"But don't you hear the bell ringing? I simply can't go this way. Anyhow, I can't step on the paint."

"It's not fair to ask me. It's not part of the game."

The bell rang twice this time, and the second ring was long drawn out. Anne gritted her teeth and looked at the wet paint despairingly.

"At least do this, Davy," she pleaded. "Ask Mr. Jennings if he will please step around back, so I can speak to him."

"Herbie's such a proper boy," said Davy, grinning, "that he'd be shocked if he saw you with your shoes off."

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Anne dropped her apron suddenly and flushed. "It was more comfortable," she declared. "That's why."

"Do you always paint with your shoes off?"

"I paint any way I please, David Dixon. And it's none of your business."

Two more rings at the bell indicated a state of impatience on the front porch.

"We're forgetting Herbie," said Davy, lighting his pipe and eyeing Anne with satisfaction. She groaned. Davy was going to be stubborn. For an instant she calculated the width of the southern passage, as if she might clear it and the steps at a single leap.

"Better not;" said Davy, reading her thought. "You'll only step in it."

"Brute!"

"Wet paint should never be touched," added Davy, reminiscently. "It never looks the same afterward."

"I don't care," exclaimed Anne, her eyes blazing. "I'll step on it if I please." She picked up her skirts again.

"Without shoes?" inquired Davy.

"Ugh!" Anne drew back and looked helpless.

"Oh, Davy! Please go!" she said. "I—I'm sorry about the paint."

Davy made another trip to the corner of the house and poked his head out cautiously. As he came back the bell gave two long, wailing rings.

"Let's make this a test of the real Herbie, Anne," he suggested. "If Herbie is a youth of persistence and inventiveness and brains, he'll come round the back way without being told. If not, why he isn't worth bothering about."

"Please go, Davy." Anne seemed to be on the brink of tears.

"I'll make you a small bet that Herbie hasn't brains enough to come round the house," offered Davy, complacently.

"He's a gentleman; he doesn't snoop," said Anne hotly.

"Well, being a gentleman doesn't seem to get him anything. I don't see where it pays."

"Once for all," pleaded Anne, "I ask you to go around and speak to him." She looked so utterly woe-begone that Davy felt compassionate. He went again as far as the corner of the house. Very stealthily he peeped around it.

Then he held up his hand and made a mysterious signal. Anne suppressed an exclamation. Davy waved his hand again, drawing a hieroglyphic in the air. Then he began to move his arm slowly up and down, after the fashion of a railroad brakeman. Gradually the motions became faster. Anne, wild with impatience, wanted to shriek, but

"OH!" SHE EXCLAIMED. "OH YOU—YOU——"

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she was held spellbound by the incomprehensible performance. Davy was waving his arm vigorously, now and then varying the motion with strange circles. Not once did he look at Anne; he knew very well she was watching. Presently he drew back his head and tiptoed around to the steps.

"Listen!" he commanded, holding up a finger.

"What?" screamed Anne, jumping up and down.

"Footsteps," whispered Davy.

"Is he coming?" said Anne, smoothing her apron.

"A horse's footsteps," added Davy, putting his finger to his lips. "A piebald horse."

Anne swallowed hard and glared at him.

"Herbie has went," explained Davy, with a sunny smile.

"Beast! Beast!" hissed Anne, standing perfectly rigid, with two small fists clenched.

"I knew that Herbie wouldn't rise to the situation," remarked Davy.

"You—you are unspeakable," said Anne, choking. What she wanted to do most of all was to weep, but she was too proud to let Davy see. Sooner than that she would walk across the painty floor in her stockings. But it made her shudder to think of that. Not that she cared the least bit in the world about Herbert Jennings and his piebald horse, or about going driving. Oh, no. But to be snickered at by Davy was insupportable. Had she seen a way open for dignified retreat, Anne would have taken it and left the Beast standing there on the lawn. But it is almost impossible to be dignified when you haven't your shoes. So Anne did the next best thing by dropping to her knees again and beginning to paint furiously.

"Herbie having failed in the test," said Davy, from the lawn, "we will now take up the case of the Jones child."

"We will take up the case of David Dixon," exclaimed Anne, pausing in her work and raising a pair of angry eyes. "And it will be settled right now. Do you know what you did? You deliberately allowed me to paint myself in without a word of warning!"

"Oh, now, Anne——"

"You did! And worse, you tricked me into doing it."

Davy raised his eyebrows and looked childlike.

"Oh, yes, you did," Anne went on, emphasizing her words with jerky wavings of the brush. "You made believe you were coming up on the porch, just so I would paint it around the top of the steps to prevent you. You knew all the time I shouldn't be able to get out. You did it on purpose!"

"Well, it's done, anyhow," said Davy. "The question is, how are you going to get out of that oasis?"

"I don't know," said Anne, sullenly. "I—I suppose I'm going to stay here forever." Following this cheering estimate of her own fate, she began to make the oasis smaller by painting more of it.

"I think you ought to figure out a line of retreat before you get to the point of balancing on one foot," remarked Davy, thoughtfully. "How about an airship?"

"I never retreat," declaimed Anne. "Never!"

"But you're in for such a painty fate," remonstrated Davy.

Anne sniffed, but she shivered a little as she remembered her absent shoes.

"I suppose it's up to me to get you out," added Davy. "I'll carry you out, when you're ready."

"You will not set one foot on this porch," said Anne, resolutely.

"But I can hold you while you paint the last board, and then as I carry you out you can paint my footsteps over again, so they won't show."

Anne tossed her head and went on a new foray with the brush. Davy watched her for a minute, smiled softly, and knocked the coal out of his pipe.

"Guess I'll be going, Anne," he remarked. Half a dozen paces farther away he halted, because a worried voice said sharply:

"David Dixon!"

"Well?" said Davy, returning.

"How dare you?"

"Dare what?"

"Go away and leave me here!"

"Why, you won't let me rescue you," said Davy, in a surprised tone. "You are bound to die in the last ditch, or on the last board, or something like that."

Anne painted another square foot before she replied, and even then she did not speak until she saw, out of the corner of her eye, that Davy was making a fresh departure.

"You said it was up to you to get me out, David Dixon."

"Hum! Did I? Yes, I guess I did. Well, what'll you give to get out?"

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"Coward!" said Anne. "You're bargaining now."

"What'll you give?" repeated Davy, ignoring the charge.

"Nothing! You got me here and you've promised to get me out. I—I don't believe you've got any plan at all."

"Oh, yes, I have," said Davy, reassuringly, but mysteriously.

"Will it get paint on me?"

"Not a speck."

"Will it smudge the porch?" Anne's inquiries were searching.

"Not so much as a finger mark."

"Um-m," said Anne, suspiciously. "What is it?"

"Oh, there's a price, you know," said Davy, comfortably.

"Meany! Tell me the plan first."

"Will you send word to Billy Jones that he's not to come around to-morrow night?"

"No!"

"Good day," said Davy. He lifted his hat with a dramatic flourish. Anne let him get as far as the corner of the house before she conquered her pride. Then she called desperately: "Oh, Davy!"

He paused irresolutely.

"Come back, just for a minute, Davy."

He came back with a great appearance of reluctance.

"Would you really leave me here, Davy?" asked Anne. Davy steeled his heart against the attack of a pair of moist eyes.

"How about the Jones child?" he demanded, remorselessly.

"Oh, but that's not fair, Davy."

"It wasn't fair to paint the porch, either.

ANNE RUSHING BY LIKE A CYCLONE, BUT OTHERWISE RESEMBLING A SUDDEN APRIL SHOWER.

"We first come to terms; that's business, you know."

Anne bit her lip and glanced about her searchingly. "It isn't anything as brilliant as waiting for the paint to dry, is it?" she asked.

Davy shook his head, with a smile.

"Tell me what it is, Davy—please," pleaded Anne.

Have you anything else you want to say?"

"Is it really a good plan?" asked Anne.

"A bird!"

"And I won't have to walk on the paint in —in my stocking feet?"

"Not a single step."

"And you promise not to step on it yourself? Because I'll die here before I see it walked on," said Anne, stubbornly.

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"Nobody shall step on it," answered Davy.

It was getting painful to kneel in one small spot, with skirts gathered about her, and Anne surrendered. "I agree," she said, meekly.

"About the Jones young one?" inquired Davy, carefully, not omitting to insult Mr. Jones's juvenility.

Anne nodded.

"Sure you'll send him word not to come?"

"Honest, Davy. Please hurry. If you only knew how cramped I am!"

"Good," said Davy. "I will tell you the plan."

Anne leaned forward eagerly, her lips parted. A grin threatened to rend the face of the young man on the lawn.

"Turn around," he said slowly, "and climb in the window."

Anne straightened up with a snap, gasped, and blushed.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Oh—you—you ——"

Davy bent double and rolled over on the grass with a howl. A second later a paint brush whizzed past his ear and the word "Coward!" followed it. Then he heard a window sash violently lifted. He reached for the brush, scrambled to his feet, and made a dash around the side of the house, where there was a door open. Simultaneously, the bottom of a gingham apron disappeared through an open window.

They met in the dining-room, Anne rushing by like a cyclone, so far as speed was concerned, but otherwise resembling a sudden April shower. He heard the soft patter of shoeless feet on the stairs and then a door slammed upstairs. Davy looked thoughtfully at the brush in his hand and went over to the window.

Ten minutes later he was leaning across the sill, critically inspecting a finished job, when he heard a soft rustle beside him. Anne dropped to her knees and poked her head out beside his. The April shower had left nothing but a little smudge of powder on her nose.

"Give it another little dab over there," said Anne, pleasantly, indicating the spot with a gesture.

Davy dabbed at it enthusiastically.

"Over here, too," ordered Anne.

"Can't reach it," said Davy. "You take the brush."

Anne leaned far out and accomplished the feat to her satisfaction. Then she discovered another spot, on Davy's side, and the brush changed hands again. It took several minutes to touch up the last square yard properly.

"It's a nice porch, isn't it?" remarked Davy, resting his elbows on the sill.

Anne nodded.

"Think it'll be dry by—to-morrow night?"

"Um-m; yes, I guess so."

"You hope so, don't you?" asked Davy, squirming around sidewise to look at Anne.

Anne shrugged her shoulders and looked at the paint doubtfully.

"Say you hope so."

"Why should I, I'd like to know?"

Davy raised the paint brush significantly. Anne gave a little shriek and tried to dodge back, but found herself held in a firm grip.

"Say you hope so," commanded Davy.

"Don't you dare, Davy Dixon!"

"Say it, or your nose 'll match the porch!"

"I won't!"

"One——"

"Davy Dixon!"

"Two——"

"If you do I'll never——"

"Three——"

"Oh, wait! Davy!"

"Say it, then."

"But why do you want me to hope so?" fenced Anne, eyeing fearfully a very wet paint brush only six inches from the end of her nose.

"Because I want to sit on it to-morrow night."

"Humph! Is that all?"

"No, that isn't all. Do you see that corner over there?" Davy pointed with the brush.

"Well?"

"That's where the settee goes."

"Certainly," said Anne.

"And you belong on the south end of the settee, over by the vines."

Anne nodded.

"And I belong on the other end of it, to the north."

"Of course," said Anne, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Don't be so geographical. We're not things on a map."

"And just about nine o'clock," continued Davy, undisturbed, "the moon ought to be around. And when that happens, I'm going to say 'Anne'——"

"I do believe that paint is drying already," said Anne, softly, squirming back out of the window.

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"W. T."

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Author of "The Smoke Eaters," "Don-a-Dreams," etc.

Illustrations by Henry J. Peck

HE paused at the downward turn of the road and looked at Port Derby in the valley below him—a stooped old man, with brass rings in his ears, and dusty to the waist with walking. He was as bald as a toad. There was not a hair on his face—not an eyelash, not a bristle; and his scalp, between the sun-greened cloth cap on his skull-top and the red handkerchief about his neck, had the dead smoothness of a withered mushroom. He was wind-cured, sea-scalded, storm-toughened. Standing there, with his forehead wrinkled up to open his eyes, mumbling his lips in a toothless gnawing, irresolutely, he looked as much as anything like an old tortoise that had been driven out into the glare and drought of the highway to seek a new "crawl" and a safe hiding-place.

He had come upon the sight of Port Derby unexpectedly, as he traveled the hill road; and it was no wonder that he paused—the little village lay in a hollow, so quiet and so hidden; the shore-line ridge seemed to cuddle it so snugly in the crook of an outstretched arm; the haze was so softly spread upon it, against the midday sun; the great lake glittered before it with such a gentle rustle of sound from the waves on the shingle.

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It was scarcely a village. It was a mere cluster of houses at the mouth of a creek, with orchards and corn-fields behind them; and at the water's edge there showed a rotting wharf, a tug, some boats drawn up on the sand, and three huge pound nets, raised on poles in a shore-meadow, to be mended. No one moved in the open fields or on the white roadway or in the shade of the trees.

He stood a long time, blinking doubtfully; then he grunted as he made up his mind to descend, and relaxing the skin of his forehead so that the lids came down on his eyes again, he shuffled down the road, the dust puffing up before his feet as he went.

A little girl saw him crossing the iron bridge of Catfish Creek and ran, frightened, to her mother. The woman watched him pass the lilacs at her gate, and came out to gaze after him in the roadway. No one else noticed him until Captain Jim Johnson saw him at the other end of the village, approaching the hotel veranda, and rose with a surprised "By damn!" to get a better look at him.

Captain Jim reported later to the daughter who kept his house for him: "He's got rings in his ears—old-fashioned—sailor-ways. Can't tell much about him. He's either dumb er got a button loose somewhere. Won't talk. He's been trampin', I guess. An' he's a deep-sea sailor er I'm a Dutchman. Color of a smoked ham that's been hung too long—kind o' dried up an' drawn to the string. Old man. Yeh. Bald 's a peeled egg. Somethin' queer about him. Is dinner ready?"

That was as much as Captain Jim had learned, and he had learned most of it in the first glance. When he greeted the old man with a cheerful "Well, mate, where're *you* bound to?" he got nothing in reply but a brow-puckered scrutiny, dazed and uncertain. He said: "Come in out o' the sun," and the man came in to the shade of the veranda, sat down on the step, and looked at the nets across the way, his back turned to the captain.

He had no pack; he was coatless, in a gray flannel shirt, with a leather belt and stained overalls. A bare foot showed through a break in his shoe.

Captain Jim tried him vainly with various inquiries: "Come far?" "Purty tired, eh?" "Lookin' fer work?" It was not until he asked "Hungry?" that he got so much as a nod. He followed it up with "Have a drink first," and succeeded in drawing the old fellow in to the bar, where he took his whisky neat, and sniffed at the smell of cooking from an inner room, but said nothing. They got him a plate of dinner. He went out to the steps to eat it, from his fingers, his back to them all.

Captain Jim shook his head—with pity—and went home to his own meal. He was an old man himself, with a white head of hair and a white fringe of whiskers so fine and so fluffy that he looked like a "four-o'-clock"—like a ripe dandelion gone to seed—with his pink scalp glowing through its aureole and his tanned skin brown under his beard. There are babies that look like wise and solemn old men; Captain Jim looked like one of those babies in a beard; and his favorite oath—"By damn"—came wonderingly from a small mouth of red lips that sucked on the stem of his pipe as if it were full of modified milk.

He was the postmaster and the customs officer of the port; he owned the fishing-tug and the pound nets; and he employed all the men of the village who would work in his boats. He was building another tug and needed hands to help with her. The old sailor looked as if he might be of some use.

Captain Jim, after dinner, proposed it to him, and was answered by a grunt which he accepted as assenting; and when the men, returning to their work, reappeared in the meadow where the tug's keel had been laid, Captain Jim led the newcomer to join them. "What's yer name?" he asked. He got no answer. He said: "All right. I'll call you 'Sam.' I s'pose you can swing an adze?"

They came among the oak timbers that were being cut for the boat's ribs. Captain Jim held out an adze to him. He drew away with a nervous shrinking from the tool; and when the captain asked sharply, "What's the matter?" he looked down at his hands, held them out open, and showed a deformity which he had been concealing.

The little finger of each hand was closed down flat, on the palm, as if paralyzed.

"Huh!" Captain Jim said. "How'd you do *that?*"

The question was asked in a tone that was scarcely more than mildly curious, but it had the most amazing effect on the old sailor. He had his hands still out in front of him, and his wrinkled gaze was fixed on them pathetically; they began to tremble in a shuddering palsy that crept up his arms to

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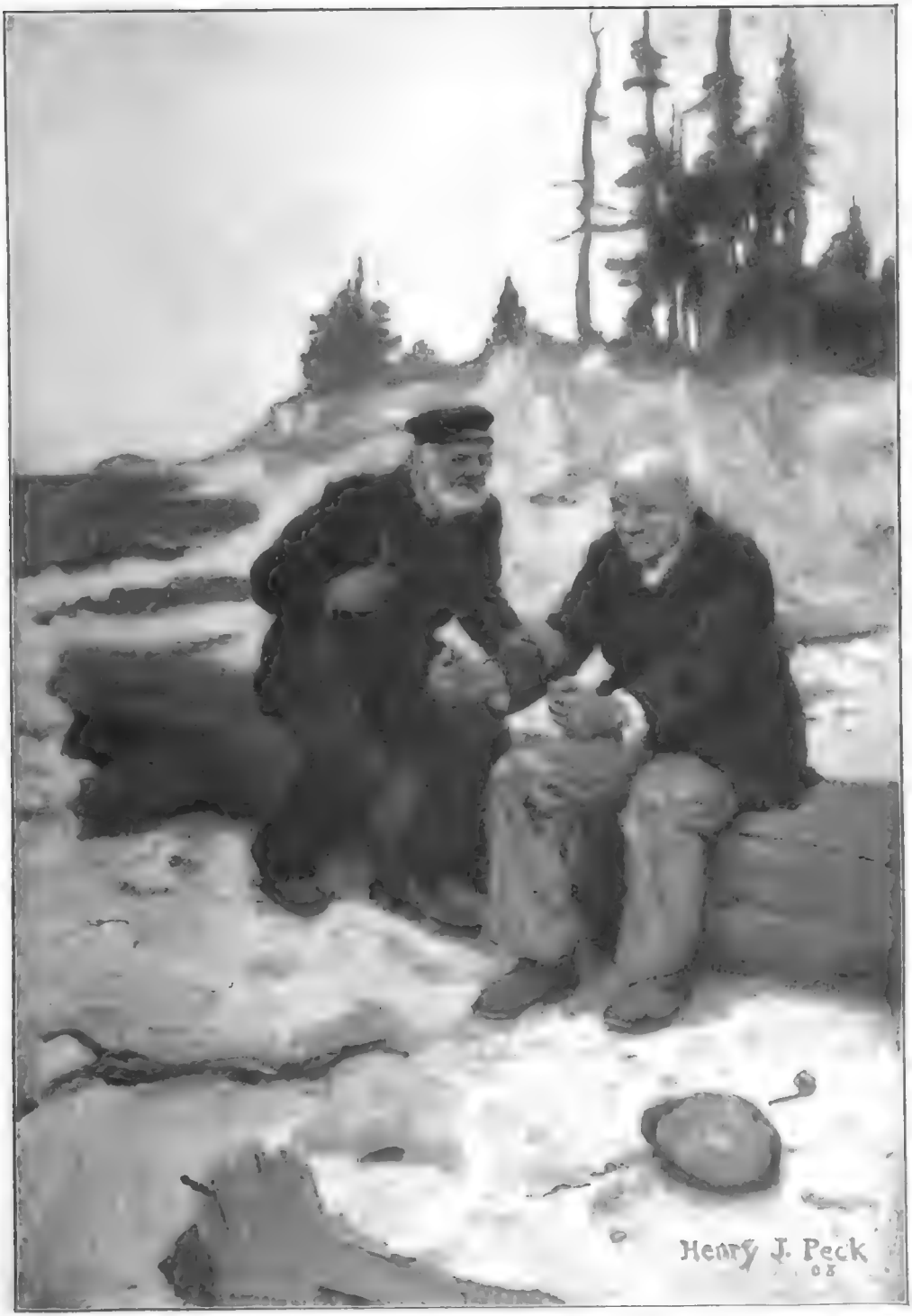

"STOP!" HE SAID. "YOU'VE GOT TO FERGET IT. IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT."

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his neck and set his teeth chattering and fluttered his breath. The captain caught him by the quivering shoulder. "Sit down," he said. "You're dog tired. There. That's all right. Now."

The old man sat down weakly on a log and took his head in his hands. He shook as if he had a chill.

When the tremor had passed, Captain Jim said: "Better, eh? Well. When you feel like work, come over an' help us on the steam-box. Know how to warp boards, eh? . . . Come away, boys. Don't bother him. He's a bit touched."

They did not bother him. They did not even appear to notice him. And though they watched him and speculated about him all the afternoon, they did it with that cunning of village curiosity that seems so indifferent and is so secretly keen. He took his place among them at the steam-box, and his crippled hands did not seem to interfere with his work. But he refused to wield an axe as he had refused the adze; he answered to the name of "Sam" silently, without offering to correct it, though the initials tattooed on his forearm were "W. T."; and when the afternoon was done, he took his supper on the hotel veranda, at the captain's expense, accepted a corncob pipe and a plug of tobacco, and wandered away up the beach in the fading light.

He did not reappear until the morning. Subsequently it was found that he had taken possession of a deserted old shack in a hollow behind the captain's farm, where a bend in the shore line met the trickle of a swamp.

"I seen a man had hands like that afore," Captain Jim said. "He done it handlin' grain bags. Yeh. When they ust to team it down here an' load it into schooners—afore the railroad was built up yonder. But *he* ain't been a longshoreman. He's been a deep-sea sailor er I'll eat my hat. Wonder what he's doin' away up here, anyway."

Port Derby is on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, hundreds of miles from the ocean and ten miles from a railroad, even. The mail arrived on a buckboard once a day. The fish were taken to a shipping port, on the tug, once a week. Between fishing and farming the little community supported itself in a contented isolation; and if old "Sam" had wished to escape the world, he could not have chosen a better hermitage.

If he had wished to escape the notice of his fellow men, he could not have chosen a worse one. He was as much discussed as a murder trial in town. Was he crazy? Was he a criminal in hiding? Was he really dumb? How had he lost his hair? What had happened to his hands? Where did he come from? Why had he left his home?

The belief that he was an imbecile was weakened when it was seen with what ingenuity he fitted up his shack—making himself a sort of bake-oven of stones, taking useless blocks of wood from the boat-building and nailing old planks to them for benches, cutting fir branches for a bed, mending his roof with rotted canvas from the wharf and painting it over with tar, unraveling old nets to make himself fishing lines for rusty hooks that had been thrown away by the village boys—and in everything proceeding as rationally as a Robinson Crusoe. The suspicion that he was a criminal in hiding could not endure after it was observed that he avoided strangers less than he did the acquaintances of his working hours, and seemed more uneasy with the benevolent Captain Jim than with anybody else. His incredible hairlessness was explained by a young doctor—summoned to the village to set the broken leg of one of the boat-builders—who gave it out that old Sam was the victim of a skin disease with a sesquipedalian scientific name. But on the mystery of where he had come from, or why he had come, nothing happened to throw any light.

One of the men who stole up to the shack at night and peeped through a crack in the boarding, came away with a report that the old man sat for hours by his lantern, looking at his hands. Certainly he used an amount of oil that was not accounted for until the village found that his light burned every night till sunrise. Some small boys, who hid behind the bushes at dusk and pelted his shanty with beach pebbles, were driven off, panic-stricken, by an unearthly bellow close behind them in the trees—a hoarse inhuman noise, which they could not describe except in terms of terror. When Captain Jim heard of it, he threatened all the boys of the village—and their parents—with all the punishments of his wrath if any youngster so much as hooted at old Sam on the streets; and thereafter the poor wretch was left to his misery in peace.

Captain Jim gave him clothes and bedding, sent cooked food to his shack while he was away from it, "stood" him drinks in the bar, lent him an old boat in which to go fish-

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"A BRIG THAT TOOK US ALL ABOARD — HIM, TOO — AN' ME."

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ing for mud-cats up the creek, and paid him a wage, as well, for his work on the boat-building or in the garden. In return for it all, he did not get more gratitude than could be expressed in a grunt.

"He's got somethin' on his mind; that's all," Captain Jim decided. "It's got him a bit touched. Knowed 'n old sailor up to Duluth like that—on'y *his* was religion. He'll come through. He hangs round down to the hotel now, 's long 's no one speaks to him. Leave 'm alone."

They were willing to "leave 'm alone." Their curiosity, by this time, had died a natural death. They accepted Sam, jocularly, as a half-witted old mute who was amusing when he was not too pig-headed.

And then, one morning in the fall, after the new tug had been launched and the work of calking the deck-seams was in progress, Captain Jim, while overseeing the men, stepped back against the unfinished taffrail, struck his heel against a loose timber, lost his balance, and fell backward into the creek. Before the others could more than drop their tools, old Sam, with a great oath, had dived overboard. And the men were so amazed at the sound of his voice that they stood staring at the pair in the water as if they had seen a dead man come to life.

The captain had been a good swimmer in his day, but he was dazed by his fall; and for a moment, when he came to the surface, he beat the water feebly with the palms of his hands, gasping. Sam had him by the coat collar in an instant, and held him out of water to the shoulders till he caught his breath. Then they struck out together for the bank.

When they had found bottom and stood up dripping in the water-weeds, Captain Jim turned on his rescuer. "Well, by damn!" he cried. "You old mud turtle!"—and thumped him on the back. "It was you, was it? What d' you mean! Get up out o' this. D' you want to kill yerself?" He shoved Sam up the bank before him, calling upon all the men to witness the ancient folly of this reprobated old son of a sea-cook. "What d' you think o' that!" he cried, wiping the trickle of water out of his eyes and grimacing in a doubtful attempt to grin down an emotion that was not acknowledgable. "What d'you think— Th' old— Well, by damn!"

Sam ran his hands down his sides, squeezing the water from his shirt. He stooped to wring out his trouser legs, stolidly. He said nothing.

Some of the men came down the plank, with the clumsy inquiries of an awkward solicitude for the captain. He did not understand the way in which they looked at Sam; he had not heard the oath that had betrayed the old sailor's voice. "Are y' all right, cap'n?" they asked him.

"All right?" he quavered. "O' course I'm all right. Little water. Come on here, Sam. Come on an' have a drink an' get off them wet clothes. Course I'm all right. Go on with yer work."

They went back to the deck; and Captain Jim, still unaware of Sam's return to the use of his tongue, took him to the hotel. It was late in the afternoon, and a chill wind had begun to blow; and the captain, for all his jovial and hearty gratitude, shivered so much that after a brief glass he sent Sam to his shack and hurried home. Very much shaken and chilled through, he went to bed.

"Sophy," he said that evening to his daughter as he sat up smoking among his pillows, "that old boy can't winter it in a shack. He'll freeze stiff. Better give 'm the room over the kitchen. He'll carry wood an' do chores fer you anyway. Eh?"

"Well," she said, taken back, "he's pretty feeble, ain't he?"

"No!" the captain cried. "Feeble! I thought it was Johnny had me by the neck. Feeble nothin'! He works as good 's the best o' them—where he knows how."

"He won't chop the wood."

"No," he reflected. "He's a bit queer about that. He ain't strong in his top story. But he's harmless, girl. An' we've treated him like a dog—leavin' him live in that swamp——"

"He wouldn't let you do anything else."

"That's so. That's right. Well, I'll make him come if I have to move the shack to do it."

The captain's house—a relic of the ante-railroad days of Port Derby's prosperity—was a building of some pretensions with a colonial pillared porch and a roof-top belvedere. And his daughter was a middle-aged spinster of precise habits who was a neat housekeeper and proud of her house. She did not relish the prospect of admitting this uncanny old outcast to a place in it; the room over the kitchen was her sewing-room, stored with blankets, winter bedding, household linen, and a thousand things that she

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did not wish to remove. Moreover, one fanciful old man at a time was all she desired under her care—for the captain had his peculiarities.

It was not that she objected to having all the inner door-sills painted twice a year, as if they were aboard ship; and she let him use a lantern in his bedroom, although a lamp surely would have looked better; but she had noticed of late that he had begun to be careless about his clothes, that he slept heavily in the afternoons, that he depended too much upon the stimulants at the bar. And when she found, treasured up under his bed, a big tin biscuit-box filled with misered plugs of tobacco of which many had gone mouldy, she realized that the captain was failing. She would have a happy life as the captain grew worse and old Sam was added to her burden!

But the captain had an obstinate temper. It was bad policy to oppose him outright. She had to humor him, to wheedle him, and to get her own way while pretending to give him his. It was for this reason that when the story of how Sam had spoken came to her—from one of the men who called to see how the captain was—she went straight to her father with her indignation. "A nice old man! After all you've done for him! Why, he's been making fools of all of us."

"What's the matter, girl?"

"Why, that old Sam—pretending he couldn't talk."

"What?" The captain sat upright. "Ain't he dumb?"

"As dumb as you are. Why, *all* the men heard him."

"Where? When?"

She told him artfully, working herself into a fine resentment against "the old scamp." And the captain listened, staring at her like a snowy owl.

"I wouldn't trust him!" she cried. "I wouldn't put *anything* past him. He's no fool. He's *bad*. Of all the double-faced—I s'pose he's been laughing at us behind our backs all the time. I know! He's done something wrong. That's what *he* 's done. Why, you could tell it by the look of him! I'd be afraid to have him *near* the place. He might murder us all in our beds. I never heard of such a thing. The old liar—if I *do* say it." And so endlessly, while the captain listened with a "Huh!" that sounded as if he were really half-convinced—but signified merely that there was matter for new thought in the affair and that he was reconsidering it.

He made no reply to her then nor later in the day when he rose for dinner; and she supposed that he had weakened in his kindly feeling for the hypocritical Sam. He did not go down to the boat that afternoon, but sat smoking and thinking and taking "cat naps" in his chair. Once he remarked that the cold weather would be coming on and inquired about the wood pile. "Ought to get a couple o' loads o' that drift wood fer the fireplace," he said. "Wonder if there's much of it on the beach this year."

She did not know. It was a peculiarity of the beach that there was one spot where the wood came ashore in abundance—great trees that had been uprooted by the rains and carried out into the lake, ship's timbers, the loosened planks of derelicts, and all the wreckage of storms and freshets. The natives of Port Derby went there to gather their winter's firing, saving their own trees.

The captain, after an early supper, while it was still light, filled his pipe and started off across his fields to see the cove where the wood came in. And it was not till he had gone that his daughter remembered that old Sam's shack stood near the edge of this same cove. Even so, she was in doubt whether the captain had deceived her with a rather senile cunning, or whether the whole thing was an innocent coincidence.

It is probable that the captain did not quite know himself. But it is certain that when he came upon Sam, sitting on a scoured log at the water's edge, he was not surprised to see him.

"Well, Sam," he said, "they tell me you've found yer voice."

The men at the boat had been nagging the old man in Captain Jim's absence, venting upon him some of that same spleen which the captain's daughter had felt when she learned that they had all been "made fools of"; and Sam was obviously worried and dejected. He did not look up at the sound of the captain's voice. He continued gazing out at the sunset, his elbows on his knees, his chin supported on his cramped hands, smoking sadly.

The captain struck a match and sat—to relight his pipe—on the other end of the log. "Well," he said, "I come down to see if there was much wood here fer the winter. Pick up more logs here in a day than you could cut down in a week. Cold weather's comin', Sam. You'll freeze stiff in that old

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shack. I was tellin' my girl to get a room ready fer you—over the kitchen where it'll be warm. You can do her chores fer yer board—if you want to."

Sam stopped puffing at his pipe, but he did not turn around.

"We're gettin' old," the captain went on. "Got to have a warm bed when you're old. I ust to be able to sleep on cargo an' never notice it. Well, well. I remember once—" And he rambled off into reminiscences of his rough youth when he had sailed the Great Lakes and been a "terrible feller."

They were reminiscences of the easy love affairs of an able-bodied seaman, of sailor's fights in water-front "dives," of smuggling adventures in the days when he had run a schooner between the mouth of the Niagara River and the Canadian Port Credit—before the use of the telegraph put an end to that sort of "skylarkin'"—and of "bounty jumping" in ports along the American shore during the Civil War. If there was a noticeable strain of moral obliquity running through them all, it was not because the captain was unconscious of it. He had been thinking about Sam all day, and these apparently idle recollections were given artfully.

Sam's pipe went out; he sat with it in his hands, staring at the darkening water and listening like a man mesmerized. The sun had set; an early autumn moon rose behind them. Once or twice Sam muttered to himself. And once he began in a dry squeak of a voice "Cap'n"—but the captain did not pause. Sam sighed and moved uneasily. The captain continued his amiable confessions in a friendly, soothing tone.

"Cap'n," the old man said, hoarsely, "what'd *you* 'a' done if—" His voice fell away into silence, irresolutely.

"If they'd ketched me?" the captain asked. He was at the end of his story of the bounty-jumping. "Well, I s'pose I'd been rushed to the front on the first train. But they didn't ketch me." He chuckled. "Not them."

Sam shook his head. "If you'd been out 'n a boat an' the water near all gone, an'——"

"What boat?"

"The Bristol's."

The captain leaned forward, intent. "Shipwrecked?"

Sam sank in upon himself again; he fumbled at his forehead with a hand. "Ay, shipwrecked. Me—an' the boy, Tom—an'—an'—" He either could not remember or his mind wandered. "In the boat," he said. "An' the water all gone—an' the heat till yer brain 'd ache." He shook his old lizard's head again, weakly. "Hot—hot."

The captain signified a professional understanding. "Yeh?"

"An' we had but the end o' one keg o' water," he said, staring ahead of him as if he saw in that vast expanse of lake the scene that was in his mind's eye. "It was goin' by thimblefuls. Seven of us. An' our tongues swollen so we couldn't shut our jaws. An' the mate says: 'Boys, it's time to draw lots. There's too many of us. Take yer choice. We'll all die together if we don't,' he says. 'All of us!' An' my mouth so dry I couldn't eat the biscuit no more than it was sand."

The captain waited, listening, with his head on one side, watching him. The moonlight had grown strong enough to make a faint shadow on the beach. When Sam continued silent, he said: "Well, in a case like that there, I s'pose there's nothin' else to do. I remember once——"

Sam licked his lips. "So we drawed lots—the long one an' the short one. An' young Tom got the long one—an' then, when it come to me, I got the short one. An' nobody said a word, except one o' the men sort o' laughed."

He turned suddenly. "What would you 'a' done?" he cried. "With the wife home—an' the baby—waitin' fer you? An' young Tom with nobody dependin' to him."

The captain replied, coaxingly: "Well, what 'd *you* do, Sam?"

"'Mates,' I says, 'I'm a married man. I got a wife, mates,' I says, 'an' a little one. Is it fair,' I says, 'that *I* go, that's got them dependin' to me, an' Tom here 's got no one? Is it right?' I says. An' they didn't say a word. We was all played out. I could scarce speak, my mouth was so. 'Is it right?' I says. 'No! If any one goes, it ought to be Tom,' I says. 'He's got no one. He's near dead now. What good is he? He can't help none. 'Tain't right! I'm a strong man. I got a woman to keep. I got a little one——'"

"Sure. Sure," the captain soothed him. "What'd they do?"

"It was Tom. Tom did it. He was sick. He didn't care what happened to him. He said he'd sooner go than do it—than shove me off. We'd nothin' to do it with, but the axe. So we changed lots—Tom an' me.

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An' he said if we'd do it while he was asleep—That's all he asked—to do it while he was asleep."

He had begun to tremble. "U-up in the nose o' the boat," he said, in a low, shaken voice. "He crawled up there an'—an' laid down. An' after it was dark—" He took his head in his hands.

"Well, Sam," the captain consoled him, "that's the way those things happen. A man's got to fight fer his life sometimes. He ain't accountable. In a boat like that—dyin' o' thirst, an' you with a wife an' fam'ly to think o'. It couldn't be helped, I guess. It just had to be. You want to fer-get it. It's——"

Sam said: "I couldn't do it. I sat there all night—an' couldn't do it. In the dark. I heard him turn over. He was talkin' crazy to himself—wantin' water. It was hot—hot—an' still. An' no one said a word. All night. All night."

The captain clucked his tongue commiseratingly. "Tut, tut. It's all past an'——"

"An' then a little breeze sprung up, an' it got a little light, an' I thought if I didn't do it mebbe he'd wake up an' go back on what he said. An' so—" He clutched his hands in front of him, agonizedly. "I—I——"

"Sam!" the captain cried. "Now, never mind! Never mind! I don't want to hear. You don't want to be thinkin' about it. That's what's the matter. You been thinkin' about it too much. You——"

"Listen!" Sam screamed. "Listen! He wasn't cold before they seen a sail. Right against the sun when it come up! A sail! A brig that took us all aboard—him, too—an' me—with the blood on to my hands—" He held them out to the lake, clenched, shaking them fiercely as if they were not a part of him but something hateful, something criminal, and guilty against himself.

The captain grasped him by the arm. "Stop!" he said. "Stop it! You've got to stop it. You've got to ferget it. Listen to me. It wasn't your fault. Case like that. Man's got to fight fer his life. When he's got a wife an' fam'ly——"

"Ah!" Sam groaned. "Wife an' fam'ly. They didn't think o' that. In the foc'sle—they turned against me. Them that'd been in the boat with me. Yes! From the day they dropped him overboard with their prayers an' their caps off. They didn't think o' that. It makes a might o' difference when yer tongue ain't swelled up like a boot in yer mouth an' achin' so you'd go mad. Yes! Wife an' fam'ly. *She* turned against me. Her too. Ev'ry one. All o' them."

"What? Yer wife, too."

"Ay, an' my wife too. It was all right the first night I got back. An' then one o' the boys told her." He dropped his voice to a broken breathiness. "He was her brother. Tom was her brother."

"Good ——!"

"Tom was her brother—an' she took the little one an' went back home without a word. Not a word. An' when I went to tell her—to tell her how it was—her father come out. He was like to killed me."

The captain let him be. He sat crouched, a figure of despair in the desolate moonlight, his mouth in his hands. The waves broke and broke before him, falling forward in a hissing sprawl on the pebbles.

"I went away," he said, talking to the water. "I shipped an' went away—an' no one knowed about it aboard an' I lay awake nights thinkin' of it—because no one knowed. An' they was hot nights—hot an' still. An' I heard some one turnin' over an' talkin' to himself. An' no one said a word, an' I had to bite into my blanket to keep from—There was a man named Durkin. Him an' me had a watch together. An' I wanted some one to ask. I wanted some one to—to— No one knowed about it. We was frien's—him an' me. An' I told him. I told him. An' there it was again. I could hear them whisperin' behind my back. I could see them lookin' at me when they thought I wasn't takin' notice. An' no one said a word about it. An' the little spot on the back o' my hand kep' spreadin'—bare—till the hair was all off. An' off my arm."

He held his hands out and looked at them. "There, on the back—like where there'd been—there'd been blood—a little round spot, it began. Greasy." He clapped them to his face again, as if to cover his eyes against the sight of them. "An' they seen it!" he cried. "They seen it an' knowed what it was. An' I went ashore an' got away an' I didn't come back. But what matter?" He threw out his arms. "What matter! *I* knowed it. I had it. Ev'rywhere I went I had it. I had to ask. I had to tell. I couldn't ferget it. I was marked. Head an' hands." He tore off his cap and raised his leprous skull to the light. "Look at me," he wailed, as if to the night and the

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heaven and the indifferent waves. "Look at me! Heads an' hands an' face an' body —marked! Marked! An' ev'ry one seen it. Ev'ry one knowed it. Ev'rywhere!"

The captain jumped up and stamped away down the beach from him, cursing helplessly. He could do nothing for him—nothing. The man's mind had been broken. He was insane of a blood-horror that had corrupted his brain. He had been brought down by the stroke of disaster and then preyed upon by the crazy persecutions of remorse. And yet the captain—when he turned and looked back—could not leave him there. He had coaxed the story from him. He had torn open the old wound.

He wiped his neck and wrists in his handkerchief, and swore feebly. Sam had collapsed upon himself, huddled on the log. The captain went back to him.

"Sam," he said, "part of what happened —it—it's happened. There's no more to be said about it. It's past an' done. But part of it's nothin' but yer own d—— imagination. There's somethin' wrong with yer skin. It's a—a disease. Any doctor 'll tell you the name of it. Cure it mebbe. An' yer fingers you hurt handlin' heavy weights. You've been roustaboutin'—workin' on the docks, ain't you?"

Sam said, sepulchrally: "I been ev'rywhere. All over the world, I've been. Doin' ev'rythin'. An' ev'rywhere I went there was some one that wouldn't let me be till he'd found out. An' then——"

"Well," the captain put in quickly, "that's what I say. That's what it is. Now here's where the thing ends. I don't say a word to no one—an' you don't. Not a word. You've had this thing on yer mind, an' now you've got rid of it. I'll see that no one bothers you. You needn't speak to a soul, if you're afraid o' what you might tell. Just keep quiet an' mind yer bus'ness an' ferget all this—this stuff."

He patted Sam on the shoulder. "It weren't your fault. It might 'a' happened to any one. It might 'a' happened to me. An' here we are, now, a pair of old hulks together—me an' you—on'y I've got into a snug harbor an' you've been batterin' around crazy-fashion. You come up to my house an' I'll see you have enough t' eat, a warm bed, an' ev'rythin' to make you comfort'ble. No one'll bother you. No one'll speak to you 'less you want it. An' 'n a little while you'll ferget about this bus'ness, an' ev'rythin' 'll be all right again. Eh?"

He picked up Sam's cap and put it on him, found him his pipe in the sand, and coaxed him to his feet. "Come on, now. We'll make you snug 's an ol' cricket. You'll be settin' by yer fire, come winter, with a glass o' grog in yer hand, happy 's—happy 's a cat. Come on. Eh?"

Sam was holding back. "Wait," he said, hoarsely. "Wait till to-morr'. I'll——"

"Will you come then?"

Sam nodded.

The captain remembered his daughter. "Well, then, all right. P'raps that's best. The girl'll have to get yer room ready. That'll give her time. Now you go to bed, Sam, an' have a good sleep. In the mornin' you'll feel better. This 's where this thing ends. You're goin' to be all right after this."

"G'night," Sam said, and staggered off through the sands toward his shack.

The captain watched him go—through the serene moonlight toward the shade of the willows that draped black along the edge of the swamp. There, suddenly, he threw his hands up over his head—and at the same instant disappeared in the shadows. The captain, having stood a moment gazing after him, turned and went home to his bed.

In the morning, after a scene of anger with his daughter, he posted down to the boat and found that Sam had not appeared for work. He waited an hour, and then hurried off to the shack. The door was open. The place was in disorder—the lantern thrown upon the floor, the bedding dragged aside, the bench overturned under the table —and Sam had gone.

Sam had gone. And all the efforts of the captain to learn in what direction he had gone, to find any one who had seen him on his way, or to hear anything of him in any of the neighboring villages—all were unavailing. He had gone. He had told his story again—and he had not waited.

("An' look here," the captain will say to you, "if you ever hear anythin' er see anythin' in the papers about any old sailorman with rings in his ears, bald, an' his little fingers *so*—let me know about it, eh? Just write to Cap'n Jim Johnson, Port Derby, Ont. I'll get it. You'll know him by the 'W. T.' A blue anchor with a twist o' red rope in the ring, an' a 'W' over one fluke an' a 'T' over th' other. Don't ferget that, now. That was his name—W. T.'")

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THE TITLE MARKET

By EMILY POST

Author of "Woven in the Tapestry," "The Flight of a Moth," "Purple and Fine Linen," etc.

Frontispiece by J. H. Gardner Soper

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS: The story opens in the Prince Sansevero's Italian country house, with his confession to his American wife, Eleanor, that he has just lost money in an ill-advised investment in a Sicilian sulphur mine. Her fortune has been so far exhausted by her husband's gambling that her income is insufficient to meet this fresh demand, and she has now no resource save the sale of her remaining jewels and the sacrifice of the usual winter in Rome. This latter becomes a serious matter when the princess gets word that her niece, Nina Randolph, a great American heiress, is coming to visit her. The prince, however, solves the problem to his own satisfaction by giving a famous Raphael Madonna, as security for a loan, to the Duke Scarpa, whom the princess deeply distrusts. The event proves that her feeling is just, for Scarpa secretly sells the picture to a dealer who is to send it out of Italy, thus making Sansevero an unconscious violator of the law against allowing art treasures to leave the country. A short time after Nina's arrival, Giovanni, the Prince Sansevero's younger brother, comes home, with the express intention of winning the American heiress, thus wiping out his debts and restoring the family prosperity. The household moves to Rome for the winter, and Nina becomes the object of keen interest on the part of various fortune-hunters. The report of Giovanni's attentions to her has reached La Favorita, a popular dancer, whose lover Giovanni is; and at a supper where he is present, Favorita shows herself fiercely jealous. On Nina's first night at the opera, Favorita gives two wonderful dances and, at their close, looks long and directly at Nina. Here, too, Nina sees, and dislikes, the Contessa Potensi, and gets a vague impression of some relation between her and Giovanni. Meantime, Mr. Randolph sends John Derby—a young American, who is a lifelong friend of Nina's—to Italy to look over the Sicilian sulphur field, with a view to trying there a mining process of his own invention. Immediately upon his arrival in Rome, Derby overhears fragments of a conversation about the rumored sale of the Sansevero Raphael. Suspicion has been aroused by the princess's rich new sables and a motor car—both really Nina's purchases. Derby goes to the Palazzo Sansevero, and before he leaves has contracted to try his patents on the "Little Devil"—Sansevero's apparently worthless sulphur mine. On his second call, John and Nina come close to quarreling over the Duke Scarpa. That afternoon, at a hunt, when Nina's escort has been sent off to fetch a handkerchief and she is left alone, Scarpa comes up and frightens her by declaring flatly that she is going to marry him. The same day he urges Sansevero to favor his suit, covertly threatening him with trouble over the painting. At a reception on the night before Derby leaves for Sicily, the Countess Olisco appeals to John to find the picture, which is supposed to be in America. Upon returning to his hotel, Derby writes about it to Mr. Randolph, who, he knows, has recently bought a valuable Raphael Madonna. At the same time, in the palace of the Scarpas, the duke is giving final instructions to an assassin who is to follow Derby into Sicily.

CHAPTER XX

BARELY two days after the evening at the Palazzo Sansevero, Derby was driving up the Sicilian hills toward the palace—courtesy gave it the name—of the venerable Archbishop of Vencata. Porter, in company with Tiggs and Jenkins—Derby's American assistants—had been left at the inn in the town, but Derby was anxious to present his letter as soon as possible, in order that there might be no delay in commencing work at the mines.

The carriage in which Derby sat had at first sight seemed liable to tumble apart, like so many separate pieces of a mosaic puzzle, and he had taken his place on the old cloth cushion rather dubiously. But the driver gayly, and with every appearance of confidence in himself and his equipage, had cracked his whip and shouted all the names in the calendar to the horses, whose muscles gradually became sufficiently taut to impel them onward. A few dozen yards having been made without mishap, Derby felt that the special protection of Providence must be over them, and he leaned back contentedly, puffing at his pipe and enjoying to the full the witchery of a Sicilian sunset. The rickety conveyance clattered slowly up a winding road that seemed like a white band tied about the mountainside, holding here little terraced vineyards, there a huddling group of houses that else would surely have slipped into the ravine.

Below it all, and beyond, lay the Mediterranean, its blue waters now deepened to indigo, shading into wide lakes of purple, under the reflection of the setting sun, which, like a great red lantern, seemed sinking into the sea. A sharp turn inward and upward brought the conveyance shambling into a little courtyard. It halted before the doorway of a low, whitewashed house smothered in semi-tropical vines, which extended from the eaves over a pergola built along the wall at the terrace edge. Beneath this arbor was a rustic seat, on the cushions of which a big gray cat sat up slowly, and stared at the intruders with insolent, unwinking eyes.

A woman's voice droned a dirgeful song that had a half Oriental, half negro suggestion in its monotonous pitch, while from afar, like an echo over the mountainside, came faintly the

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wailing cadence of the *caramella* of some shepherd boy, and the tinkle of goat bells, interrupted by the hoot of little owls crying through the dusk.

The bells of the flapping harness settled into silence, the droning singsong ceased, and from the stone flagging within came the shuffle of wooden shoes. An old woman, in the inevitable dark stuff dress of her class, and the blue apron gay-bordered with red and white, stood in the doorway. Her big hoop earrings fell to her shoulders, but were partly hidden by the kerchief which she held over her head with one hand, as if in fear of a draught, while with the other she still grasped the door latch.

To Derby's inquiry as to whether His Grace were at home, she responded suspiciously—almost contemptuously, as she looked him over from head to toe. Certainly, His Exaltedness was at home. What should one of his venerability be doing abroad at such an hour!

Derby's bow was apologetic. Would Signora have the kindness to deliver the letter which he tendered her?

She turned the envelope over in her hands, looked again at the stranger, and at last stood aside so that he might enter.

Derby waited in the dim, low-ceilinged passageway, which suggested anything but the antechamber of an archbishop's palace. Presently a door opened, a feeble yellow haze filtered into the corridor, and the old woman reappeared and led Derby into a small, stone-paved apartment illumined by a single flickering lamp of the most primitive design, by the light of which the archbishop had evidently been reading. As soon as Derby entered, the venerable prelate arose. In his long *sottana* of violet he looked strangely diminutive and feminine; his pale skin and mild eyes, and the soft white hair like a fringe beneath his velvet cap—all gave an impression of great gentleness, an impression heightened by contrast with the bare, whitewashed walls and rigorously meager furnishing of the cell-like room. With the courteous manner of all southern countries, the archbishop placed the best chair for his guest, and said smilingly:

"Do you speak Italian? Ah—I am glad you understand that language! My French is very failing, and as for Inglese—*non lo conosco.* It is too difficult at my age. If I were younger I should like to learn your tongue." He said this with inimitable grace, and added with a gentle inclination: "You are Americano, are you not? Your land has done much for my people! But tell me, Signore, in what way may I serve you? Sua Eccellenza il Principe Sansevero places you under our protection, but he does not tell us what it is that has brought you to us."

"I have come," said Derby, going to the point at once, "to work the 'Little Devil' mine." Before the archbishop could utter a protest, he continued very quickly and distinctly: "I know just such mines as that which are being operated now without danger or suffering to the miners."

Then, briefly as possible, he went on to outline his system of mining. There was no necessity, he said, for miners to descend below the surface of the earth, and he would need only a dozen men—instead of the many workers, including women and children, that were now employed. To Derby's surprise, the old man seemed troubled.

"I grow old, Signore; one does not easily take in new ideas! By your method—am I right?—you will employ a dozen men in place of a hundred. That troubles me, though your plan seems good. If there are but a small handful needed, it must put the others out of work. The mines are hard. A harder existence cannot well be imagined—but the good God must know it is for the best, since he allows it to continue. To be sure," he interrupted himself sadly, "he calls them to him soon!"

"You mean they die young in the mines? That is what I have been told."

"Yes, Signore, in their twenty-eighth year the people are at the end of life; at the age of twelve they are already stooped and wrinkled old men and women. For the children it is most terrible; it is they who climb up the high ladders out of the pits in the earth—it gives one a foretaste of inferno to see such things. *Cosi Dio, m' ajuti,* it is true! Yet so they live—otherwise they must die. What can we do? Since the Santa Maria does not intervene, the poor must work or starve. They have not the money to go away to the country beyond the sea, to America, the land of plenty! If some of the rich abundance might be brought to my people—" He shook his head, looking, it seemed, beyond the white walls of the room, as though he saw a vision.

Then slowly, carefully, Derby explained. It was to bring some of the customs of the land of plenty that he had come. He would pay the men—the father, the brother, the big

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son—more money than had been earned hitherto by the whole family. No, His Grace did not understand—the work was not to be harder, but easier! And for the reason that he had already explained: Machinery would take the place of children's hands; steel pipes, and not human beings, would descend into the stifling fumes. He wanted to get a few intelligent men to go with their families to the deserted village clustered about the "Little Devil."

Still the old man sat, looking straight before him.

"All that you tell me, Signore," he said at last, his voice echoing a sweetness, a cheerful patience that was doubtless the keynote to his nature—"it all sounds very beautiful; but, indeed, it cannot be! The great Duke Scarpa has given the matter much thought. The mine owners cannot pay the people more—there is scarcely any profit as it is. The duke has often told me this himself, so I know it to be true."

Derby thereupon said that the great Duke Scarpa had doubtless done everything possible, and that under the old method there had been no help for the conditions, but—and again he expressed himself as clearly as possible—with the new method and with machinery, one man could do the work of many. So the wages might be trebled and yet the mines be made to pay.

As Derby talked, a faint color mounted in the cheeks of the archbishop—his eyes grew eagerly wistful, and at last he leaned forward in his chair, his voice almost breathless as he asked, "Can such a thing be true—that in your country the father can earn sufficient that the little children need not work? Ah, Signore—who knows?—who knows?—may be at last the cry of the *bambinos* has reached the throne of the Santa Vergine!" He sat again silent, but this time with a smile on his lips. Then the old woman appeared in the doorway and the archbishop arose.

"It is the hour for my supper," he said. "I shall esteem it an honor if you will break bread with me." Derby was about to decline, thinking it better to return later, but the manner of the old man left no doubt as to the genuineness of his invitation, and Derby accepted. In the adjoining room a small table was set with very few utensils. Two plates, two forks, two spoons, a cup, and a wine glass apiece—that was all. After the blessing, they were served a frugal meal of bread and goats' milk, a pudding of macaroni, and a plate of figs; there was also wine, acid and thin, which the good Marianna—for so the housekeeper was called—had doubtless pressed herself.

Her son Teobaldo, who waited at table, was dressed in some semblance of a livery—black broadcloth and a white tie. The archbishop ate sparingly—he drank a little of the milk, and tasted a piece of fruit, but his conversation with his guest seemed to satisfy him far more than food could do.

Full of the hope of relief for his people, he now turned to plans for the Signore Americano's protection. Throughout the mountains, the hard life had made a hard people, he said, and unfriendly to foreigners. What could they expect from the hands of strangers when their own nobility, even their priests, were powerless to help? But the Signore should be put under the guidance of Padre Filippo—and also there should be two *carabinieri* for protection. Besides, Padre Filippo would recommend carpenters and mechanics of Vencata Minore—the village nearest the "Little Devil"—good men and honest, who would help in the work.

The meal ended, they returned to the living room. The old woman fussed at the wick of the lamp and then placed a book close to the light and opened it at the page marked by a bit of paper. The archbishop smiled. "She takes good care of me, my Marianna. Once she lost my place, but she is very careful."

Derby looked at the page beneath the flickering dimness. "Does Your Grace read by this light?"

"Oh, yes, a little. By day I can see nearly as well as ever, but in the evening I can read only the books that have large print—and only for a little time. But what would you have, Signore? My eyesight may not any longer be like that of a boy." Then he added: "The good sun brings now each day a longer time to read, and perhaps by the time another winter makes the days again grow short, I shall be near the Great Light that knows no setting."

"You might have a good lamp and see very well," suggested Derby.

"A lamp? But in this I burn pure olive oil. It is very good oil, Signore—no one makes it better than Marianna! The reading at night is only for young eyes." Again he smiled.

With difficulty he wrote a letter of direction to Padre Filippo and affixed his seal. Also he promised that two *carabinieri* should be at the

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inn at eight o'clock on the following morning, to accompany the expedition to the mines. And they should carry a letter to Donna Marcella—in her house the Americans had better lodge. From there they could with ease go each day on muleback to the "Little Devil."

At last Derby arose to leave. And then, although he was not of the Roman faith, he swiftly bent and kissed the ring on the thin, wrinkled hand that had been placed in his own. Into the archbishop's eyes came a look of tenderness that yet seemed tinged by a vague fear, as he laid his free hand on the bent head and gave his blessing, "*Deus te benedicet, meum filium.* May you fulfil your hopes for my people in safety!" Very slightly the old man's voice broke.

Derby stood at his full height, towering by head and shoulders over the archbishop as he again thanked him for his hospitality and his protection. He walked back to the inn, his mind full of many things. At the *ufficio della posta* he glanced up, hesitated, and then, with a smile, went in and wrote out the following telegram:

"Miss Nina Randolph,
"Palazzo Sansevero,
"Rome.
"Send immediately by express one good lamp and barrel of kerosene to
"Sua Grazia,
"L'Arcivescovo di Vencata.
"John."

CHAPTER XXI

It was nearly nine o'clock the next morning before Derby's party was ready to start. The pack mules, with a bulging load on either side, looked like great bales on legs. Long steel pieces needed for the drills were strapped lengthwise between two mules. The saddled animals, which were to carry the members of the party, were held at a short distance while the men were seeing to the final preparations. Four horses had been procured for Derby, Porter, Tiggs, and Jenkins; the *carabinieri* had their own horses, and Padre Filippo his mule.

As it happened, the priest had come to Vencata the evening previous, so that the archbishop had been able to turn over at once to his especial guidance the Americanos who had been sent by the Blessed Virgin to rescue the *bambinos* from the inferno of the mines. Padre Filippo was short, rotund, with a ruddy complexion and a cheerful crop of carrot-colored hair. The two *carabinieri* were splendid specimens of men, but, after all, to say *carabinieri* is enough: for the Italian cavalry must stand not only a physical, but also a moral, examination that goes back three generations. It is not sufficient for a candidate to be above suspicion himself; his father and his father's father must have been so as well. These two men were both over six feet, lean and dark skinned, with that trace of the Arab which one sees all through the people of Sicily; and they were silent and serious, in great contrast to another type of Sicilians who smile much. They wore the *carabiniere* uniform for the mountain districts—a double-breasted coat with two rows of silver buttons, coat tails bordered with red, two strips of red down the trouser seams, a visored cap, and high black boots. They were mounted on magnificent black horses, with rifles hung across their saddles.

Finally, as the procession started and the hoofs clattered on the hard road leading up over the mountain, people crowded out on the little iron balconies, heads appeared at the windows—heads that seemed gigantic by comparison with the miniature houses, which were painted brilliant pink and blue, mauve and Naples yellow.

As the road ascended, it turned inward away from the sea, and after a short distance narrowed into a rocky mountain path that looked like the dry bed of a stream, winding through the wilderness. After an hour's ride the character of the landscape changed. The semi-tropical vegetation grew gradually sparse, and after a while in the distance, seemingly in the midst of the path, a great rock loomed high and forbidding, cutting in two the blue dome of the sky.

When they arrived at its base, however, they found the path encircled it like the discarded skin of some giant snake, lying in the midst of jagged lava wastes. Still farther on, they came upon stretches of straggling wild peach, olive, and lemon trees. Beyond again, tangles of hawthorn were interspersed with patches of dried weeds and grass. But as they neared the mining district the soil was bleak and barren. The mountain rivers were dry, and their beds made yawning gaps as though the earth had violently shuddered at her own desolation.

At last, about noon, they came to the village of Vencata Minore, which stood in a little plain of green. The house of Donna Marcella was set on a slight eminence and,

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compared with the surrounding habitations, was quite pretentious. It was kalsomined white, had a courtyard of its own, and back of it was a little fruit and flower garden. Donna Marcella came to the door, followed by a troop of brown-skinned and curly-haired children. She courtesied and beamed and gesticulated her delighted welcome of the strangers and, upon being shown the archbishop's missive, kissed the red seal. A few words were intelligible to her, but the reading of a whole letter was beyond the measure of her accomplishments, and she looked to Padre Filippo to explain. She could write the few nouns and do sums quite well enough though, to make out the bills for her occasional guests, —if in doubt she added another figure.

Sometimes she had guests—ah, but illustrious! The Gran Signore, Sua Eccellenza il Duca di Scarpa—that name to be whispered, and yet to be dwelt upon—no less a personage than such an exaltedness had come to sleep a night under her humble roof! The distinguished *forestieri* should have the very room His *Eccellentissimo* had occupied! She seemed to choose among the Americans by instinct, assigning to Derby and Porter this apartment in which she took such evident pride.

It was, in fact, airy and good sized, scantily furnished, but scrupulously clean, and with two great beds heaped high with the red and yellow flowered quilts which in Sicilian houses serve the double purpose of warmth and decoration: Suspended from the windows, they gayly embellish the house front on days of *festa*.

As soon as his belongings were unpacked, Porter, with an eye for beauty as well as a view to making himself popular, began to draw a pencil sketch of the little Marcella, a witch of five and beautiful as a doll. Tiggs and Jenkins saw to the unloading of the mules. But Derby and the *carabinieri*, with Padre Filippo, after a hasty luncheon of bread, figs, and goats' milk, pushed on to the mines. Beyond the outskirts of the little village the land soon grew dead again—not a bird fluttered, not a living thing was heard. A few patches of green had sprouted here and there in the lava blackness of the soil, but otherwise the country seemed under a curse.

A new bend in the road brought them close to a small abandoned settlement whose windowless houses gaped, staring like lidless eyes, at the pits which had been dug and left like caverns of the dead—as, in truth, they were. Yet nature had softened the graveyard with straggling spots of new green. A vapor rose from one of the pits as though a monster lay in wait below to destroy his victims with the poison of his breath. This was "Little Devil," the priest told Derby. Through the jaws of that yawning hole many had entered the gates of paradise! His lips muttered a fragment of the prayer for the dead; he crossed himself, and Derby noticed that the *carabinieri* did the same.

During the day Derby had been slowly unfolding to Padre Filippo his plans, and now the priest looked anxiously into the American's face—could he still be hopeful of such a cemetery as this? Derby rode slowly, making a cursory survey of the conditions. It was much as he had expected to find it, he told the priest; he was not disheartened.

They did not stop, as Derby was anxious to go to the Scarpa mines, where he expected to secure his men. He had heard enough to know what lay before him; and even in anticipation he felt oppressed. Another sudden turn in the road gave them a near view of the settlement. Over the arid earth spread a dense haze of smoke and yellow vapor, and down in it—in this vapor whose metallic fumes gripped lungs and throat and burned like fire—crawled human beings! Close to the earth they crept, so that the rising smoke might spend its worst above them.

Derby had thought himself prepared, but with the horrors actually before him, he shuddered uncontrollably; unconsciously, he gripped the pommel of the saddle so tensely that his knuckles whitened. The mine of "Golden Plenty!" From the horrible mockery of the name, the devil might well have taken notes in planning hell! Copper Rock was paradise indeed, compared to this inferno.

Little forms passed by him with faces wizened and wrinkled—were they gnomes?—or what? Surely not children! Small, narrow, stooped shoulders, backs bent under loads buckled to tottering legs. Ragged the creatures were to the point of nakedness, and on their arms and legs were scars fresh and scarlet from the torches of the overseers. Women and men crawled near the caldrons, and down the ladders into the hell pits went the children—up with the heavy load past the torch and lash of the devil servers, whose duty it was to see that no panting being loitered. Day in, day out, these miserable wretches stumbled under the stinging pain of burning

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flesh—and once in a while a child's faltering feet slipped from the ladder rungs, his weak hands lost hold—a cry, a fall, and the "Golden Plenty" had swallowed one more victim.

As Derby's party drew near, a straggling group gathered around the strangers. They stared dully and without intelligence, and yet like animals in whom savagery is ever ready to burst restraints. The stronger men among them glowered at the intruders, turning against a strange face with the snarl they dared not show to one grown familiar. Beyond the mines, ranged at different heights on the barren mountain slope, were huts much like the abandoned ones at "Little Devil"—black caverns, smoke-stained and gaping, where stooping human beings moved in and out, maimed and broken like insects whose wings some brutal boy has pulled.

And yet the priest affirmed that to get half a dozen families to leave this place and go to the new settlement would be no easy task. They were too dull to grasp the promise of betterment, and the very mention of "Little Devil" filled them with alarm. It would need many days and much patient handling to convince them that the *forestieri* meant them good instead of harm.

Padre Filippo was the one who most persuaded them—he and a Sicilian workman, a native of Vencata who had lately returned from America. Between these two the miners' fears were partly allayed, and in less than a week's time Derby received a small company of men, women, and children into his new settlement. They came like prisoners, under the guard of the *carabinieri*, and so feeble and debilitated were the wretched creatures that, for a week after their arrival, Derby turned his settlement into a hospital.

Yet suspicion surrounded him on every side. It was one of the *carabinieri*—the taller one—who ventured his opinion one day: "Signore does not know these people! Signore is letting them grow strong that they may the better use their fangs. They cannot believe that Signore is not the devil in paying such wages—in pretending to give them a life of ease. The great Duke Scarpa is their friend—he has been able to do nothing. The good and honorable His Grace the Archbishop, not even he may help—none in this world; not even the Holy Virgin on her throne in heaven. If any one comes to interfere it must be the devil—since none but the devil comes to such a land."

"That's all right, my friend," Derby answered. "Just you wait and see. Animals never resent kindness, and that's all these poor creatures are—just animals."

In the meantime he and the engineers and the carpenters from Vencata Minore had worked day and night getting up the scaffolding for the first well. The first boiler was set up in a shanty, and pens were hammered together to hold the molten sulphur.

From the moment of Derby's arrival in the Vencata mines, the *carabinieri* kept him under the closest guard and accompanied him wherever he went. But in spite of this there were a few mild outbreaks. One day a stone was hurled at him. Another time some half-crazed wretch tried to stab him; and once a pit was dug across the road, in which his horse broke a leg, so that it had to be shot. This last nearly brought Derby to the point of meting out punishment to the offenders. Yet when he realized again the suffering of these people, his anger gradually subsided.

However, these disturbances had all taken place within the week after his arrival in Sicily, and at the end of the second week he strongly objected to being guarded. Each day he knew he gained in the confidence of the people, and each day he knew also that they must be improving. He felt sure that as their bodies were put in something like human condition, their intellects must follow. The *carabinieri* protested that he would be making a needless target of himself should he attempt to ride alone in the early dawn from the village of Vencata Minore to the mines. The road led between rocks and underbrush where a man might hide with perfect safety. But the apprehension of the *carabinieri* did not trouble Derby in the least. "Nonsense," he said. "Why, the miners are all beginning to like me—I can see it in their faces."

What he said was true, and under the new treatment the people were beginning to look and act like human beings. Even two weeks were enough to show a settlement beyond Padre Filippo's highest hopes. No child was employed in the mines, neither were the women allowed to work outside their huts and plots of ground. They might dig and plant the soil, but they were barred out of the mines. With the elimination of the refining vats and the reduction of the scorching heat, and with the presence of moisture from the steam and water required in the new mining, conditions became favorable for luxuriant vegetation.

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Besides, Derby had received by cable approval of certain quixotic measures: Each family was given a milk goat. The houses were furnished with cook stoves, beds, chairs, and tables. And although it would be some time before "Little Devil" would seem inappropriate as a name, less than three weeks had passed when Derby, sitting in the tent which served as his office, felt a real thrill as he footed up assets and liabilities. One well had been sunk, and the boilers and engines needed to operate it were going full blast. The scaffoldings for two more were nearly up.

In the doorway near him Porter lounged, drawing a picture of Padre Filippo, who, in turn, was writing on his knees, his fine penmanship covering page after page—all about the miracles of the Americano, and addressed to the archbishop.

But his Grace needed no letters from Padre Filippo to announce miracles, since a miracle had happened in his own house—a marvel that had made Marianna cross her hands in speechless wonder. The new lamp burned on the table, the green reading shade reflected almost as much light on the page as the sun itself, and His Grace might now read any book he pleased. The archbishop thoughtfully stroked the cat that lay curled on his lap.

"It is not in this world," he mused, "that we shall journey, thou and I, to the land of the Americanos, the miracle workers; but assuredly the Santa Vergine sent the young Signore Americano to bless our people with his miracles—even as he has sent this one to thee and me."

But beyond the bright radius of the good archbishop's lamp a figure waited and watched in the darkness—the figure of a man with a sinister face and across it a mouth that looked like a seam.

CHAPTER XXII

In the purple dawn of a morning two or three days later, Derby emerged from the house of Donna Marcella, saddled his horse, and for the first time without his attendant *carabinieri*, started for the mines. The faint light showed him only a blurred and indistinct landscape; and in the crisp stillness the leather of his saddle creaked a monotonous accompaniment to the horse's hoofs, which struck the road with clean-cut staccato sharpness.

Meanwhile, in the big best room on the ground floor of Donna Marcella's house, Porter slept. A man's step outside and the fingering of a shutter-latch disturbed him not at all; even when there came a nervous tap on the window frame, Porter slept on. A moment of silence followed, and then a voice breathed stridently, "*Signore!*" Porter stirred in his sleep. A man's head and shoulders appeared over the sill of the open window. "*Signore! Signore l'Americano!*" The tone was louder and very urgent. Porter awoke with a start and seized his revolver. "*Pax, pax!*" came the voice as the man dropped out of sight.

"*Signore, Signore, I am a friend; do not fear; speak to me!*" The syllables were whispered with ringing distinctness. Porter jumped out of bed, revolver in hand. Close to the window, he demanded who was there.

"It is a matter of life and death! I am a friend. May I show myself?"

"Certainly!" said Porter. "For heaven's sake, stand up and let me have a look at you! And give an account of why you are getting a Christian out of his bed at this unearthly hour!" In the glimmering dawn he could see the outline of the man's figure, but he could not recognize him.

"Signore, I would speak with the big Americano, the one who sent the daylight miracle to the palace of the archbishop. I am sent by His Grace the Archbishop. I am Teobaldo his servant. See, I carry the archbishop's holy ring to show I speak the truth."

Porter saw the ring distinctly, held between the man's fingers—"Yes! I believe you. Be quick!"

"I have ridden through the night, but I am late because I lost my path in the blackness. Last night by chance it became known to the archbishop that there is a plot to assassinate the Americano. I am come secretly to warn him. The assassin is waiting along the road to the mine; it is to be there, and the hour is now!"

Porter sprang back into the room. "Jack, Jack! For God's sake, are you there?" He tore back the covers of Derby's bed, but it was empty. He remembered with horror that the *carabinieri* were not to accompany Derby that morning. He had insisted that they were no longer necessary. Scrambling into his clothes any fashion—his trousers over his pajamas, his shoes over stockingless feet—he strapped on his revolvers, and took the window ledge at a bound.

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He jumped astride his horse without stopping for a saddle, and beat and kicked the poor beast along the road as though the very fiends were after him. The horse rocked on his legs and breathed hard, but Porter had no consideration for that. The pale dawn revealed an empty road, along which he sped at breakneck pace, while beads of perspiration gathered on his forehead in his impatience at the seeming slowness of his progress. At last the road cut through a tangled bit of forest with a sharp bend at the end. Just as he reached the turn two shots rang out in quick succession. With his heart almost frozen, he dashed around the corner in time to see Derby plunging into the underbrush. Like a wild man Porter shouted, "I'm coming, Jack, I'm coming!"—impelling his already spent horse to the spot where Derby had disappeared into the thicket.

Derby, like all men who live much in the woods, had almost an animal's instinct for danger, and his ears, supersensitive to wood sounds, had caught a moving in the bushes. To get his revolver in hand and drop forward behind his horse's shoulders had been the act of a second, and the bullet whistled over his head. But the immediate effect of the attack had been to enrage him out of all prudence. Firing point-blank at the smudge of smoke, he jumped from his horse and rushed in pursuit of his assailant.

A second shot Derby thought had grazed his coat; he emptied two barrels of his revolver in the direction from which it came. Another bullet whistled close to his ear, then two shots went entirely wide of him, and the next moment he reached a man lying prone—with blood gushing from his head. Derby knocked the rifle out of his hands, but there was no further danger of its being fired, for the man had fainted.

In a second Porter dashed up, in a frenzy of terror. When he found Derby safe, his fright turned to rage, and he was impatient to put the prisoner into the hands of the *carabinieri*. "Our friend Basso will make short work of him, I'm thinking!" he said grimly.

But Derby had no intention of making such a disposition of his prisoner. "Not at all," he said deliberately; "we will hand him over to Padre Filippo. Priests are better for such creatures than police. Come, help me tie up his head—my shirt will do!" Suiting the action to his words, he pulled off his coat. His shirt was scarlet!

"Great Heavens, man, why didn't you say you were hit?" Porter gasped.

Derby looked down at his shirt and then quizzically at Porter. "Funny," he remarked indifferently; "I thought the bullet had only grazed my coat. It can't be much, as I didn't even feel it; however, you might tie me up, too." He pulled off his shirt. Porter tore it up and bound Derby's shoulder. Then together they made a bandage for the bandit's head.

"He's got an ugly mug!" said Porter, as he wiped the man's face. "By Jove—it's the brigand I noticed coming down on the boat! I told you he looked like a cutthroat."

"Your natural intuition for character?" Derby smiled, but the next minute added soberly enough: "If he came from the mainland, I must be up against a good deal more than the poor devils here! Who the deuce can he be? He's no miner, that's certain!"

They had dragged their prisoner out to the side of the road and laid him down. And as Derby insisted, Porter rode off for the priest. Derby sat near his charge, who showed no signs of returning consciousness. His own shoulder ached now, and he gradually became aware of slight weakness. He felt in his pockets for a flask, but found he had forgotten to carry one, so he lit his pipe instead, and fell to scrutinizing the man before him. He was of small stature, but there was great endurance in the long, pointed nose, the strong, lantern jaw; and the face, sinister though it was, retained, even in unconsciousness, an expression of grim fortitude. The more Derby studied the man, the more certain he became that he was no mere skulking coward.

At last Porter and the *padre* appeared over the hill. No sooner had the priest caught sight of the prisoner than he exclaimed, "*Per l'amor di Dio!* It is Luigi Calluci!" There was added horror in his tone as he whispered, "Signore, Signore, he is the body servant of the Duca di Scarpa!"

At this even Derby started, but he said quite calmly, "Poor devil! The question is, what will you do with him?"

"He must be put under the arrest——"

"Well, naturally," chimed in Porter.

But Derby interposed: "He shall be put under nothing of the kind until he can give an account of himself. There is no knowing what fancied grievance he may have against me. Wait until he has been heard. The question of punishment can be considered

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then. But in the meantime he must be nursed!"

"You have his brother in the settlement—Salvatore Calluci, the man to whom you have given special duty in the night shaft." The priest's red head wagged mournfully: "It was to the wife of Salvatore you gave an extra goat because of her children!" But then he added, brightening a little at the thought, "I am sure—of a truth I am sure, Signore, that the brother had no hand in this!"

"Very well, then; we will take him to the house of Salvatore. We will say merely that an accident has happened—do you hear? I do not want the story of an attempted assassination to get about." Derby's voice had grown quite weak as he spoke, and the priest and Porter were both too concerned for him to think of opposing any wish he might express in regard to the prisoner. So they laid the man across the saddle of Padre Filippo's horse, and Porter and the *padre* walked on either side of him into camp. Derby rode his own horse, but by the time he reached the mine, he had lost so much blood that he was pretty fit for the doctor himself. Tiggs, a lean, wiry Yankee, sandy-haired and resourceful, was a tolerable surgeon—he had gone through a medical school—and he plastered Derby up, pronouncing the injury nothing more serious than a flesh wound.

Luigi Calluci meanwhile was carried into the hut of his brother and put to bed. If Salvatore and his wife had any idea of the cause of his "accident," they said nothing. They were among the most intelligent of the miners, and deeply grateful to Derby for the change in their condition.

But it was not alone the Callucis who had made fast strides. The whole settlement had undergone a change that was nothing short of transformation. One reason for the rapid improvement was doubtless the influence exerted by the Sicilian carpenter who had been to America and who had returned a "great man" and rich. Through him as interpreter, all things the American did were good; and the "land of plenty" lost nothing in the telling. The people began to look upon the new mining process as a miracle, and the Americano as sent by the Blessed Virgin. The wages were stupendous—as much as sixty cents a day! But best of all, they were wages for work that a human being could do. Around the miners' houses were the beginnings of gardens, and several families had, in addition to the goat, a few chickens.

Every day Derby went to the hut of the Calluci. Gradually consciousness came back to Luigi. Slowly, as reason returned, the events of the past weeks formed themselves in distinct sequence. He knew where he was now—at the "Little Devil." Had he not himself descended its ladders into the mine's burning pits? Was not that why he was undersized and weak of lungs? He bore scars that had seared even deeper than through the flesh. He knew the huts, too: caves in which men lived like beasts. It was all clear except the surroundings in which he found himself. The haggard faces of his brother and his sister-in-law were familiar, yet not as he remembered them. The withered bodies of the children seemed not nearly so pathetic! Then, full of bewilderment, he heard his sister-in-law singing. Singing! Could it be possible that a voice could sing in the "Little Devil" settlement! Distinctly he heard another sound, the voices of children at play.

Thinking all this must be merely the creation of his brain, he raised himself on his elbow and made a careful survey of the room. There was no doubt that he was in a good bed, covered by a thick new quilt, and the walls were cleanly whitewashed. The air held none of the foul and strangling odors which never had been, and never could be, forgotten. That his brother had moved and had become a well-to-do peasant of the mountain slopes and vineyards was the only explanation possible. He tried to get out of bed, but fell back dizzy, and his mind wandered off again to the semiconscious vagaries of illness.

In this state of mind, he had become used to a new presence—a very big, very kind personality that hauntingly resembled the Americano—it was, of course, one of those phantoms that appear before fevered imaginations. He realized that, and now he made an effort to detach the dream from the reality.

But even as he was trying to put his thoughts in order, the door opened—and he vividly saw the figure of his vision followed by his sister-in-law. Thinking that his mind was wandering, he lay quite still. Then he heard a kindly voice saying, "I have brought soup for him with me—in this jar. You have only to heat it."

Luigi felt a strong hand grasp his wrist and feel for his pulse. Then came the full

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belief that this was no dream, but reality, and that it was the Tyrant, the Americano himself, who laid hands on him. With a frantic effort he sprang up and tried to close his fingers around his enemy's throat! But firm, powerful hands gripped his shoulders and forced him quietly down in his bed. Then he lost consciousness.

When he came to, he thought he had dreamed the whole occurrence. His brother and Padre Filippo were sitting beside him, and they would not let him talk. But gradually, as his strength returned, he took in the story. From his brother, from the neighbors, from the priest most of all, he heard, bit by bit, of the work that the Americano had accomplished—the Americano whom he, Luigi, had nearly slain. Slowly, slowly, he understood that the "Little Devil" mine had been re-christened "The Paradise" —not by the nobles who owned it, but by the people who worked in it. And then gradually the resentment, the bitterness, the grievances of his long, hard life turned him against the Duke Scarpa just as his realization of what Derby was doing won him over to the American.

That Scarpa should have sent a man to stab him was, curiously enough, a fact that did not seem to trouble Derby in the least. It was, after all, no more than he might have expected. Before he had left Rome, Scarpa had warned him. He rather admired him for that.

Derby was heart and soul interested in his settlement. In the short space of time since he had arrived in Sicily, the incredible had already come to pass—and to Derby, as he looked forward, there was every reason to feel assured that the settlement would develop as he had planned. The output of the mines promised to be up to the most sanguine expectation. The whole scheme was organized and started—there was nothing to do now but to keep it going.

In the meantime he received a cable which, when deciphered, ran:

"Telegraph *Celtic* at Gibraltar, giving Hobson instructions where to find you. Put package he carries in safe keeping. In case of serious development use own judgment."

Hobson was one of J. B. Randolph's secretaries. Derby at once wired to Hobson to await him in Naples. Then, leaving Tiggs and Jenkins in charge, he and Porter embarked.

As they leaned over the deck rail watching the blue shallows where the waters of the Mediterranean curled away from the ship's prow, Porter said:

"It must be good to be going back to Rome with the feeling that you have carried out what you started to do. It's a big feather in your cap, and now there is only one thing needed to make the whole episode a romance from start to finish!"

Derby interrogated good-humoredly—"And that is——?"

"You will probably go up in the air if I tell you."

Derby looked up from the water. "Go ahead—say what you like——"

"You ought to marry Miss Randolph!" Porter declared abruptly, and before Derby could protest he hurried on: "Yes, I know what you would say—she is too rich and she is scheduled to marry a title. But I don't think she is the sort of girl that really puts as much stock in titles as it would seem; and as for money, by the time you have two or three mines like the 'Little Devil' going, you will be pretty rich yourself. Even with your present prospects no one could accuse you of marrying her for her fortune."

"Prospects are very different from actual money, and compared to her I'm a pauper," Derby answered. "I don't care what people accuse me of, but to marry a girl like Nina Randolph—even assuming the unlikelihood that she'd have me—would be a fatal mistake, unless I had a fortune to match her own. Every changing hour of the day would bring fresh doubt; she would never believe in a poor man's love. How could she!"

Derby stood up straight, thrust his hands into the pockets of his ulster, and as Porter tried to protest, he withdrew from the discussion by declaring that there was nothing to discuss. For himself—he was but a human machine that God had set upon the earth to bore holes in it, and to set swarms of human ants working.

The seventh installment of **"The Title Market"** will appear in the August number.

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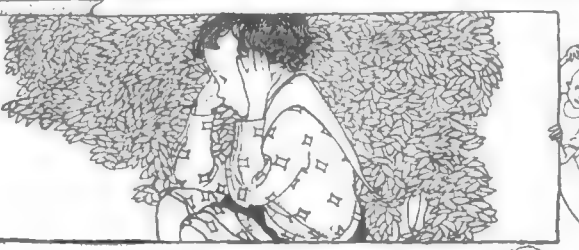
The THINK-BOX

By Julian Street



I'VE got a thing inside my head
That's made of tacks and spools of thread,
And little sticks, and wheels, and springs,
And scissors, and all sorts of things.
Besides, it's like a little trap:
When thoughts come in, I hear it snap!
And there it's got 'em, in a trice,
Like Hannah's trap gets little mice.
It's like Dad's typewriter machine,
With clocks, and such things, in between.
It's something like his cam'ra, too;
And like my paints—red, green, and blue.
It ticks out thoughts and ticks 'em in,
As fast as all the wheels can spin.
It makes me think of things for lunch,
And wooden guns, and funny Punch
And Judy, and of Puss in Boots,
And Grandmama, and soldier-suits.
It makes me think of motor cars,
Of sixteen rabbits and ten stars.
It makes me want a piece of rope,
A hammer, and Dad's shaving soap.
It makes me break my china cup,
And get my suit all dirtied up.
Guess what it's just been telling me?
It said I must go quietly
And find that great, big, heavy jar—
The one where all the cookies are.

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FLASH-LIGHTING GRIZZLIES

By J. B. KERFOOT

DOWN in Jersey, one summer afternoon some ten or eleven years ago, I had set up my camera in the barn and was preparing to make a slightly enlarged copy of an old photograph. I had just finished focusing, and my head was still under the cloth, when a fly lit near the edge of the photograph on the pine board I was using as a support, and the sharp lifelikeness of the more than full-sized image fired me with a new ambition.

I wanted a portrait of that fly.

So I unpinned the old picture from the pine board and pinned a piece of white paper in its place and started to wait for sitters. The barn was full of flies, and I was full of enthusiasm, and I waited for an hour. But when, at the end of that time, some two dozen flies had settled on the board and not one on the paper, I concluded that I should have to supplement patience with diplomacy. So I hunted up more paper, plated the whole surface of the board, and waited again; but though business went on as usual in the fly world, there was nothing doing on the white paper. Art and instinct seemed to have locked horns, and the only solution was to get back to nature, so I unpinned the white paper and tossed it aside. But although flies moved in and went to housekeeping all round the neighborhood, the particular apartment that I desired to let remained tenantless; and as a last resort I plated every square inch of that board with paper except the space upon which my lens was focused. I had scarcely driven the last pin when a fly lit on the wood. And as I softly opened and closed the shutter, I passed, without realizing it, my entrance examinations in animal photography.

Last summer, through circumstances almost as fortuitous, I took a post-graduate course in grizzly bears.

I had happened, during the preceding winter, to see a good deal of Mr. W. H. Wright, of Spokane, a gentleman most of whose leisure, and a good many of whose business hours, for the past twenty-five years, have been devoted to bears. Up to the time of meeting him my own impressions on the subject of these animals had been few, but definite. Mr. Wright proceeded to deal with my stock of information as though it were railroad stock and he were a financier. He overwhelmed it with bear reports and then, having gained control of the situation, started a reorganization.

That man ought to be a promoter. Before I met him I had been constitutionally leary of bears, yet I had not known him a month before I was an enthusiast. So when, one evening, as we were sitting before the library fire, Wright suddenly said to me, "Kerfoot, why don't you come out next summer and help me photograph grizzlies?" I made a hasty calculation as to leisure and said, "I'll go you!"

But it is astonishing how different a grizzly looks, seen in imagination in front of a library fire in New York, and seen, for the first time, at evening, in the dim dusk of a mountain wood, walking toward you through the trees.

It was raining softly and was already dark when, after many delays and some misadventures, I was put down, on the evening of July twenty-third, at a small and bedraggled camp on the shore of Yellowstone Lake. Wright, I was informed, was back in the hills after bear; and I fished out some oilskins and sat down on an upturned box by a spluttering fire to wait for him.

In about an hour he strode out of the darkness into the circle of light, clothed in a red rubber rain shirt and hung about with cameras and battery boxes and tripods. He was, he said, delighted to see me, but as he hadn't expected me—had indeed quite given up hope of my coming—he hardly knew where to stow me for the night. Would I

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mind sleeping for once in a little tent he had some extra supplies stored in? Good! How'd I been, anyway? And so, when we had had a chat and eaten a bit of late supper, I was escorted to a little tent back in the timber, helped to spread my blankets, and left to grateful and instantaneous slumber.

But, perhaps because it was some time since I had used a tarpaulin for a mattress, I woke up somewhere around three o'clock, uncertain of my whereabouts and predisposed to pessimism. Now there has been a tremendous amount of piffle written about midnight, but in real life everybody knows that three A.M. is the ghostly hour. Not only is this the time when parting souls are said most easily to break their earthly bonds, but it is the hour when the *possible* puts on impossibility and every promissory note promises to go to protest.

I awoke, then, somewhat puzzled as to my surroundings and stiff as to my limbs. Where was I, anyway? Oh, of course! I was in camp with Wright, after bear. Bear? Humph! Wright had said that even a grizzly, unwounded and unsurprised, was no fonder of fight than an unwounded and unsurprised Quaker. But what did Wright really know about bear? Was it not just possible, after all, that, should a bear be about, I might smell edible to him? And say! What was that queer sound outside? A sort of frou-frou? Could it—could it—be—footsteps?

I reached out for my trousers pocket, and

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AND THERE, SURPRISED BUT UNAFRAID, AS IF SAYING, "WHAT! LIGHTNING AGAIN?" STOOD, NOT ONE GRIZZLY, BUT TWO.

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struck a Croton reservoir. Then I found a match and lit it. The wind, I discovered, had taken advantage of an absence of tent pegs to turn me into a peninsula of blankets almost wholly surrounded by water. The wind was also, I discovered, making "footsteps." I put a pack-sack on the flapping canvas, made such rearrangements as I could in my bedding, gave myself a severe talking to, and went to sleep again.

When I woke, the storm was over, the sun was shining, bears were cautious animals that lived mostly on roots, and I was ready to begin the campaign.

We began it by a reconnaissance in force. Wright took me back toward the foot of the mountain and showed me the trails that led from the hills. He told me of an old she-grizzly with three cubs that he had seen for several nights come down one of the trails, and we paralleled this for a mile or more and selected our studio for the night. The sun was warm on our backs. I thought of my early morning panic and laughed to myself.

It was about five o'clock that afternoon when our last arrangements were completed. Our apparatus consisted of a 3¼ x 4¼ camera, provided with an electric shutter release, set up about seven or eight yards from the trail and focused so as to include about twenty-five feet of the path in the picture. The flash pan was set on a stake near the ground and so placed that, while well shielded from the camera, it would yet illuminate the trail in front of it. Camera and flash pan were then included in an electric circuit that was closed by a sharp pull on a fish-line, stretched from the control switch to a point about seventy-five feet back from the camera, where a clump of bushes offered us a hiding place.

The sun was already sinking toward the horizon, and the stillness that comes to the summer woods at sunset was beginning to spread under the great pines when, having for the third and fourth time made sure that the shutter was set, the dark slide withdrawn, the flash pan filled, the switch trigger set, and the fish-line unobstructed, we retired to our observatory. And here, for nearly two hours, we sat with our backs against a big tree, waiting for semi-darkness and our lady of the three cubs. We did not speak. I dared not smoke. When a pair of squirrels came out and chased each other frantically round the tree trunks, I almost called to them to look out, they'd scare the bear. When I set out on this enterprise, the one doubt I entertained related to my patience; yet during the entire time we spent in the hills, during all the evenings of not only silent but motionless watching, crouched behind logs or perched in trees, weariness in waiting was the one sensation I never knew.

Finally, just as the last shaft of sunlight had disappeared from the tallest pine and dusk was settling in earnest on the woods, Wright touched me on the arm and barely breathed into my ear, "Keep still, she's coming." I followed the direction of his eyes, and in a little grassy opening in the forest, some hundred yards or so away from us, I saw the vague bulk of a lumbering animal accompanied by three lesser and livelier shapes. It was my first glimpse of a grizzly. I had come two thousand miles to get it. And my only impression was that I was a great deal nearer than I needed to be. But almost immediately, and that without my invoking them, my confidence in Wright and my memory of his teachings reasserted themselves, and I felt as completely secure as though the old bear had been a cat and her cubs kittens.

I had just settled down to enjoy the show, and the old bear had just come into plain view round a clump of bushes, when I realized that Wright was whispering in my ear.

"Look at her!" he was saying. "She's a bad one; I think we had better move back."

And as he unwound more fish-line from the ball and backed away silently, farther and farther from our original refuge, I followed like the disillusioned disciple of a discredited prophet.

"Aha!" I said to myself. "So bear *are* bear, after all."

And when we arrived at our new station I took time to locate a good, solid-looking tree with conveniently low-growing branches before I again turned my attention to the progress of the bear family.

They had, I found, arrived within thirty or forty feet of the point where we hoped to flash-light them. The mother, sure enough, was an ugly beast. The cubs, on the other hand, were little beauties, full of life and curiosity. One of them was very dark; another was nearly white; the third was gray.

And now, in spite of my shaken faith, I began to experience the tense excitement that, later on, I was to know and to relish in fuller measure. Twenty feet more. Ten

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"LOOK AT HER! SHE'S A BAD ONE; I THINK WE HAD BETTER MOVE BACK."

feet more. Would they come on? Or would they scent the trap? And then, quite suddenly it seemed, the blazed sapling that marked the center of our prospective picture showed white above the mother's back, and Wright's extended arm pulled the string to spring the flash.

Now just as I had never seen a grizzly in the open, so I had never seen a flash light outside a banquet hall; and I looked to see the forest spring into glaring brilliancy and the bear fall backward in dismay. But unbroken darkness followed Wright's movement, and as he reached forward for a fresh

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hold and pulled viciously a second time, the string parted in the middle and the old bear and her cubs passed, all unconscious, down the trail and out of sight. Our revulsion of feeling was as complete as it was sudden, and we were debarred, by the necessity for silence, from any more comforting expressions of our thoughts than could be crowded into fierce whispers. Examination showed that, in our hurried change of position, a jerk of the line had twisted it around an intervening branch, and that it was against this, instead of against the switch trigger, that the pull had come.

Dejectedly we spliced the cord and returned to our hiding place; and when, happening to glance over my shoulder, I saw a lone grizzly walking interestedly toward us from behind, I instantly prepared for another retreat. In fact, I called Wright's attention to the animal with the idea that my discovery had saved our lives. But another surprise awaited me, the second in ten minutes. Motioning me to silence, Wright waited till the bear, alternately pausing and advancing, had come within fifty feet of us; and then, raising his arm above his head, he waved his hand carelessly. The bear stopped, rose on his hind legs, and seemed to lean forward for a better view. Wright waved a second time, and the big beast turned tail and went off through the woods at a lope that, in a way at once ludicrous and impressive, combined a huge ungainliness with a marvelous muscular self-command.

But the show was over for that evening. We waited till it was too dark to see our blazed tree and, as no more bears came our way, pulled up stakes and returned to camp, one of us a little wiser, and both of us considerably sadder than we came out.

The next day we decided to operate again at the same place, and to set up two cameras, each with its own battery and flash pan, so as to have two barrels to our gun and be able to bring down with the second what we missed with the first. We also decided that, instead of watching from the ground, we would work from the branches of a large pine tree that stood some fifty feet back from the trail. We could then be sure that our original and carefully made arrangements would not have to be hurriedly altered, and I ran the two strings with great care as to intervening branches and fastened them within easy reach of Wright's perch.

Again we had our preparations completed well before five o'clock and were safely ensconced on our respective limbs an hour before sunset. Again we watched the shadows grow longer in the open spaces, and again, soon after the last glimmer of sunlight had left the trees, we were rewarded by the sight of a grizzly walking unconcernedly toward our camera. This time it was a fine fellow, sleek and glossy coated. I was two or three branches higher in the tree than Wright and, as the bear came to the blazed sapling, I felt rather than saw his hand go out, heard the swish of the string drawn across the branch, saw the whole forest leap into sight at the flash, the bear seem to fall backward and land ten feet away from the trail, and—almost at the same instant—realized that the animal had been in front of the left-hand camera while the flash had come from the right-hand one. Wright had pulled the wrong string.

Neither of us said a word. I put this on record as one of the achievements of the trip.

The bear, after its first frightened leap, threw dignity to the winds and crashed off through the thick underbrush and down timber, sounding like a runaway freight train. Wright climbed down and reset the camera. He climbed back and resettled himself on his branch. One, two, three, four, five grizzlies came near us from various directions; but the word seemed to have been passed around that our trail was haunted, and no one of them came our way. We were tremendously pleased with ourselves as we trudged home.

The next evening, instead of again putting both cameras near the same spot, as we had done the second night, we placed one in the original position and changed the other to the opposite side of the pine tree, so that it bore on another trail that seemed to be something of a highway. The string from each camera was fastened to a branch growing on its own side of the tree and, invention having been quickened by experience, we improvised a seat among the branches. This time Wright decided to let me sit at the switch board and operate the flash-cameras while he, perched in a tree at the edge of an open marsh some distance up the trail, would try for a daylight picture. When I settled myself on my little platform, well before five o'clock, a heavy sweater pulled down around my body and two sandwiches in the pocket of my blanket coat, I

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felt almost as much at home twenty feet from the ground as though some hundreds of generations had been eliminated from my ancestry.

But I was extremely conscious of my responsibilities. I had, I found, to work my head somewhat after the fashion of a porcelain mandarin, turning it constantly from side to side to watch first one and then the other of the two trails covered by my cameras; and when, far away through the trees back of the second one, I saw a dark object alternately appear and disappear as it moved toward me, I actually took time to run my eyes along each cord to its destination before I placed my left hand on the left-hand string, ready for instant use. The bear, when it came into plain view, proved to be a grizzly of no great size, and, to my disgust, when within twenty feet of the focused spot, he stopped, sniffed suspiciously at the air, walked undecidedly this way and that for a moment, and then deliberately turned off the trail, and, with an occasional glance of suspicion and displeasure over his shoulder, picked a silent way for himself through the brush and around the camera, passed close to my tree, and disappeared.

Ten minutes later he came back, retracing, through some bear whim, the exact route across country from trail to trail that he had followed when he had first circled the camera. It now occurred to me to try one of Wright's plays off my own bat. I was up a tree and could afford to experiment. So, arguing that if I allowed the bear to pass me on that tack he would afford no shot at him, whereas if I scared him before he reached my tree he might take the other trail and so pass my other camera, I leaned down from my perch and, just before he reached me, snorted at him. He jumped for all the world as if I had said "Boo" to him from behind a door, looked up into my face for a moment (it is mighty comfortable to be an arboreal animal), and, with every appearance of nursing a bad case of grouch, turned unwillingly in the direction I wanted him to take.

But he left the trail some time before he reached the camera, and, paralleling the path just beyond the focus of my lens, disappeared in the direction from which I was expecting the mother and cubs. And, as it turned out, he was on his way to do me a service.

As he disappeared from my range of view, he came (such happened to be our respective positions) into the field of Wright's observation, and so, by putting two and two together afterward, we were able to complete the details of what seems to have been something of a bear comedy.

It was now pretty well along toward half past seven, and while I was on the point of giving up hope of seeing the old lady and her children, Wright had been watching them for some fifteen or twenty minutes. They had, it seems, come down their usual trail, about their usual time, into the opening in the woods commanded by Wright's tree; but instead of following their accustomed track across the open, they had stopped to dig roots upon a little rise of ground that lay upon its farther edge. When the bear that I had scared came out within a hundred feet or so of them, he, possibly rendered cantankerous by his encounter with me, started to walk across the clearing in their direction; and she, possibly jumping to the conclusion that he was the old grizzly that seemed to be dictator of that neck of the woods, incontinently bolted into the timber and called her cubs to follow her. My bear thereupon walked over to the place where she had been feeding and began to sample her bill of fare and she, having made a circle and come out again with her cubs on her usual trail, stopped and looked up at him.

Now I have no desire to pose as a bear mind reader. For all I know, these two animals may have been playing tag. But it looked very much as though, at second sight, she recognized her mistake as to his identity, for she gave a contemptuous growl and, leaving her cubs where they stood, chased that bear of mine clear out of sight and hearing into the woods. She then returned to the place where she had been feeding, sniffed at the uprooted grass, tossed her head, called her cubs, crossed the open space, and disappeared down the trail that led to my tree.

Meanwhile I had given her up. It was still light enough to see the open trail, but the woods were in darkness, and I sat rather hopelessly straining my eyes through the gloom, and feeling, to tell the truth, a bit creepy. But the first dim glimpse of the longed-for group stiffened me into the tautest expectancy. I leaned forward and grasped the string far out from the tree so that no movement of mine at the last moment should scare away the prize and, not daring so much as to breathe, watched the approach of the bears, telling myself the while that each step

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DEEP AND GLOSSY OF COAT, THEY WALK THEIR WELL-KNOWN PATHS WITH THE DIGNITY OF INDIAN CHIEFS AND THE ALERTNESS OF INDIAN WARRIORS.

would be the last they took in my direction. But, as on the first night, the mother came on, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and paying no apparent attention to the frisky cubs that played about her.

As they reached the camera, I saw that one cub was close beside her at the right, another close beside her at the left, and the third immediately behind her. It made an ideal group and—not without a feeling of triumphant accomplishment—I pulled the string.

But triumph, and every other feeling save thrilled amazement, were instantly swept from my mind. Dusk had scarcely blotted

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out the flash when the old mother reared up, nine feet tall on her hind legs, and with a roar that Wright heard in his far-off tree and that made me feel like a chip in a whirlpool, charged straight at the spot where the flash had been. For an infinitesimal part of a minute I thought that the camera and precious plate were about to be destroyed. But it was toward the flash, not the camera, that the bear was headed.

I have no memory as to how she reached the tree where the flash pan stood. I think she came erect, but I am not sure. Get there, however, she did, and delivered swift right- and left-hand blows, the effect of which was testified to by the sound of ripping wood. Then she backed off to where she had stood at the time of the flash; reared up again on her hind legs; gave another roar as raucous as the first; charged again at the offending tree; backed off again to her original position; and, casting an unmistakable "Try that again if you dare" look over her shoulder, turned a scant yard away from the trail and resumed her equal progress toward her destination.

The cubs, whose actions I had not noticed during this exhibition by their mother, I now discovered to be standing on their hind legs, looking, with a ludicrous appearance of pleased curiosity, at the scene of the recent fireworks; and when the old lady grunted an order to them to follow her, they did so with evident reluctance and with occasional pauses to see if there were not more to follow.

When the group had disappeared and I recovered a consciousness of my surroundings, I was leaning forward, my hands clenched so tightly on a convenient limb that the bark was cutting into my palms, and I was trembling from head to foot; not with fear, but with a sort of exultant excitement. I had had a Hagenbeck show all to myself. I had seen a grizzly bear fighting for her cubs against unknown odds. I had had a front-row balcony seat, fifty feet from the stage, and had a picture of the chief performer!

A few moments later, however, when I chanced to look at my watch and remembered that I had agreed to pack up my camera and be ready to return to camp by a quarter to eight, my enthusiasm began to cool. Somehow or other I had no inclination whatever to come down out of that tree. I made up my mind that what I wanted was a cigarette, and proceeded to roll one, wasting considerable tobacco in the process. Then I gave myself marching orders and—lighted the cigarette. What is a fellow to do when he won't obey his own orders? I took myself (metaphorically speaking) by my coat collar, pulled myself down the tree, and pushed myself over to the camera. I think I looked twice over each shoulder for each turn that I gave each thumbscrew; and when one of these glances showed me Wright standing on his hind legs a few feet from me in the trail, I jumped, as the saying is, nearly out of my skin.

The next day, with a tumbledown log hut for a dark room and an ice-cold brook for a washing tank, I developed the plate in fear and trembling. It turned out that the cub that walked on its mother's left, while plainly visible from the front-row balcony, did not show from the orchestra. But we had the picture, and I had won my spurs.

A month later when, a jolly little party of three, our wagon snugly packed with cameras, and sirloins of beef, and flash pans, and blankets, and hopes, we turned our face toward mountains sheeted in white, I was already an old campaigner.

Our destination was the Grand Cañon and the slopes of Mount Washburn. We arrived at about one o'clock and immediately set to work to make camp, so that Wright and I could go back into the hills and get ready for our night's work.

This done, Wright and I started on our long climb, leaving our man Frank in charge of camp. We had no time to penetrate very far into the maze of trails and cross-trails that run around the wooded hills and across the marshy meadows, back toward Mount Washburn, but made the best disposition of our forces possible at such short notice. By this time we had come to working separately, covering different parts of our range, each with a camera. We usually reconnoitered together in the mornings, studying the trails and the country, selecting our points of vantage (or of disadvantage, as they often turned out to be), and, before separating in the afternoons, agreed upon a time and place of meeting when the evening's work should be done.

This first night at the Cañon I had the disheartening experience of seeing eight grizzlies come almost up to my camera and then refuse to pass it. I had selected the junction of two important looking trails, placed my camera and flash pan to leeward of it, and stationed myself in the branches of a big pine growing between the forks. But the

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wind, which blew from the east at four o'clock, shifted to the west at sunset and blew straight over my camera toward the trails; and as it was then too late to rearrange matters, I was forced to sit in helpless rage, alternately hot with expectation and cold with disappointment, while opportunity after opportunity all but knocked at my door, and then turned aside.

But flash-lighting grizzlies is full of such experiences. Only a few evenings later I stationed myself on one fork of another branching trail, and saw ten bears come and go on the other path without getting a shot at one. And the next night, having moved my camera to that fork, I pulled the string on three fine grizzlies in succession and had the flash refuse to light each time. Yet I had tested the apparatus in the morning and (luckily by this time I had gotten over my disinclination to come out of my tree) had put in a new fuse and examined everything carefully after each failure. I stuck it out, however, and returned a third time, but not a bear appeared until it became too dark to see.

Then, just as I had about given over, and was preparing to pack up, I glimpsed, or thought I glimpsed, a moving shape. My camera stood in inky blackness, and the first visible spot up trail was an opening in the trees some fifty feet away. I glued my eyes on that and waited. Sure enough, it disappeared and came to view again. Somewhere there, moving silently toward me through the darkness, was a grizzly. I turned my head slowly, following him in imagination with eyes that could not see, and when, in my imagination, he had reached the spot where I would have him, I pulled the string. And there, surprised but unafraid, as who should say, "What? Lightning again?" stood, not one grizzly, but two.

The disappointments are many, but the successes are therefore the more joyous. And even these disappointments have their compensations. On the first night at the Cañon, for instance, most of the bear, in their desire to avoid the suspicious camera, which they smelled, came toward the tree where I was perched and thus gave me unequaled chances of observing them at close quarters, when they were unconscious of my presence.

I can well understand how one who has never sought these animals except to kill them, to whom, therefore, they have ever been a quarry and an enemy, might bring away from his experiences with them little but the memory of their fierceness and the joy of their subjugation. But to me, thus night after night admitted, in a sense, to the intimacy of their home, these splendid animals had come to speak another language than terror, and to rouse other feelings than a thirst for blood. Magnificent in build, deep and glossy of coat, Herculean of muscle, they walk their well-known paths with the dignity of Indian chiefs and the alertness of Indian warriors. Perfect poise and conscious strength are in their every movement; and silence. For sight alone apprises the watcher of their approach.

Far down some vista of the silent wood, a deeper darkness passes before some lighter gloom; another and another dim opening is obscured, and then, against some thicket, lighted by the last gleams of day, one sees a great head and shoulders, momentarily outlined. And yet, strain ears as one may, concentrate one's entire consciousness in the sheer faculty of hearing, there is no slightest sound. But this silent progress brings with it no sense of lightness, or of unreality. Actual bulk and potential power, careless supremacy and eternal readiness—these are the hallmarks of the grizzly, the noblest Roman of them all. Here's to him!

About eight o'clock, that first night, having secured a number of mental but no photographic impressions, we descended, like the King of France, the hill we had earlier climbed, and fell with what appetite one may imagine upon the hot steaks and coffee that Frank had waiting for us. He had, he told us, chased a small black bear away from the neighborhood of the camp several times during the afternoon, and he thought that we should hear from him again before morning.

We did.

What is more, I have not the least doubt, now, that that small, black, degenerate and unprincipled bear was at that moment sitting a few yards away in the timber, listening to our conversation and waiting for our lights to go out. And he hadn't long to wait. We had put in fifteen hours of pretty solid hustle that day, and when I blew out the candle by my bed it was just nine o'clock.

Two minutes later we were all sound asleep. Three minutes later still, we were all sitting bolt upright in bed with the echoes of some cosmic catastrophe ringing in our ears.

I struck a light. Sprawled lopsidedly across the floor, its top off, and all its tinned

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and bottled contents scattered broadcast, lay the packing case we had set up on stakes to use as a cupboard and cook table. We rushed out and made angry noises at the darkness. We came back and looked sleepily at the confusion. And we tumbled into bed again. As I blew out the light, I noticed that it was eight minutes after nine.

We were wakened by a ripping noise that sounded as though all the sails on the seven seas had been split up the middle, and found that a pile of photographic things on the other side of the tent had joined the contents of the larder. We made more threatening noises out the tent door and went to bed again. It was then twenty minutes to eleven. After that we lost count. I think we went through the performance four times.

The following morning, as we discussed a curious breakfast, selected haphazard from the menu on the floor, we looked one another in the eye and pledged our time, our wits, and our sacred honor to getting even with that small black bear.

For the moment, however, we had other matters to attend to. Wright and I started on an exploring expedition in the hills, and Frank proceeded to reorganize the camp. Later on we got our heads together and decided to issue invitations for a reception. Just outside the canvas of the tent on either side, we placed pieces of bacon rind. Then, between the bacon and the canvas, we dug trenches in the ground and sank flash pans in them flush with the surface. Then, from each bacon rind, we led a string to a switch

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PERFECT POISE AND CONSCIOUS STRENGTH ARE IN THEIR EVERY MOVEMENT; AND SILENCE.

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nailed to our famous pantry-packing-case and, when the evening's photographic work was done, we brought a set of batteries down from the woods and connected up the apparatus before we went to bed.

That evening I had sprung a flash on the biggest grizzly we had seen all summer, and we came back to camp in high good-humor, ready for the party. We charged the flash pans lightly, connected up the batteries, set the switch, and went to bed in much the frame of mind of small boys who had hung up their stockings and would have liked to watch Santa Claus come down the chimney, but were too sleepy to do it.

But we were scarcely asleep when our visitor arrived. A big pouff! a glare of light that illuminated the inside of the tent through the canvas, and a grunt that seemed to come from the very depths of a bear's soul, brought us all out of bed with a jump. We did not wait for lights, but dashed out the tent door and were just in time to hear an agonized *oooo—ouff!* from the neighborhood of our wagon; a protesting *oooo—ouff!* from the edge of our grove of pines; and a series of *oooo—ouffs*, increasing in distance and diminishing in volume as they retreated up a nearby ravine.

It was a lovely party, but the poor little bear must have had a headache next morning. We began to feel worried about his health. We began to hedge on the adjectives we had applied to him. We pictured him, blind and dependent, led about the woods by a borrowed cub and holding out an old condensed milk can for alms. Finally we took to speaking of him in the past tense.

But on the afternoon of the sixth day, while Frank was sitting in front of the open tent, he saw a familiar figure emerge cautiously from the mouth of the gully, rise on its hind legs, peer anxiously about, and, seeing the dreaded white tent still crowning the knoll, drop on all fours and disappear rapidly into the woods. He may have been an ornery little cuss, but he was an apt scholar.

The second night we slept undisturbed, but at four separate times during the third night, four different grizzlies visited us; each in turn grasping the bait, receiving the flash of two ounces of powder within two inches of his nose, and vanishing without so much as a protesting grunt. After that we had company every night. But we grew so used to rising and resetting our electric watch-dogs that we scarcely remembered the incidents in the morning.

But mark the different mettle of the two animals. For the black bear's entertainment we had supplied only a pinch or two of powder, yet he went off yelling, "Help! Murder! Pol-i-i-i-ce!" in bear language, for the whole neighborhood to hear. But the grizzlies, having run into an unexpected flash of lightning that might well have blinded an eagle itself, beat, indeed, a retreat hasty and precipitate, as their tracks showed in the morning, but did so without for one moment compromising their native dignity. As Wright put it at the breakfast table one morning, they simply took off their hats and said, "Gentlemen, it's on us," and left.

It was not until, on the seventh of September, we were making a forced march to Gardiner, that another aspect of the matter occurred to me. "Good heavens," I suddenly said to Wright, "what would have happened to us if one of those grizzlies that visited us in the night had been the old mother with the three cubs?"

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WHEN I ASKED HER HOW OLD SHE WAS, SHE SAID, "I AIN'T OLD ENOUGH TO WORK, BUT I DO ANYWAY." SHE LOOKED ABOUT TEN

"UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE"

Photographs and Descriptions by Lewis W. Hine
Acting on Assignment for the National Child Labor Committee

OF child labor and its significance you that have heard vaguely may now observe infallibly. In the pictures that follow you can see it as it is, naked and hideous. The camera shall pluck you by the sleeve and show you the bad that is and indicate the worse that is to be.

Here we murder bodies, minds, and souls. Here we take a life, with as much right to happiness as any other life has, endowed with as much capacity for light, joy, hope, and the grace of living; and we crush out of it the last chance of health, decency, comfort, knowledge, aspiration and growth. How we do it these pictures will show you. This day has nothing for you more important than that you should examine well these witnesses against ourselves.

Here are actual child laborers in the cotton mills of the South, the mines and glass factories of West Virginia and Indiana. Take note of the little girl cotton spinner, eleven years old, with the face of a woman of forty. Observe this terribly brutalized boy from the coal mines. The little girl is already mechanized; the boy is already sodden beyond hope. Bitter toil, anxiety, long hours, the burden of life, the spirit of the grim battle all plainly read in the premature lines of these oldish faces. Boys and girls doubly robbed: robbed of their birthright of childhood, robbed of their chances of manhood and womanhood.

You see how and where they work and live; and, looking upon these faces, you need not the comment of the photographer that among these children he found many illiterate. That, too, is to be read here with the other signs of foul play. Made ignorant, made brutal, made cogs in a machine to be worn out and thrown away like other cogs; and yet children like our own, with no less rights to the life thus denied them.

In our happy, prosperous land are 1,700,000 little children like these, undergoing in such ways the same process of murder. Shall we blame some one? Yes; the culprits.

You and me.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

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A "CARRYING-IN BOY," FIFTEEN YEARS OLD, WHO HAS WORKED FOR SEVERAL YEARS IN A WEST VIRGINIA GLASS FACTORY—NIGHTS ONE WEEK, DAYS THE NEXT.

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"SHE JUST HAPPENED IN," THE OVERSEER SAID. BUT I HAD SEEN HER TENDING HER SPINDLES LIKE A VETERAN—ONE OF MANY CHILDREN UNDER TWELVE WHO WORK IN THE LINT-LADEN AIR OF COTTON MILLS.

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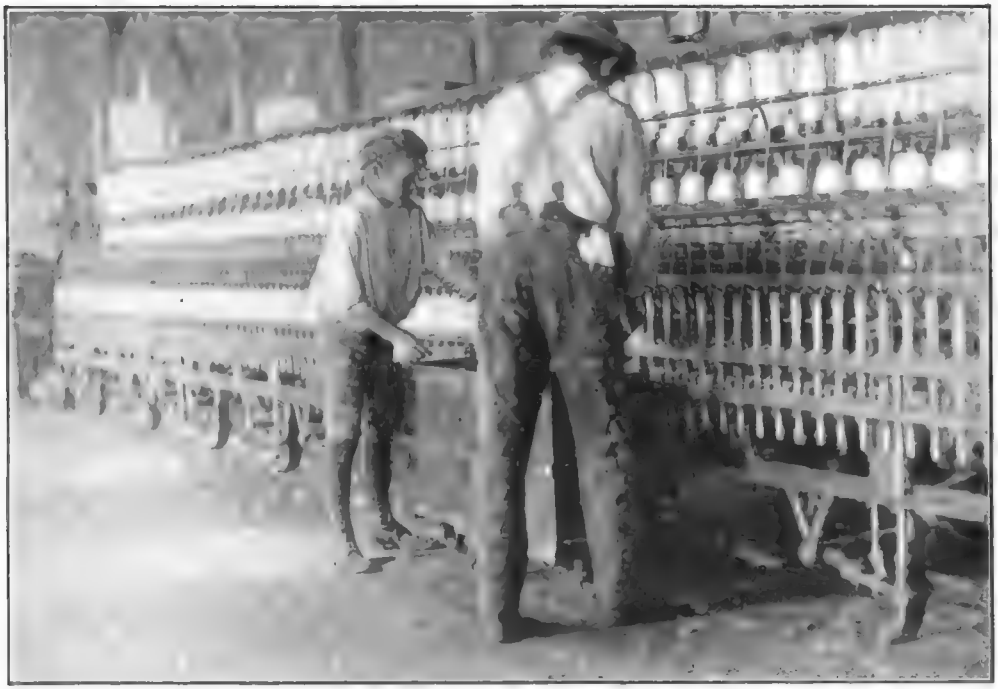

ONE OF THE THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN WHO EARN FIFTY CENTS A DAY BY TWELVE HOURS' WORK IN COTTON MILLS.

THESE FOUR SISTERS ARE AN EXCEPTION AMONG COTTON-MILL HANDS, FOR THEIR FATHER ALSO WORKS, INSTEAD OF LOAFING.

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ALL THIS BOY'S STUDY TIME AND PLAY TIME ARE SPENT AT A WARPING MACHINE IN A NORTH CAROLINA MILL.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF A MILL IN NEWTON, N. C., AND ONE OF THE SPINNERS. OF THE FORTY EMPLOYEES, THERE ARE TEN CHILDREN NO LARGER THAN THIS GIRL.

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A DRIVER IN A WEST VIRGINIA MINE, WHO SPENDS TEN HOURS A DAY UNDERGROUND.

A TYPICAL MILL BOY, WHO HAS WORKED FOR FIVE YEARS, MORE BY NIGHT THAN BY DAY.

SWEEPER AND "DOFFER BOYS" IN A MILL AT LANCASTER, S. C., WHERE THERE ARE MANY OTHER WORKERS AS YOUNG.

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PART OF A NIGHT SHIFT IN AN INDIANA GLASS FACTORY. FROM THIS HOT ROOM, THE BOYS GO OUT INTO THE DAMP, COLD AIR OF EARLY MORNING.

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THIS SHOWS ONE OF THE SMALLEST WORKERS I WAS ABLE TO PHOTOGRAPH. OVERSEERS OFTEN KEEP THE LITTLE CHILDREN OUT OF THE CAMERA'S RANGE.

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THE MOTHER SAID, "THE LITTLEST ONE 'ELPS HER SISTER." A BYSTANDER SAID, "SHE WORKS REGULARLY."

"THE 'LEVEN-YEAR ONE 'S A CRACKER-JACK ON SPINNIN'—THE OLDEST ONE ONLY DOES HALF AS MUCH." COMPARE THE FACES.

NOTE THE PROPORTION OF SMALL CHILDREN IN THIS FORCE OF A NORTH CAROLINA COTTON MILL. NEARLY AS MANY LITTLE ONES WORK ON THE NIGHT SHIFT.

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ALL WORK IN THE MILL EXCEPT THE MOTHER. TWO—A BOY AND A GIRL—
HAVE WORKED FOR EIGHT YEARS.

THE OVERSEER SAID THE LITTLE GIRL "CAME TO CARRY HER SISTER'S DINNER," BUT IT WAS
THEN EARLY IN THE MORNING AND SHE WORKED THROUGHOUT THE HOUR I SPENT THERE.

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THE SMALLEST GIRL IN THIS NIGHT SHIFT, ONLY FIFTY INCHES TALL, HAS BEEN IN THE MILL TWO YEARS.

GLASS BLOWERS AND "CARRYING-IN BOYS" IN A WEST VIRGINIA GLASS WORKS. WHAT ARE THEIR CHANCES FOR HEALTH?

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BOYS—SOME OF THEM UNDER TEN—WORK ALL NIGHT AT THE ANNEALING OVEN IN AN INDIANA GLASS FACTORY.

A "TRAPPER BOY" IN A WEST VIRGINIA MINE, WHO HAS SPENT SIX YEARS IN OPENING AND CLOSING DOORS.

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ALL OF THESE CHILDREN HAVE WORKED IN MILLS AT NIGHT FOR MORE THAN TWO YEARS. DO THEY LOOK AS IF IT AGREED WITH THEM?

DRIVERS IN A WEST VIRGINIA COAL MINE. IN SOME PLACES THE LIVE WIRE OVERHEAD IS ONLY SHOULDER HIGH.

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THE McTAVISH

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Author of "The Pagan's Progress," "Ellen and Mr. Man," etc.

Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

BY the look of her she might have been a queen, or a princess, or at the very least a duchess. But she was no one of these. She was only a commoner—a plain Miss, though very far from plain. Which is extraordinary when you consider that the blood of the Bruce flowed with exceeding liveliness in her veins, together with the blood of many another valiant Scot—Randolph, Douglas, Campbell—who bled with Bruce or for him.

With the fact that she was not at the very least a duchess, *most* of her temporal troubles came to an abrupt end. When she tired of her castle at Beem-Tay she could hop into her motor car and fly down the Great North Road to her castle at Brig O'Dread. This was a fifty-mile run, and from any part of the road she could see land that belonged to her—forest, farm, and moor. If the air at Beem-Tay was too formal, or the keep at Brig O'Dread too gloomy, she could put up at any of her half dozen shooting lodges, built in wild, inaccessible, wild-fowly places, and shake the dust of the world from her feet, and tread, just under heaven, upon the heather.

But mixed up with all this fine estate was one other temporal trouble. For, over and above the expenses of keeping the castles on a good footing, and the shooting lodges clean and attractive, and the motor car full of petrol, and the horses full of oats, and the lawns empty of weeds, and the glass houses full of fruit, she had no money whatsoever. She could not sell any of her land because it was entailed—that is, it really belonged to somebody who didn't exist; she couldn't sell her diamonds, for the same reason; and she could not rent any of her shootings, because her ancestors had not done so. I honestly believe that a sixpence of real money looked big to her.

Her first name was the same as that of the Lady of the Lake—Ellen. Her last name was McTavish—if she had been a man she would have been The McTavish (and many people did call her that)—and her middle names were like the sands of the sea in number, and sounded like bugles blowing a charge—Campbell and Cameron, Dundee and Douglas. She had a family tartan—heather brown, with Lincoln green tit-tat-toe crisscrosses—and she had learned how to walk from a thousand years of strong-walking ancestors. She had her eyes from the deepest part of a deep moorland loch, her cheeks from the briar rose, some of the notes of her voice from the upland plover, and some from the lark. And her laugh was like an echo of the sounds that the River Tay makes when it goes among the shallows.

One day she was sitting all by herself in the Seventh Drawing Room (forty feet by twenty-four) of Brig O'Dread Castle, looking from a fourteen-foot-deep window embrasure, upon the brig itself, the river rushing under it, and the clean, flowery town upon both banks. From most of her houses she could see nothing but her own posses-

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sions, but from Brig O'Dread Castle, standing, as it did, in one corner of her estates, she could see past her entrance gate, with its flowery embattled lodge, a little into the outside world. There were tourists whirling by in automobiles along the Great North Road, or parties of Scotch gypsies, with their dark faces and ear-rings, with their wagons and folded tents, passing from one good poaching neighborhood to the next. Sometimes it amused her to see tourists turned from her gates by the proud porter who lived in the lodge; and on the present occasion, when an automobile stopped in front of the gate and the chauffeur hopped out and rang the bell, she was prepared to be mildly amused once more in the same way.

The proud porter emerged like a conquering hero from the lodge, the pleated kilt of the McTavish tartan swinging against his great thighs, his knees bare and glowing in the sun, and the jaunty Highland bonnet low upon the side of his head. He approached the gate and began to parley, but not with the chauffeur; a more important person (if possible) had descended from the car—a person of unguessable age, owing to automobile goggles, dressed in a London-made shooting suit of tweed, and a cap to match. The parley ended, the stranger appeared to place something in the proud porter's hand; and the latter swung upon his heel and strode up the driveway to the castle. Meanwhile the stranger remained without the gate.

Presently word came to The McTavish, in the Seventh Drawing Room, that an American gentleman named McTavish, who had come all the way from America for the purpose, desired to read the inscriptions upon the McTavish tombstones in the chapel of Brig O'Dread Castle. The porter, who brought this word himself, being a privileged character, looked very wistful when he had delivered it—as much as to say that the frightful itching of his palm had not been as yet wholly assuaged. The McTavish smiled.

"Bring the gentleman to the Great Tower door, McDougall," she said, "and—I will show him about myself."

The proud porter's face fell. His snow white *mustachios* took on a fuller droop.

"McDougall," said The McTavish—and this time she laughed aloud—"if the gentleman from America crosses my hand with silver, it shall be yours."

"More like"—and McDougall became gloomier still—"more like he will cross it with gold." (Only he said this in a kind of dialect that was delightful to hear, difficult to understand, and would be insulting to the reader to reproduce in print.)

"If it's gold," said The McTavish sharply, "I'll not part wi' it, McDougall, and you may lay to that."

You might have thought that McDougall had been brought up in the Black Hole of Calcutta—so sad he looked, and so hurt, so softly he left the room, so loudly he closed the door.

The McTavish burst into laughter, and promised herself, not without some compunction, to hand over the gold to McDougall, if any should materialize. Next she flew to her dressing room and made herself look as much like a gentlewoman's housekeeper as she could in the few minutes at her disposal. Then she danced through a long, dark passageway, and whisked down a narrow winding stair, and stood at last in the door of the Great Tower in the sunlight. And when she heard the stranger's feet upon the gravel, she composed her face; and when he appeared round the corner of a clipped yew, she rattled the keys at her belt, and bustled on her feet, as becomes a housekeeper, and bobbed a courtesy.

The stranger McTavish was no more than thirty. He had brown eyes, and wore upon his face a steady, enigmatic smile.

II

"Good morning," said the American McTavish. "It is very kind of Miss McTavish to let me go into her chapel. Are you the housekeeper?"

"I am," said The McTavish. "Mrs. Nevis is my name."

"What a pity!" murmured the gentleman.

"This way, sir," said The McTavish.

She stepped into the open, and, jangling her keys occasionally, led him along an almost interminable path of green turf bordered by larkspur and flowering sage, which ended at last at a somewhat battered lead statue of Atlas, crowning a pudding-shaped mound of turf.

"When the dead Currie sacked Brig O'Dread Castle," said The McTavish, "he dug a pit here and flung the dead into it. There will be McTavishes among them."

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"There are no inscriptions," said the gentleman.

"Those are in the chapel," said The McTavish. "This way." And she swung into another turf walk, long, wide, springy, and bordered by birches.

"Tell me," said the American, "is it true that Miss McTavish is down on strangers?"

She looked at him over her shoulder. He still wore his enigmatic smile.

"I don't know what got into her," she said, "to let you in." She halted in her tracks and, looking cautiously this way and that, like a conspirator in a play: "She's a hard woman to deal with," she said, "between you and me."

"I've heard something of the kind," said the American. "Indeed, I asked the porter. I said, 'What manner of woman is Miss McTavish?' and he said, in a kind of whisper, 'The McTavish, sir, is a roaring, ranting, stingy, bony female.'"

"He said that, did he?" asked the pseudo Mrs. Nevis, tightening her lips and jangling her keys.

"But I didn't believe him," said the American; "I wouldn't believe what he said of any cousin of mine."

"Is The McTavish your cousin?"

"Why, yes," said he; "but just which one I don't know. That's what I have come to find out. I have an idea—I and my lawyers have—that if The McTavish died without a direct heir, I should be The McTavish; that is, that this nice castle, and Red Curries Mound, and all and all, would be mine. I could come every August for the shooting. It would be very nice."

"It wouldn't be very nice for The McTavish to die before you," said Mrs. Nevis. "She's only twenty-two."

"Great heavens!" said the American. "Between you, you made me think she was a horrid old woman!"

"Horrid," said Mrs. Nevis, "very. But not old."

She led away abruptly to a turf niche which ended the brick walk and from which sprang, in turn, a walk of larch, a walk of Lebanon cedars, and one of mountain ash. At the end of the cedar walk, far off, could be seen the squat gray tower of the chapel, heavy with ivy. McTavish caught up with Mrs. Nevis and walked at her side. Their feet made no sound upon the pleasant, springy turf. Only the bunch of keys sounded occasionally.

"How," said McTavish, not without insinuation, "could one get to know one's cousin?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Nevis, "if you are troubled with spare cash and stay in the neighborhood long enough, she'll manage that. She has little enough to spend, poor woman. Why, sir, when she told me to show you the chapel, she said, 'Catherine,' she said, 'there's one Carnegie come out of the States—see if yon McTavish is not another.'"

"She said that?"

"She did so."

"And how did you propose to go to work to find out, Mrs. Nevis?"

"Oh," said she, "I've hinted broadly at the news that's required at headquarters. I can do no more."

McTavish reflected. "Tell her," he said presently, "when you see her, that I'm not Carnegie, nor near it. But tell her that, as we Americans say, 'I've enough for two.'"

"Oh," said Mrs. Nevis, "that would mean too much or too little to a Scot."

"Call it, then," said McTavish, "several million pounds."

"Several," Mrs. Nevis reflected.

"Say—three," said McTavish.

Mrs. Nevis sighed. "And where did you gather it all?" she asked.

"Oh, from my father," said McTavish. "And it was given to him by the government."

"Why?" she asked.

"Not why," said he, "so much as how. You see, our government is passionately fond of certain people and makes them very rich. But it's perfectly fair, because at the same time it makes other people, of whom it is not fond, desperately poor. We call it protection," he said. "For instance, my government lets a man buy a Shetland wool sweater in Scotland for two dollars, and lets him sell it on Broadway for twenty dollars. The process makes that man rich in time, but it's perfectly fair, because it makes the man who has to buy the sweater poor."

"But the fool doesn't have to buy it," said Mrs. Nevis.

"Oh, yes he does," said McTavish; "in America—if he likes the look of it and the

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feel of it—he has to buy. It's the climate, I suppose."

"Did your father make his money in Shetland sweaters?" she asked.

"Nothing so nice," said McTavish; "rails."

A covey of birds rose in the woods at their right with a loud whir of wings.

"Whew!" exclaimed McTavish.

"Baby pheasants," explained Mrs. Nevis. "They shoot three thousand at Brig O'Dread in the season."

After certain difficulties, during which their hands touched, the greatest key in Mrs. Nevis's bunch was made to open the chapel door, and they went in.

The place had no roof; the flagged floor had disappeared, and it had been replaced by velvety turf, level between the graves and headstones. Supporting columns reared themselves here and there, supporting nothing. A sturdy thorn tree grew against the left-hand wall; but the sun shone brightly into the ruin, and sparrows twittered pleasantly among the ingrowths of ivy.

"Will you wish to read all the inscriptions?" asked Mrs. Nevis, doubtfully, for there were hundreds of tombstones crowding the turf, or pegged to the walls.

"No, no," said McTavish. "I see what I came to see—already."

For the first time the enigmatic smile left his face, and she watched him with a kind of excited interest, as he crossed the narrow houses of the dead, and halted before a small tablet of white marble. She followed him, more slowly, and stood presently at his side, as he read aloud:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF COLLAND MCTAVISH, WHO DISAPPEARED, AGED FIVE YEARS, JUNE 15TH, 1801."

Immediately below the inscription a bar of music was engraved in the marble. "I can't read that," said McTavish.

Mrs. Nevis hummed a pathetic air very sweetly, almost under her breath. He listened until she had finished and then:

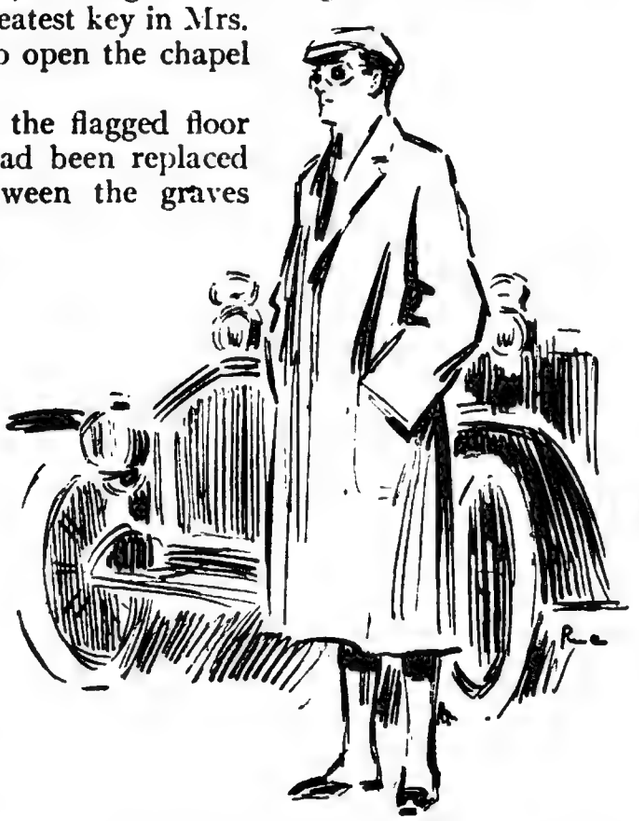
"What tune is that?" he asked, excitedly.

"'Wandering Willie,'" she answered.

"Of course," said he, "it would be that."

"Was this the stone you came to see?" she asked presently.

"Yes," he said. "Colland McTavish, who disappeared, was my great-grandfather. The old gentleman—I never saw him myself—used to say that he remembered a long, long driveway, and a great iron gate, and riding for ever and ever in a wagon with a tent over it, and sleeping at night on the bare hills or in forests beside streams. And that was all he remembered, except being on a ship on the sea for years and years. But he had this——"



McTavish extracted from a pocket into which it had been buttoned for safety what appeared, at first sight, to be a linen handkerchief yellow with age. But, on unfolding, it proved to be a child's shirt, cracked and broken in places, and lacking all but one of its bone buttons. Embroidered on the tiny shirt tail, in faint and faded blue, was thename Colland McTavish.

"He always thought," said McTavish, "that the gypsies stole him. It looks as if they had, doesn't it? And, just think, he used to live in this beautiful place, and play in it, and belong to it! Wasn't it curious, my seeing that tablet the first thing when we came in? It looked as big as a house and seemed to beckon me."

"It looks more like the ghost of a little child," said Mrs. Nevis quietly. "Perhaps that is why it drew you so."

"Why," said he, "has this chapel been allowed to fall to pieces?"

"Because," said Mrs. Nevis, "there's never been the money to mend it."

"I wonder," he mused, "if The McTavish would let me do it? After all, I'm not an utter stranger; I'm a distant cousin—after all."

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"Not so distant, sir," said Mrs. Nevis, "as may appear, if what you say is true. Colland McTavish, your great-grandfather, and The McTavish's great-grandfather, were brothers—and the poor bereft mother that put up this tablet was your great-great-grandmother, and hers."

"Surely then," said he, "The McTavish would let me put a roof on the chapel. I'd *like* to," he said, and the red came strongly into his cheeks. "I'll ask her. Surely she wouldn't refuse to see me on such a matter."

"You can never tell," Mrs. Nevis said. "She's a woman that won't bear forcing."

He looked at her for the first time in some minutes. "Why," said he, "you're ill; you're white as a sheet."

"It's the long walk uphill. It takes me in the heart, somehow."

"I'm sorry," said McTavish simply. "I'm mighty sorry. It's all my fault."

"Why, so it is," said she, with the flicker of a smile.

"You must take my arm, going back. I *am* sorry."

THE PROUD PORTER'S FACE FELL.

When they had left the chapel and locked the door, she took his arm without any further invitation.

"I will, if you don't mind," she said. "I am shaken, and that's the truth. . . . But what," and again the smile flickered, "what would The McTavish say if she saw us—her cousin and her housekeeper—dawdling along arm in arm?"

McTavish laughed. "I don't mind, if you don't."

They returned slowly by the long turf walk to the statue of Atlas.

"Now," said he, "how should I go about getting an interview with The McTavish?"

"Well," said Mrs. Nevis, "it will not be for to-day. She is leaving within the hour for Beem-Tay in her motor car."

"Oh, then I shall follow her to Beem-Tay."

"If you can do that," said Mrs. Nevis, "I will give you a line to my sister. Maybe she could help you. She's the housekeeper at Beem-Tay—Miss MacNish is her name."

And she added as if by an afterthought, "We are twins."

"Are there two of you?" exclaimed McTavish.

"Why not?" she asked, with a guileless face.

"Why," said he, "it's wonderful. Does she look like you?"

"Exactly," said Mrs. Nevis. "Same red hair, same eyes, nose, and faint spells—only," and there was a certain arch quality in her clear voice, "*she's* single."

"And she looks exactly like you—and she's single! I don't believe it."

Mrs. Nevis withdrew her hand from his arm. When they had reached the door of the Great Tower, she stopped.

"If you care for a line to my sister," she said, "I'll write it. You can wait here."

"I wish it of all things, and if there are any stairs to climb, mind you take your time. Remember you're not very good at hills."

When she had gone, he smiled his enigmatic smile and began to walk slowly up and down in front of the door, his hands clasped behind his back. Once he made a remark. "Scotland," he said, "is the place for me."

But when at length she returned with the letter, he did not offer her money; instead he offered his hand. "You've been very kind," he said, "and when I meet your mistress I will tell her how very courteous you have been. Thank you."

He placed the letter in the breast pocket of his shooting coat. "Any messages for your sister?" he asked.

"You may tell her I hope she is putting by something for a rainy day. You may tell her The McTavish is verra hard up the noo"—she smiled very charmingly in his face—"and will na' brook an extravagant table."

"Do you think," said McTavish, "that your sister will get me a chance to see *The* McTavish?"

"If any one can, she can."

"Good-by," he said, and once more they shook hands.

A few minutes later she heard the distant purring of his car, and a thought struck her

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with dismay. "What if he goes straight to Beem-Tay and presents the letter before I get there!"

She flowered into swift action, flashed up the turret stairs, and, having violently rung a bell, flew into her dressing room, and began to drag various automobiling coats, hats, and goggles out of their hiding places. When the bell was answered: "The car," she cried, "at once!"

A few moments later, veiled, goggled, and coated, she was dashing from the castle to the stables. Half-way she met the car. "McDonald," she cried, "can you make Beem-Tay in the hour?"

"It's fifty miles," said the driver, doubtfully.

"Can you make it?"

"The road—" he began.

"I know the road," she said impatiently; "it's all twisty-wisty. Can you make it?"

"I'm a married man," said he.

"Ten pounds sterling if you make it."

"And if we smash and are kilt?"

"Why, there'll be a more generous master than I in Beem-Tay and in Brig O'Dread—that's all."

She leaped into the car, and a minute later they were flying along the narrow, tortuous North Road like a nightmare. Once she leaned over the driver's seat, and spoke in his ear: "I hav'na the ten pounds noo," she said, "but I'll beg them, McDonald, or borrow them—" The car began to slow down, the driver's face grew gloomy. "Or steal them!" she cried. McDonald's face brightened, for The McTavish's money difficulties were no better known than the fact that she was a woman of her word. He opened the throttle and the car once more shot dizzily forward.

Twenty miles out of Brig O'Dread, they came upon another car, bound in the same direction and also running desperately fast. They passed it in a roaring smother of dust.

"McDonald," said The McTavish, "you needna run sae fast noo. Keep the lead o' yon car to Beem-Tay gate—that is all."

She sank back luxuriously, sighed, and began to wonder how she should find McDonald his ten pounds sterling.

"WHY," SAID HE, "YOU'RE ILL; YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET."

III

SHE need not have hurried, nor thrown to the wind those ten pounds that she had somehow to raise. On arriving at Beem-Tay she had given orders that any note addressed to Miss MacNish, and presented at the gate, should be brought at once to her. McTavish did not come that day, but she learned indirectly that he had taken rooms at the McTavish Arms in Beem-Tay village, and from Mr. Traquair, manager of the local branch of the Bank of Scotland, that he was taking steps to hire for the season the forest of Clackmanness, a splendid sporting estate that marched with her own lands. Mr. Traquair, a gentleman as thin as a pipe stem, and as kind as tobacco, had called upon her the second day, in answer to an impetuous summons. He found her looking very anxious and very beautiful, and told her so.

"May the looks stand me in good stead, Mr. Traquair," said she, "for I'm like to become Wandering Willie of the song—Wandering Wilhelmina, rather. There's a man yont, named McTavish, will oost me frae hoose and hame."

"That would be the young gentleman stopping at the McTavish Arms."

"Ah," said The McTavish, "he might stop here if he but knew."

"He's no intending it, then," said Mr. Traquair, "for he called upon me

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this morning to hire the Duke's forest of Clackmanness."

"Ah!" said The McTavish.

"And now," said Mr. Traquair, stroking his white mustache, "tell me what it all means."

"It means that Colland McTavish, who was my great-grandfather's elder brother, has returned in the person of the young gentleman at the Arms."

"A fine hornpipe he'll have to prove it," said Mr. Traquair.

"Fine fiddlesticks!" said The McTavish. "Man," she continued earnestly, "you have looked in his face and you tell me it will be a dance to prove him The McTavish?"

"He is *a* McTavish," admitted Mr. Traquair; "so much I knew before he told me his name."

"He has in his pocket the bit shirt that wee Colland wore when the gypsies snitched him, and carried him over seas; it's all of a piece with many another garment of wee Colland's. I've had out the trunk in which his little duds have been stored these many years. The man is Colland's great-grandson. I look at him, and I admit it without proof."

"My dear," said Mr. Traquair, "you have no comprehension of the law. I will fight this claim through every court of the land, or I'm ready to meet him on Bannockburn field, my ancestral claymore against his. A rare laugh we'll have when the pretender produces his bit shirtie in the court, and says, 'Look, your honor, upon my patent o' nobilitee.'"

"Mind this," said The McTavish, "I'll make no contests, nor have none made. Only," she smiled faintly, "I hav'na told him who he rightly is. He claims cousinship. But it has not dawned on him that Colland was to have been The McTavish, that he *is* The McTavish, that I am merely Miss Ellen Alice Douglas Cameron Dundee Campbell McGregor Breadalbane Blair McTavish, houseless, homeless spinster, wi' but a drap o' gude blood to her heritage. I have not told him, Mr. Traquair. He does not know. What's to be done? What would you do—*if you knew* that he was he, and that you were only you?"

"It's your meeserable conscience of a Church-going Scot," commiserated Traquair, not without indignation. "What would a Campbell have done? He'd have had himself made a judge in the land, and he'd have condemned the pretender to the gallows—out of hand, my dear—out of hand!"

She shook her head at him as at a naughty child. "Where is your own meeserable conscience, Traquair?"

"My dear," cried the little man, "it is storming my reason."

"There," said she, "I told you so. And now we are both of one mind, you shall present these tidings to McTavish together with my compliments."

"First," said Traquair cautiously, "I'll bide a bit on the thought."

"I will leave the time to your meeserable conscience," said Miss McTavish generously. "Meanwhile, my dear man, while the semblance of prosperity abides over my head in the shape of a roof, there's a matter o' ten pound——"

Mr. Traquair rose briskly to his little feet. "Ten pound!" he exclaimed.

"Only ten pound," she wheedled.

"My dear," he said, "I don't see where you're to raise another matter o' saxpence this month."

"But I've promised the ten pound on my honor," she said. "Would you have me break my word to a servant?"

"Well—well," temporized Mr. Traquair, "I'll have another look at the books. Mind, I'm not saying it can be done—unless you'll sell a bit timber here and yont——"

"Dear man," she said, "full well ye know it's not mine to sell. Then you're to let me have the ten pound?"

"If I were to employ a wheedler," said Mr. Traquair, "I'd have no choice 'twixt you and Satan. Mind, I make no promises. Ten pound is a prodeegious sum o' money, when ye hav'na got it."

"Not later than to-morrow, then," said Miss McTavish, as though to cap a promise that had been made to her. "I'm obliged to you, Traquair, deeply obliged."

IV

BUT it was not the matter of the ten pounds that worried Traquair as he climbed into his pony cart and drove slowly through the castle policies to the gate. Indeed, the lofty gates had not been closed behind him before he had forgotten all about them. That The McTavish was not The McTavish alone occupied his attention. And when he perceived the cause of the trouble, strolling

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beside the lofty ring fence of stone that shielded the castle policies from impertinent curiosity, it was in anything but his usual cheerful voice that he hailed him.

"Will you take a lift, Mr. McTavish?" he invited dismally.

"Oh, no," said The McTavish, "I won't trouble you, thanks."

Traquair's meeserable conscience got the better of him all at once. And with that his cheerfulness returned.

"Get in," he said. "You cannot help troubling me, Mr. McTavish. I've a word for you, sir."

McTavish, wondering, climbed into the car.

"Fergus," said Traquair to the small boy who acted as groom, messenger, and shoe polisher to the local branch of the Bank of Scotland, "ye'll walk."

When the two were thus isolated from prying ears, Mr. Traquair cleared his throat and spoke. "Is there anything, Mr. McTavish," he said, "in this world that a rich man like you may want?"

"TEN POUND!" HE EXCLAIMED.

"Oh, yes," said McTavish, "some things."

"More wealth?"

McTavish shook his head.

"Houses—lands?" Traquair looked up shrewdly from the corner of his eye, but McTavish shook his head again.

"Power, then, Mr. McTavish?"

"No—not power."

"Glory?"

"No," said McTavish; "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid not."

"Then, sir," said Traquair, "it's a woman."

"No," said McTavish, and he blushed handsomely. "It's *the* woman."

"I withdraw my insinuation," said Traquair gravely.

"I thank you," said Mr. McTavish.

"I am glad, sir," said Traquair presently, "to find you in so generous a disposition, for we have need of your generosity. I have it from Miss McTavish herself," he went on gravely, "that your ancestor, so far as you know, was Colland McTavish."

"So far as I know and believe," said McTavish, "he was."

"Did you know that Colland McTavish should have been *The* McTavish?" asked Mr. Traquair.

"It never entered my head. Was he the oldest son?"

"He was," said Mr. Traquair solemnly, "until in the eyes of the *law* he ceased to exist."

"Then," said McTavish, "in every eye save that of the law I am *The* McTavish."

Mr. Traquair bowed. "Miss McTavish," he said, "was for telling you at once; but she left the matter entirely to my discretion. I have thought best to tell you."

"Would the law," asked McTavish, "oust Miss McTavish and stand me in her shoes?"

"The law," said Traquair pointedly, "would not do the former, and," with a glance at McTavish's feet, "the Auld Nick could not do the latter."

McTavish laughed. "Then why have you told me?" he asked.

"Because," said Traquair grandly, "it is Miss McTavish's resolution to make no opposition to your claim."

"I see; I am to become 'The' without a fight."

"Precisely," said Traquair.

"Well, discretionary powers as to informing me of this were given you, as I understand, Mr. Traquair?"

"They were," said Traquair.

"Well," said McTavish again, "there's no use crying over spilt milk. But is your conscience up to a heavy load?"

"'Tis a meeserable vehicle at best," protested Traquair.

"You must pretend," said McTavish, "that you have not yet told me."

"Ah!" Traquair exclaimed. "You wish to think it over."

"I do," said McTavish.

Both were silent for some moments. Then Traquair said rather solemnly: "You are young, Mr. McTavish, but I have hopes that your thinking will be of a wise and courageous nature."

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"Do you read Tennyson?" asked McTavish, apropos of nothing.

"No," said Traquair, slightly nettled. "Burns."

"I am sorry," said McTavish simply; "then you don't know the lines:

> "'If you are not the heiress born,
> And I,' said he, 'the lawful heir,' etc.

do you?"

"No," said Traquair, "I do not."

"It is curious how often a lack of literary affinity comes between two persons and a heart-to-heart talk."

"Let me know," said Traquair, "when you have thought it over."

"I will. And now if you will put me down——?"

He leaped to the ground, lifted his hat to the older man, and, turning, strode very swiftly, as if to make up for lost time, back toward the castle gate.

V

McTavish was kept waiting a long time while a servant took his letter of introduction to Miss MacNish, and brought back an answer from the castle.

Finally, midway of a winding and shrubby short cut, into which he turned as directed by the porter, he came suddenly upon her.

"Miss MacNish—?" he said.

"You're not Mr. McTavish!—" She seemed dumbfounded, and glanced at a letter which she carried open in her hand. "My sister writes——"

"What does she write?" asked McTavish eagerly.

"No—no!" Miss MacNish exclaimed hastily, "the letter was to me." She tore it hastily into little pieces.

"Miss MacNish," said McTavish, somewhat hurt, "it is evident that I give diametrically opposed impressions to you and your sister. Either she has said something nice about me, and you, seeing me, are astonished that she should; or she has said something horrid about me—I do hope it's that way—and you are even more surprised. It must be one thing or the other. And before we shake hands I think it only proper for you to tell me which."

"Let bygones be bygones," said Miss MacNish, and she held out her hand. McTavish took it, and smiled his enigmatic smile.

"It is your special wish, I have gathered," said Miss MacNish, "to meet The McTavish. Now she knows about your being in the neighborhood, knows that you are a distant cousin, but she hasn't expressed any wish to meet you—at least I haven't heard her. If she wishes to meet you, she will ask you to call upon her. If she doesn't wish to, she won't. Of course, if you came upon her suddenly—somewhere in the grounds, for instance—she'd have to listen to what you had to say, and to answer you, I suppose. But to-day—well, I'd not try it to-day."

"Why not?" asked McTavish.

"Why," said Miss MacNish, "she caught cold in the car yesterday, and her poor nose is much too red for company."

"Why do you all try to make her out such a bad lot?"

"Is it being a bad lot to have a red nose?" exclaimed Miss MacNish.

"At twenty-two?" McTavish looked at her in surprise and horror. "I ask *you*," he said. "There was the porter at Brig O'Dread, and your sister—they gave her a pair of black eyes between them, and here you give her a red nose. When the truth is probably the reverse."

"I don't know the reverse of red," said Miss MacNish, "but that would give her white eyes."

"I am sure, Miss MacNish, that quibbling is not one of your prerogatives. It belongs exclusively to the Speaker of the House of Representatives. As for me—the less I see of The McTavish, the surer I am that she is rather beautiful, and very amusing, and good."

"Are these the matters on which you are so eager to meet her?" asked Miss MacNish. She stood with her back to a clump of dark blue larkspur taller than herself—a lovely picture, in her severe black housekeeper's dress that by contrast made her face

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and dark red hair all the more vivacious and flowery. Her eyes at the moment were just the color of the larkspur.

McTavish smiled his enigmatic smile. "They are," he said.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Miss MacNish.

"When I meet her—" McTavish began, and abruptly paused.

"What?" Miss MacNish asked with some eagerness.

"Oh, nothing; *I'm* so full of it that I almost betrayed my own confidence."

"I hope that you aren't implying that I might prove indiscreet."

"Oh, dear no!" said McTavish.

"It had a look of it, then," said Miss MacNish tartly.

"Oh," said McTavish, "if I've hurt your feelings—why, I'll go on with what I began, and take the consequences, shall I?"

"I think," said Miss MacNish primly, "that it would tend to restore confidence between us."

"When I meet her, then," said McTavish, "I shall first tell her that she is beautiful, and amusing, and good. And then," it came from him in a kind of eager, boyish outburst, "I shall ask her to marry me."

Miss MacNish gasped and stepped backward into the fine and deep soil that gave the larkspur its inches. The color left her cheeks and returned upon the instant tenfold. And it was many moments before she could find a word to speak. Then she said in an injured and astonished tone: "*Why?*"

"The Scotch Scot," said McTavish, "is shrewd, but cautious. The American Scot is shrewd, but daring. Caution, you'll admit, is a pitiful measure in an affair of the heart."

Miss MacNish was by this time somewhat recovered from her consternation. "Well," said she, "what then? When you have come upon The McTavish unawares somewhere in the shrubbery, and asked her to marry you, and she has boxed your ears for you—what then?"

"Then," said McTavish with a kind of anticipatory expression of pleasure, "I shall kiss her. Even if she hated it," he said ruefully, "she couldn't help but be surprised and flattered."

Miss MacNish took a step forward with a sudden hilarious brightening in her eyes. "Are you quizzing me," she said, "or are you outlining your honest and mad intentions? And if the latter, won't you tell me why? Why in heaven's name should you ask The McTavish to marry you—at first sight?"

"I can't explain it," said McTavish. "But even if I never have seen her—I love her."

"I have heard of love at first sight—" began Miss MacNish.

But he interrupted eagerly. "You haven't ever experienced it, have you?"

"Of course I haven't," she exclaimed indignantly. "I've heard of it—*often*. But I have never heard of love without any sight at all."

"Love is blind," said McTavish.

"Now who's quibbling?"

"Just because," he said, "you've never heard of a thing, away off here in your wild Highlands, is a mighty poor proof that it doesn't exist. I suppose you don't believe in predestination. I've always known," he said grandly, "that I should marry my cousin—even against her will and better judgment. You don't more than half believe me, do you?"

"Well, not more than half," Miss MacNish smiled.

"It's the truth," he said; "I will bet you ten pounds it's the truth."

Miss MacNish looked at him indignantly, and in the midst of the look she sighed. "I don't bet," said she.

McTavish lowered his glance until it rested upon his own highly polished brown boots.

"Why are you looking at your boots?" asked Miss MacNish.

"Because," he said simply, "considering that I am in love with my cousin, I don't think I ought to look at you any more. I'm afraid I got the habit by looking at your sister; but then, as she has a husband, it couldn't matter so much."

Miss MacNish, I'm afraid, mantled with pleasure. "My sister said something in her letter about your wishing to see the house of your ancestors. Miss McTavish is out now—would you like to look about a little?"

"Dearly," said McTavish.

VI

Miss McTavish sent for Mr. Traquair. He went to her with a heavy conscience, for as yet he had done nothing toward raising the ten pounds. At her first words his conscience became still more laden.

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"Traquair," she said, "you mustn't tell him yet."

It was all Traquair could do to keep countenance. "Then it's fortunate I haven't," said he, "for you gave me a free hand."

"Consider it tied behind your back for the present, for a wonderful thing is going to happen."

"Indeed," said Traquair.

"You wouldn't believe me when I tell you that the silly man is going to fall in love with me, and ask me to marry him!"

"Although you haven't offered me a chair, my dear," said Traquair, "I will take one."

All in a burst then, half laughing, half in a grave kind of excitement, she told her old friend how she had played housekeeper first at Brig O'Dread and later at Beem-Tay. And how, on the latter occasion, McTavish had displayed his admiration so openly that there could be but the one climax.

"And after all," she concluded, "if he thinks I'm just a housekeeper, and falls in love with me and asks me to marry him—I'd know the man was sincere—wouldn't I, Traquair?"

"It seems to me," said Traquair, "that I have never seen you so thoroughly delighted with yourself."

"That is unkind. It is a wonderful thing when a girl of position, and hedged in as I have been, finds that she is loved for herself alone and not for her houses and lands and her almost royal debts."

"Verra flattering," said Traquair, "na doot. And what answer will you give?"

"Traquair," she said, "I'm not a profane girl; but I'm hanged if I know."

"He is a very wealthy man, and I have no doubt a very kind and honest man."

"He is a very cheeky man," smiled Miss McTavish.

"No doubt—no doubt," said Traquair; "and it would leave you to the honest enjoyment of your houses and lands, which otherwise you propose to hand over to him. Still, it is well for a Scot to be cautious."

"For a Scotch Scot," said Miss McTavish. "I should be an American Scot if I married him. He tells me they are noted for their daring."

While they were thus animatedly conversing, word came that Mr. McTavish had called in the hope of seeing Miss MacNish.

"There," said Miss McTavish, "you see! Go down to him, Traquair, and be pleasant, until I come. Then vanish."

Traquair found McTavish smoking a thick London cigarette upon the steps of the side entrance, and gazing happily into a little garden of dark yew and vivid scarlet geraniums with daring edgings of brightest blue lobelia.

"Will you be making any changes," asked Traquair, "when you come into your own?"

McTavish looked up with a smile and handed his open cigarette case to the older man.

"Mr. Traquair," he said, "I'm young and a stranger. I wish you could find it in your heart to be an uncle to me."

Traquair accepted a cigarette and sat down, first assuring himself that the stone steps were dry.

"If I were your nephew," said McTavish, "and came to you all out of breath, and told you that I wished to marry Miss McTavish's housekeeper, what would you say?"

"I would say," said Traquair, "that she was the daughter of a grand family that had fallen from their high estate. I would say, 'Charge, Nephew, charge!'"

"Do you mean it!" exclaimed McTavish.

"There's no more lovely lass in the United Kingdom," said Traquair, "than Miss—Miss——"

"MacNish," McTavish helped him; "and she would be mistress where she had been servant. That's a curious twist of fate."

"You have made up your mind, then," said Traquair, "to claim your own?"

"By no means—yet," said McTavish. "I was only speculating. It's all in the air. Suppose, Uncle, that Miss MacNish throws me down!"

"Throws you down!" Traquair was shocked.

"Well," said McTavish humbly, "you told me to charge."

"To charge," said Traquair testily, "but not to grapple."

"In my country," said McTavish, "when a girl refuses to marry a man they call it throwing him down, giving him the sack, or handing him a lemon."

"Yours is an exceptional country," said Traquair.

Miss MacNish appeared in the doorway behind them. "I'm sorry to have been so long," she said; "I had to give out the linen for luncheon."

McTavish flung away his cigarette, and sprang to his feet as if some one had stuck

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a pin into him. Traquair, according to the schedule, vanished.

"It seemed very, very long," said McTavish.

"Miss McTavish," said Miss MacNish, "has consented to see you."

her two hands in his, and drew her toward him so that the keys at her belt jangled and clashed.

"This is preposterous!" she exclaimed.

"Not so preposterous as you think. But what's your first name?"

TRAQUAIR FOUND McTAVISH SMOKING A THICK LONDON CIGARETTE UPON THE STEPS OF THE SIDE ENTRANCE.

"Good heavens—when?"

"Now."

"But I don't want to see her *now*."

"But you told me"—Miss MacNish looked thoroughly puzzled—"you told me just what you were going to say to her. You said it was all predestined."

"Miss MacNish, it was not Miss McTavish I was thinking of—I'm sure it wasn't. It was you."

"Are you proposing to me?" she asked.

"Of course I am. Come into the garden—I can't talk on these steps, right on top of a gravel walk with a distant vista of three gardeners and a cartful of sand."

"I must say," said Miss MacNish, "that this is the suddenest thing that ever happened to me."

"But you said you believed in love at first sight," McTavish explained. "You knew yesterday what had happened to me—don't say you didn't, because I saw you smiling to yourself. You might come into the garden and let me say my say."

She didn't budge.

"Very well then. I will make a scene—right here—a terrible scene." He caught

"I think I haven't any at the moment."

"Don't be ridiculous. There — there — — "

She tore her hands from him and struck at him wildly. But he ducked like a trained boxer.

"With everybody looking!" she cried, crimson with mortification.

"I had a cable," he said, "calling me back to America. That is why I have to hurry over the preliminaries."

"The preliminaries," she cried, almost in tears. "Do you know who I am that you treat me like a barmaid?"

"Ladies," said McTavish, "who masquerade as housekeepers ought to know what to expect."

Her face was a blank of astonishment. "Traquair told," she said indignantly. "Wait till I——"

"No," said McTavish; "the porter at Brig O'Dread told. He said that you yourself would show me the chapel. He said not to be surprised if you pretended to be some one else. He said you had done that kind of thing before. He seemed nettled about something."

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In spite of herself Miss McTavish laughed. "I told him," she said, "that if you crossed my hand with silver, I would give it to him; but if you crossed my hand with gold, I would keep it for myself. That made him furious, and he slammed the door when he left. So you knew all along?"

"Yes—Mrs. Nevis MacNish McTavish, I did; and when you had the faint spell in the chapel, I almost proposed then. I tell you, your voice and your face, and the way you walked—oh, they did for this young man on the spot! Do you know how much hunger and longing and loving can be crowded into a few days? I do. You think I am in a hurry? It seems to me as if there'd been millions of years of slow waiting."

"I have certainly played the fool," said Miss McTavish, "and I suppose I have let myself in for this." Her voice was gentler. "Do you know, too, why I turned white in the chapel?"

"Yes," he said, "I know that."

"Traquair told you."

"Yes."

"And if you hadn't liked me this way, would you have turned me out of house and home?"

He drew her hand through his arm, and they crossed the gravel path into the garden. "What do *you* think?" he asked.

"I think—no," said she.

"Thank you," said he. "Do you read Tennyson?"

"No," said she, "Burns."

McTavish sighed helplessly. Then a light of mischief came into his eye. "As *Burns* says," said he:

> "'If you are not the heiress born,
> And I,' said he, 'the lawful heir,
> We two will wed to-morrow morn,
> And you shall still be Lady Clare.'"

"I love every word Burns wrote," she said enthusiastically, and McTavish, though successful, was ashamed.

"McTavish," she said, "the other day, when I felt that I had to get here before you, I promised my driver ten pounds if he beat your car."

"Yes," said McTavish, "I guessed what was up, and told my man to go slower. It wasn't the psychological moment for either of us to break our necks, was it?"

"No; but I promised the man ten pound, McTavish—and I hav'na got it."

"Ten pounds ought to have a certain purchasing power," said he.

"Then shut your eyes," she commanded.

"And after all," she said, "you'll be *The* McTavish, won't you?"

"I will not," he said. "Do you think I'm going to take you back to America with me Saturday, and have all my friends in New York point their fingers at me, and call me—*The?*"

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HOW THIEVES LIVE

By CHARLES SOMERVILLE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Charles Somerville, as criminal reporter for the New York Journal, *has attended most of the celebrated trials of the past ten years. In this capacity he became acquainted with the personalities and habits of crooks generally, and was moved to study something of their home and social lives. In the following article he tells how human they really are.*

WERE you gifted with the startling possession of all-seeing eyes, and had you the fancy to gaze into the "underworld"—to see its people, not as they flee from the law's pursuit, nor as they are haled to its bar of justice, nor yet as they labor, gaunt-eyed, in the big prisons; but rather to see these strange people as they live at leisure and in their little intervals of security and freedom—the thieves, swindlers, burglars, forgers, pickpockets, highwaymen, and all the others of the evil clan—had you such power and such fancy, I wonder—I wonder what you think you'd find?

I wonder if you take the word "underworld" quite literally and make it paint for your imagination the picture, in all big centers of population, of a vast, subterranean warren where are huge huddles of vicious-eyed, queer-countenanced, desperate-hearted creatures who skulk and hide in the dank darkness by day and come forth white-faced in the night to prowl and plunder and destroy.

This is, indeed, a popular picture with those goodly folk whose own lives, honest and fair, keep them agreeably far from any knowledge of how the "bad people" really live.

The fact is that the underworld has no separate topography. It moves constantly at the elbow of respectability. Its infamous aristocrats are ever in the haunts of fashion, and its low-browed, humble toilers in the crooked lanes are living cheek by jowl with the decent poor.

This is what your all-seeing eyes could surely show you of the underworld; and more startling still, perhaps, might be the discovery that its inhabitants are not so altogether different from you and me. More willful in their weaknesses, certainly, they are; more hysterical in their hilarities; blinder in their loves and bitterer in their hatreds; supinely subject to all emotions, good or bad, undoubtedly.

But—I remember so well the first time I saw a burglar in flesh and blood. His black mask was off, his revolver was in the possession of the police; he had just been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and was saying good-by to his wife and three little children. He was wholly like any other grief-stricken human being. His sob was the same. He was a sandy-haired man with rather large, foolish blue eyes. It was hard to imagine those same large, blue eyes looking very terrible, even behind a black mask.

Your view of the underworld would show, further, that in the class divisions of its population it is the same as your world; it has its champagne swindlers, its fairly well-to-do, and its abjectly poor; its palaces, its comfortable homes, and its hovels; its Prince Formosa, and his company of elegant card sharps, with their complement of forty trunks, three valets, two maids, and living expenses, at the St. Regis Hotel, of $400 a day; its pickpocket who, in the Tombs, facing certain conviction, told me sorrowfully it was not the prison term ahead that worried him, but the fact that his arrest and conviction would mean the lapse in monthly payments on his pretty little suburban home. And, finally, it has such as Shang Campbell—poor Shang!

A word of pity is not amiss, for Shang died a year or so ago while trying to be honest. At the age of seventy-two Shang announced his reformation. He had never been highly successful at his chosen calling of burglarizing houses. Almost always he was caught. For all that, he devoted more than half a century to his black mask and his jimmy, and his announcement of reform was a surprise. He had not "got religion," nor had any other

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kind of moral wave hit him. Shang said he was going to quit being a burglar because he was old and his teeth were becoming so poor that he could no longer eat the prison food. His desertion from the criminal ranks was the most complete that the underworld had ever known. He became a night-watchman; and Fate played him a pretty trick by dealing him a death-dose of pneumonia while he was faithfully patrolling his post outside some unfinished buildings on a bleak night in February.

THREE VALETS—FORTY TRUNKS

Well, old Shang, who died in honesty, has a very respectable grave, with a headstone placed there by his law-abiding, industrious children. And from this modest slab of granite we may turn to contemplate the luxurious Prince Formosa and his friends.

Crooks *de luxe* are the members of this crew. The watering places of England, the baths of Germany, the hotels of Monte Carlo and Italy, the tourist headquarters of the Orient have known them in all their ease and elegance—the little prince with his black curly hair, his expressive black eyes, and womanishly delicate hands, whose agile fingers do such marvelously tricky things with the cards; the stalwart Baron von Hoenig with his Heidelberg scars, the stately baroness with her "grand manner," and the long, lean, languid Captain Montagu Newton of the "British Imperial Hussars."

America alone remained a mine for their exploitation. And a most sordid mishap put the "noble" campaigners to flight when they were here about three years ago. They had met a millionaire of Albany, New York, in Calcutta. He had yielded $60,000. And whether he suspected his aristocratic acquaintances or not, he seems to have acquiesced cheerfully in the operation. In spite of his million, the man was too uncouth for Albany's society. So he invited this princely party to visit him in America, thinking perhaps that with them in his train he might see certain sealed society portals opening.

Whatever the idea, the Prince Formosa and his three friends arrived in America. An automobile engaged by wireless was waiting at the pier for them. Three Japanese valets and a maid looked after forty trunks while the prince and his party were taken to the St. Regis. There a suite of twelve rooms was deemed necessary by the prince for their proper accommodation. When it came to dining, the chef was called to the apartments for a consultation, and received orders for specially cooked delicacies. Only one evening did the party sit on view in the general dining rooms. Madame the baroness voted the orchestra annoying. Thereafter, all meals were served in the prince's apartments.

In the week that the Formosa quartet spent at the St. Regis, Baroness von Hoenig appeared in not less than thirty gowns. She wore superb jewelry. The men were punctilious in the matter of their attire. No acquaintances were sought. The royal party was intent on making an impression.

Then the wife of Captain Montagu Newton found him. Some three years before, Captain Newton, not then attached to the prince's suite, had been in America. While here he married. His bride was the sister-in-law of a well-known American financier. After a few months the captain disappeared. He had gone to the Orient, where he met the prince.

THE GREAT RING OF THE VON HOENIGS

The deserted wife saw the lithe and languid Newton as he alighted from an automobile in front of the St. Regis. He saw her, too. He made excellent use of his long legs and got out of her sight. He removed his belongings that afternoon to a lodging house in West Twenty-ninth Street. There the indignant woman traced him, and in the early morning she came with a detective who had a warrant. Newton was in his room, but he "sat tight" within until the detective knocked the door down.

His wife denounced him roundly.

"My dear," he remonstrated with a slight lift of his eyebrows as he twirled a tassel of his vivid purple bath robe, "you were always such an excitable person."

Captain Newton kept his wife and the police official waiting twenty minutes while from his thirteen trunks he made a choice of the attire in which he would appear in court.

"My dear sir," said he to the magistrate, "how can I possibly contribute to my wife's support? My only income is a salary of ten dollars a week that I believe I'm to be paid as the head of some sort of corporation—some little scheme of friends of mine. I really know nothing at all of it myself. And I've never received the salary as yet, either, my dear sir."

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The man with the thirteen trunks full of clothing was, however, ordered to pay his wife five dollars a week, and further ordered to give bond for that amount for a year. Captain Newton, having only a few dollars in his pockets, sent for the baron, who arrived in great excitement.

"The prince is away for the day. He makes the handling of all the money, but—but, my friend, you shall not in the jail be kept!" he assured Newton. "See—the great ring of the von Hoenigs! With it to the pawn-shop see me go!"

He displayed a heavily mounted ruby of an extraordinary size. Engraved in the stone was a coat of arms. And it is a fact that the pawnbroker readily advanced $800 for it. Back came the baron, the bond was duly drawn up, the cash deposited, and the baron took the captain again to the St. Regis.

The baron's ring was redeemed from the pawn-shop the next day, but the newspapers paid so much attention to the foreigners that they departed for Canada. The notoriety had not helped them with the Albany millionaire. His invitation cooled to zero. They left Quebec for Europe, and somewhere to-day, with their valets, maids, and forty trunks, they are doubtless, amid luxurious surroundings, having gentlemanly games of cards that net them riches.

In all sincerity von Hoenig said to one who knew his "graft": "Why, my dear fellow, what is a gentleman with estates of the family down-broken to do? There is not life for the baroness and myself at less than $100,000 a year—have belief in it what I make to tell you."

FROM DRUG STORE TO PALACE

In West Seventy-second Street, near Riverside Drive, New York, a little army of decorators and other workers labored on the interior of a brown stone mansion. Rare woods, panels designed by noted artists, ceilings and walls treated with the most delicate artistry were some of the results. Every bed-chamber had a bath room finished in Italian marble or onyx.

The apartments of the master of the house included a miniature Turkish bath establishment in marble. There was even a green-plush barber chair. There were twenty-five servants in the retinue of the man and woman who occupied the mansion. The man himself had as many valets as a king—at least four. One attended solely to his wardrobe of hundreds of suits of clothes. Another had particular charge of his linen. Another was an expert barber and masseur. And the fourth was a general utility man.

The man himself was big and very good looking. A few years before he had been pounding a pestle into a mortar in a New Hampshire drug store. But he had turned from his prescription counter in absolute disgust. He came to New York with a few thousand dollars, and his own autobiography would have to tell just how he began his career.

CAN A MAN STEAL FROM HIS WIFE?

But, after a while, at any rate, this man, Tewksbury by name, instead of a sign in front of a drug store in a little New Hampshire town, had a gold-lettered sign on the doors of handsomely furnished offices in lower Broadway, and there he conducted a bucket shop. And there he made men see financial mirages. Meanwhile he lived as few princes can afford to live, and entertained with an extravagance with which few princes perhaps would have been pleased to entertain. For his methods were decidedly flamboyant. At his dinners there were sometimes too many flowers banked and massed in the room, so that the fragrance was stifling; the waiters popped the champagne corks too loudly; the guests talked too noisily, and there was, all in all, much splendor with little harmony.

One day Tewksbury's wife—the widow of a former partner in some one of his dream concerns—appeared at breakfast and found no husband in his usual place at the head of the table. His valets were called. They did not know when the master had left the house, but he was gone. He never came back. The wife passed from anxiety to rage. Her first husband had left her $125,000. He had told her to trust Tewksbury. He had died believing in Tewksbury. But Tewksbury had gone. Too many claims had pressed on him at once, and in his jugglery of schemes he found that here and there he had made a miscalculation. Tewksbury went to Mexico, and his creditors assembled and found to their gloom that he owed them about $400,000.

The best hotel in Mexico City became Tewksbury's home for a time. Then he went

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to London, and within two years of his flight from New York he returned to the United States—to Philadelphia. Here his wife had him arrested on a charge of grand larceny. She declared that he had caused her to give him her fortune of $125,000 on false pretenses. But a pretty question of law which demanded to know if a husband could under any circumstances be accused of stealing from his wife, was interposed to the advantage and salvation of the adventurer.

A PRINCESS OF THE UNDERWORLD

"Chicago Kate," wearing a lace opera coat worth not less than $2,500, with sparkling jewels on her fingers, at her throat, and in her ears, sat at a table with two escorts in a fashionable restaurant on a night not many months ago, and smiled with sweet insolence at an assistant district attorney of New York, sitting a few tables away. "Chicago Kate," who, in cruder days, was a shoplifter, had sobbed in the presence of this same official on an occasion when it was clear that he was in full possession of evidence of her guilt.

But "Chicago Kate" has since become a princess of the underworld. Her scheme now is so fine that it readily slips through the meshes of the law's net. The woman leases a house in West Thirty-third Street, very near the Waldorf-Astoria. She and her husband make five or six trips a year to Europe on the big liners. They make acquaintances readily. The woman, with an acute adaptability, has learned the modulation of voice and niceties of speech of the cultured. And if her companion is somewhat cruder in his demeanor, it is readily excused by the explanation that he is a self-made man of wealth. There is absolutely nothing in their conduct on shipboard to hint at the trap that they are laying for their chance acquaintances.

These acquaintances, on parting from "Chicago Kate" and her husband, receive a cordial invitation to dine in the West Thirty-third Street house. The favorable impression made by the couple is enhanced in the minds of the victims when they come to dine. The dinner proves most excellent; the wines are fine; the appointments without flaw. Even as "Chicago Kate" has learned the refinements of bearing, so also she has cunningly learned the refinements of surroundings. The first visit of the victim is likely to end without special incident. He finds himself the recipient of a most gracious hospitality. He is even taken to his hotel in a motor cab furnished by his host. Naturally a second invitation is readily accepted.

On this occasion "Chicago Kate" will bring up as a subject of conversation the former occupants of the house.

"Do you know," she will say to her visitor, "that this was formerly a very famous gambling resort? When we first moved into the house my husband, in rummaging about in odd corners, discovered a roulette wheel. We have never tried to set it up, but I have often thought some night we might. It would be quite like having Monte Carlo in one's own home, wouldn't it?"

To which the guest naturally nods ready assent, and soon a game starts—and soon the man is depleted of thousands of dollars, and the natural result is that he seeks "satisfaction" and returns again and again. Some victims have lost as much as $50,000 to "Chicago Kate." The police have been for a long time anxious to raid the house, but they have never been armed with evidence sufficient to warrant their using picks, axes, and crow bars to expose the luxurious gaming den.

WHERE IS ABE HUMMEL?

These incidents in the lives of the aristocrats of the "bad people" offer little moral to show that the way of the transgressor is hard. Such cases, however, are exceptional. And even these astoundingly clever ones live in the perpetual consciousness that the great, severe eye of the law is constantly watching them, and that they must never permit themselves the easy freedom of a careless action. They live always with only a hair-line barrier between themselves and prison cells.

How true this is, may be shown by the case of Abe Hummel. Here was a curious little man who spent his whole life seeking out loopholes in the law for clients and sometimes for himself. In point of comforts he enjoyed life. He was to be seen at every theatrical first night, in good clubs, in fine restaurants, in all manner of fashionable resorts. Men noted for their wealth or famous for artistic achievements were seen in his company. But it was largely because they were afraid of this strange little creature

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—this man with the tiny feet and the body and hands of a child, with a big, man's size bald head, a large, hawk nose, and sharp gray eyes that fairly glittered with cunning. At first nights, when he appeared, correct in his evening attire, bowing to right and left among the box parties, many a man returned his salutation courteously who would rather have choked the breath out of him. The vaults in his office were reported to be the archives of all the scandal in New York. His offices were thronged with adventuresses seeking to mulct the wealthy. And as many men and women as any one hundred clergymen had joined together, Abe Hummel, with tricks of the law, and with tricks outside the law, had put asunder—for the money there was in it.

STRIPES AND SILK UNDERWEAR

But like the chemist who grows careless in handling explosives, like the physician who comes in time to be a victim of drugs, Abe Hummel became contemptuous of the law in which he had found so many weaknesses for so many years. This is the only possible explanation for his being so absolutely and irrevocably caught in the matter of procuring false affidavits in the Dodge-Morse conspiracy. He went to Blackwell's Island; he had to wear stripes, though he wore silk underwear and hosiery beneath them. He played sick, worming out of the task of trundling a wheelbarrow with loaves of bread from the bakery to the dining tables. He was constantly petitioning for pardon because he was dying. But he got out of jail some time ago, and now one hears of his quite shamelessly appearing at the European resorts, eager for their gayeties.

For these silk-stockinged marauders the burglar, the pickpocket, the sneak thief, and the highwayman, while they may feel hidden admiration, openly show only a resentment amounting to contempt. They think that the upper-class criminal plays the game without sharing the risks—without the same likelihood of arrest and imprisonment; without the danger of the policeman's club, the householder's bullet, and the other physical perils attendant on the commission of the common kinds of crime. It is, after all, the inherent resentment of the inferior toward the superior in all human life, this feeling of the criminals who work with weapons against those who work with their wits; of those who must use sand-bag and steel against those who plunder by ingenious strategy.

PRESENTS FROM A THIEF

The ordinary thief neither likes nor attempts to defend his business. He is not glib with anarchistic arguments to justify himself. He rarely indulges in any self-analysis. He has not the egotism to assert that the world's idea of morals is wrong. He admits that *he* is wrong. At the theatre you do not find him cheering the villain in the play. The low-browed, sand-bagging thug will applaud virtue and weep over good people's wrongs; he is happy when the wrongfully accused hero is exonerated, and claps vigorously when the handcuffs are slipped on the villain's wrists. And the burglar is quite capable of shuddering over just such crimes as he has committed himself—when the perpetrator is somebody else.

Indeed, the thief in the community is very much like the boy whose meanness or ruffianism has caused the other little children to band together to ostracize him. He may move about with a sullen swagger, carry a chip on his shoulder and a vicious gleam in his eyes, but there is always a sob in his throat. So the thief is longing and aching to get back in the circle out of which he has been ruled. If any honest man wants to meet lively gratitude, let him knowingly give the countenance of his company to a crook. It will be a favor never forgotten. Every lawyer practicing at the criminal bar knows this. One very well-known practitioner of genial personality and large tolerance occasionally takes a client to dinner at a good restaurant or braves an appearance with him at a theatre. There have been embarrassing results, due to the criminal's gratitude.

"After one of these evenings," the lawyer laughingly told me, "I'm kept for days dodging and returning presents sent by the crook—watches, scarfpins, cuff links, now and then a valuable painting or a Persian rug—all belonging to somebody else."

The middle-class crooks live in an enforced gypsydom—most of them, especially sneak-thieves and pickpockets. Their peculiar trade requires them to follow big public events, to seek places where the hotels are in crowded confusion and the streets are thronged. This stratum of criminals is not to be confused with the disciples of Johnny Yegg of Chicago, sometime burglar, some-

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time tramp. The yeggmen "beat" the freights and camp in rural spots, stealing their provender from the truck gardens and barnyards; but the thieves of this other class travel in the coaches of the regular passenger trains, and in the parlor cars, too. They stop at good hotels.

Seventy-five per cent. of the pickpockets of the country, for instance, followed Evans's fleet along the Pacific coast, reaping their illicit harvest of watches and small jewelry and money from the welcoming crowds in the cities that the fleet visited. The vulturous drove went next to Chicago and then to Denver. These migrations are well known to the police. To the Easter parade at Atlantic City, the inaugurations at Washington, or to any other event at which huge crowds are present, the police of all the large cities send one or more of their most experienced detectives to aid the local police in making arrests.

It is the custom of this type of crook to commit no crime in the community in which he lives. He is very anxious to keep his home—his wife, children, younger brothers, and parents—free of all contamination from his lawless life. When he gets to his home city, he presents himself at police headquarters, reports his presence and his address, and gives assurance that his only intention is to enjoy a peaceful vacation at his own fireside.

THE CRIMINAL AND HIS FAMILY

He never violates this agreement. For he knows that if he does, not only will his family be shamed, but all semblance of liberty will have gone from his life forever. Unless under some such truce, the marked criminal never has full social freedom, not even after he has duly served his prison term and the jail gates are opened for him to go forth. The departure of a criminal is noted by police authorities, his arrival in the big cities is watched for. In New York, for example, a known criminal may not seek the entertainment of a theatre, attend a public meeting, or go to a race track, or any other recreation park. For there is the absolute certainty of discovery and humiliating ejection, if not even arrest on suspicion.

In his home the typical criminal is sentimental toward his family; he is abjectly indulgent with his children, to whom he may not leave the heritage of a decent name, and who, he knows, are often made to share the social ostracism that he himself finds so bitter. If possible, he conceals from those at home the ugly character of his business.

THE THIEF'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

The number of wives who have lived for years in the belief that their pickpocket, burglarizing husbands were traveling salesmen is, as shown by the court records made when discovery came, positively legion. For twenty years a certain male shoplifter had eluded not only capture, but even suspicion. His well-furnished apartment in the upper west side of New York City—in a neighborhood of the highest respectability—had known him as a tenant for more than fifteen years. Every one of the pretty ornaments in the home had been filched. The great rolls of silks that he brought home from time to time aroused no suspicion in his wife's mind, for she understood that he was a buyer for a large drygoods house. His trips away from home, when he disposed of his goods in distant cities, were all accounted for by the same explanation. The man was very fond of children, and planned a big Christmas party to which his two young sons were to invite their friends, big and little. He was arrested while attempting to steal toys which were to have been gifts from his children to their playmates.

It is the low-browed, thick-necked, strong-armed highwayman, the nerve-broken thief, and the clumsy pickpocket—the stupid and incompetent among the lawless—that are found in the slums of the underworld. The active, prosperous thief would as much scorn to make a resort of the Bowery rookeries as you would. But, as a rule, it takes only two prison terms to destroy a thief's "nerve." In spite of himself, he has to acknowledge that the grind of prison discipline has made him furtive and timid; the fact that he has been caught and punished has destroyed his confidence in his "slickness." Thereafter he commits only the pettiest of crimes, where there are the least chances of detection, and then goes to the nearest opium joint to gain respite from the jangling of his nerves and the bitterness of his life. If, when such times come in his life, his children have grown up and are able to care for the home, he is generally capable of the sacrifice of deserting it himself and joining the other outcasts in the wretched dives.

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Yet, as I have said, these cruder criminals, like the aristocracy, have no separate haunts. I venture to speak only for New York City in making this statement. Certainly in the slums of New York there is no segregation of criminals—no marked district where they colonize. With the day laborer, the unskilled mechanic, the berthless sailor, the harmless drunkards and drug fiends, the impoverished Jews and Italians—the criminals have their homes in the dim tenement rooms and lodging houses, living lives too immoral and sordid to warrant description in these pages.

THE OLD FIVE POINTS

In the simpler days of the metropolis, when there was no such complexity of localities, there were well-known resorts of criminals, clearly stamped warrens of the underworld. A park now occupies the site where once the Five Points clutter of tenements stood. This was veritably a huge den of thieves; the buildings were strangely honeycombed with connecting doors and tunneled cellars, and for a long time the houses stood as a symbol of defeat and chagrin to the police, for once the criminal made the doorway of one of these houses, further pursuit was useless.

There were also established thieves' boarding houses, usually conducted by a receiver of stolen goods. Lodging, food, and drink were hospitably supplied to released convicts and other crooks in the interims of their "jobs." Some of these houses contained pool tables, chess and checker boards, roulette wheels, and card tables—all the appurtenances of a club. Three such organizations existed some fifteen years ago, but under the directorship of Byrnes they were repeatedly raided, and finally disintegrated completely. As it is now, the under dogs of the underworld live where they may—scattered, without organization, clan, or aught but chance association.

It is a curious fact—one all at variance with the doctrines of heredity, but borne out by police records—that the children of crooks, of all classes, rarely turn out to be crooks themselves. Deeper study of the subject might reveal that they are possessed of the criminal instincts, but that the tragically close example of the punishment and wretchedness that attend a criminal career has been a terrifying deterrent. The fact, at any rate, remains. The "Rogues' Galleries" of Scotland Yard, New York, and Chicago may be studied in vain for the photographs of a father and a son.

Criminals are ever alert to keep their children from adopting similar lives. The rage of old, ugly "Mother" Mandelbaum, the famous receiver of stolen goods, was frightful when she found that her daughter, whom she had been at unstinted expense to educate, had secretly married "Sammy, the Jew"—Koehler, a thief with whom the old criminal had long traded. She disinherited the girl, and a flock of relations were the beneficiaries of her ill-gotten money. In her Chatham Square headquarters "Mother" Mandelbaum maintained a room where thieves could smoke and drink, but she felled with a bronze lamp a pickpocket who attempted one night to invade the private parlor where she was overseeing her daughter's French studies.

A famous confidence man and burglar whose son had been arrested on suspicion of looting a bank, appeared before the chief of police of New York City. He had the highest-priced criminal lawyer in the city with him.

WAS THE POLICE CHIEF AFRAID?

"You have simply arrested my boy because he bears my name and you think you can get credit for a big capture by railroading the kid," stormed the criminal at the astounded police head. "Well, you can't do it. I've got Charlie Brooks as the boy's lawyer, and maybe that's enough. But I know what you can do if you try, so I just want to tell you that if I don't meet my kid at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway at four o'clock two weeks from today, I'll be down here and blow out your brains."

The old criminal was placed under arrest there and then. The charge was "threatening to kill." But in order to press it successfully, it was necessary for the police chief to swear that he was afraid for his life. With a stare of contempt at the man at the bar, he refused to do this. The presiding judge then told the criminal that he must leave town—that if he was not out of town in an hour, he would be sent to prison as a vagrant. But old police reporters in Mulberry Street can tell you that at the appointed time at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broad-

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way, the old criminal shook hands with his liberated son.

A most notorious swindler was overheard taking his son severely to task for the non-payment of a tailor's bill.

"What sort of a man do you think you are going to turn out to be if you cheat your tradespeople!" said this stern father. The lad was greatly confused. For he knew full well that his father got money by all manner of skillfully planned crookedness; that, in fact, the family—father, mother, and son—were at that moment staying at a luxurious hotel in a famous summer resort on the proceeds of the last affair. But he also knew that his father was absolutely punctilious in discharging the small obligations of life.

This same old man, because of a quaint humor, a handsome personal appearance, and a genuine sociability, could hold acquaintances even after they came to know his true character. Nothing pleased him more than to act as host at a dinner, and I have seen at his board journalists, actors, a French diplomat, and a United States marshal. Also I once met there a polite burglar who, I was told quite frankly, was a cracksman, and "so expert," said the old gentleman, "that although he has broken at least one hundred and fifty safes, he has broken stone only once."

A BURGLAR AT DINNER

But the burglar, a tall, slender, smooth-shaven, smiling, and very well-dressed man with fine, long hands that might have served a *virtuoso* of the pianoforte, shook his head.

"That once was an awful thing, though," he said. "I'm retired and living in New Rochelle. But you never can get away from the old days. I'm expecting every day that my neighbors will find me out, and it's very pleasant up there and—and my wife doesn't know anything—isn't wise to me, you know."

For every criminal who ends his days in comparative comfort supplied by the earnings of honest, affectionate children or through profits saved from his game, there are five hundred, at least, who die in the prison hospital wards or in dirty lodging houses. Time wars as mercilessly on them as the law. The pickpocket whose hand has grown unsteady is as bereft as a navigator who has gone blind. As age and prison life and dissipations do their work, the crook is hopelessly beaten. His times between imprisonments grow shorter. He takes his little freedom as a mere vacation from prison labor and, like an animal bursting from restraint, goes wild with the excitement of it and dies in debauchery or in the desolation that follows.

THE VANITY OF CRIMINALS

Criminologists speak of the braggart vanity of the criminal. It is true of erotic offenders, perhaps. But the thief will tell of the number of times he has fooled the police merely by way of self-justification. He admits the premise that he was a fool ever to become a criminal, and he recounts his triumphs only to indicate to you that, at least, he is not an absolute idiot.

Also, criminologists point out the childish vanity of the criminal who bedecks his person with jewels when he is prosperous. In this the criminal is no vainer than his honest brother. But jewels are about the only sort of property that he can safely possess, as was the case with the Jews in the old days when they were the driven race. The criminal may not with any safety become a bank depositor, and he is usually too much of a spendthrift to carry a roll of cash; but he finds that if he is arrested and can show some handsome diamond ornaments and a valuable watch, he will have no difficulty in securing a good lawyer and a bondsman, and will have a fighting chance for acquittal at his trial.

But always, be it understood, the crook is peering into the windows of the House of Respectability with wistful eyes. Al Adams, with more than a million dollars earned from his despicable policy gambling, which robbed children of their pennies and caused starvation in tenement homes, found himself an enforced hermit in a crowded city. Even his family did not live with him. In a suite of rooms at the Ansonia, with a Japanese servant who had no personal feeling for him, the man lived alone. He craved human association. Sometimes he got it on false pretenses from chance acquaintances. But he would shortly be identified, and again there was only utter loneliness for him. He shot himself dead.

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SHE DROPPED HER ARMS ON THE CORNER OF THE LOW MANTELPIECE, A DUMB AND SHROUDED FIGURE.

THE WIFE

By MARY STEWART CUTTING

Author of "Little Stories of Married Life," "The Wayfarers," etc.

Illustrations by Gale Hoskins

THAT'S Mrs. Ray—the smaller one, with dark hair and the short-waisted pink Empire gown—she's standing directly under the chandelier, laughing. She looks pretty now, when she shows her dimples, but those straight eyebrows and that square chin give her a very—*decided* expression when her face is in repose. I don't often speak to her; sometimes she knows you, and sometimes she doesn't—it's a manner that stands very much in her way with getting pupils, I've heard, though she has such a fine voice. *Would* you think she'd want to be here to-night, with all that in the evening papers about her husband, and the divorce, and his marrying that woman to-day the minute it was granted? Everybody's pictures were in the *Flare!*"

The speaker was Mrs. Veen, a thin, sharp woman in billowy white satin flounces, and a large amethyst necklace with enormous pendants like pagodas on her lean neck; she took surreptitious glances over them at the attire of her companion, while the curious gaze of the latter was focused on Mrs. Ray. Mrs. Stollway was fresh-colored and short and plump. At these receptions of the Conservatory pupils the costumes were apt to be varied; Mrs. Stollway wore a high, brown silk, made by the dressmaker in her native up-state town;

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it seemed to have a plumpness of its own irrespective of the figure of its satisfied wearer. She turned around now to ask:

"*She* didn't get the divorce, did she?"

Mrs. Veen shook her head, unmindful of a large woman dressed in plaid, who was leaning over on the other side, patently striving to catch every word.

"No; she's principled against divorce—not that she didn't have *cause* enough, goodness knows! How she could have endured all she did I can't see—there seemed a lack of refinement about it to me. He went away two years ago, but of course he might have come back at any time. I always heard that she was crazy about him when they were married; that was eight years ago. Of course, he was very handsome and talented; you couldn't help knowing when he was around, *but*—" Mrs. Veen's tone was expressive. She paused momentarily to control her disgust. "He got the divorce, for desertion! There's never been a *breath* against her; but you can get a divorce for anything out West where he is. That man behind her is Grant McIlroy, her lawyer; his sister's devoted to Mrs. Ray. I shouldn't wonder if now——"

Esther Ray—in her pink chiffon, her small head held high on her round, white throat, the light from the chandelier above shining in her upturned, lustrous eyes and on her round white arms, which still had a sort of babyishness in their soft curves—Esther knew, while she talked gayly to the group around her, that everybody out of earshot was saying the same things, wondering how she could meet the gaze of the world to-night, and wondering if, now that she was legally free, she would marry Grant. Nobody knew that the bravery which was one of her undoubted characteristics, and for which she was always being praised—the bravery of earning her own livelihood, of living alone, of helping others, the bravery of being consistently cheerful, proudly silent as to her own affairs—that this had failed her to-night. She had come out to the mixed assemblage of the *musicale* because she hadn't had the courage to stay at home and face the knowledge that in deed and in truth, she was no longer a wife; it gave her a strange sensation of lost identity, of having no place in the world. She herself had sent Stanley away, two years ago; she had refused to live with him longer, unless— All these months, even while she dallied with the prospect of an imagined freedom, which her friends coveted for her, she knew now that she had been hoping, hoping that in spite of everything— What was it that she had hoped? It was all at an end.

"Don't you want to sit down somewhere with me? Victor is going to sing."

It was Grant's kind voice; as usual, he was near her whenever she needed help.

"Why, thank you; that's just what I'd like," she answered at once. The downright expression that characterized her face was matched by a sort of downright frankness of good-fellowship in her manner, such as a woman may have who has grown up in friendly usual companionship with boys and men. But this cheerful downrightness and good-fellowship impressed one after a while as masking some mysterious depth of melancholy, as if under her decision there lurked uncertainty, under her assured brusqueness the natural tremulousness of a woman, as the darkness of a pool may show itself through the sunlight. She smiled frankly at Grant now, moving away with him to a chair by a group of palms, where she could look, half unseen, down the long room.

There was no chair for Grant, but he stood beside her, where she could talk to him or not, as she chose. He was one of those men, of rather commonplace appearance, who achieve a peculiar distinction by a quality of unobtrusive consideration for others,—a quality made up in Grant's case from quick observation, an extremely kind heart, and almost faultless tact. There was no society in which he was not welcomed, though he was too busy to go out a great deal; to find Grant unexpectedly of a party always gave a heart-warming surprise. Both men and women of the most varying kinds spoke of him with proprietary affection—he seemed to be the particular discovery of each person who liked him. He was never in the remotest degree subservient, but so delicately subordinate was his own personality, as a rule, that it gave Esther a slight shock to feel some indescribable change in him: in spite of his usual quietly controlling will, there was an eagerness in his eyes, a warmth in his manner; in the very way in which he leaned toward her there was some new, possessive recognition of her.

In all the time in which he had attended to her affairs there had been no word or look that spoke of him as anything but a friend—a dear and tender friend, but, scrupulously, no more; if she had known that he

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SHE COULD NOT LOOK BACK INTO THE ROOM WHERE A WOMAN KNELT BY THE OPEN WINDOW, HER CHEEK ON THE FREEZING SILL.

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cared for her in any other way, it was only as women do know such things, counting on what they do not wish to recognize. The slight shock she experienced now had in it a quick sense of resentment, which she quenched as quickly. Why should he not show her openly that he loved her? He had a right to show it if he wanted to; there was nothing in the way, there was no suspicion of insult—she was no longer a wife.

Esther, sitting there with the palms for a background, with Grant standing in his proprietary attitude beside her, looked down the glittering length of the room lined with people, in which each face, as her eyes rested upon it, seemed to have been just averted from hers. Victor, at the piano, was singing something operatic, very difficult, and much too high for his voice, which, naturally a good baritone, was being "cultivated" far beyond its limits, with fell effect. Esther wished that he would stop; the voice grated on ears that had been tuned to the charming melody of Stanley's voice—for Stanley could sing! He did everything with a careless grace that fascinated. How long it had been before she could shake off the spell! They had been young when they married, beautifully, passionately in love. Even now she felt the glory of that morning of life, the joyous comradeship, the intimacy, the arrogance of their happiness! She could see Stanley's blue-black hair, his black eyes, his audacious lips, his boyish, willful, care-free expression, which could change so easily into hard obstinacy. His personality was so strong that he seemed more real now than all this roomful of people.

When had he begun to change? He was always restless, but after the baby had come —and gone!—things became gradually different; she had supposed, even while she agonized, that it was only a phase, that he would be again the Stanley whom she had married—next week or the week after. Man though he was, he had the brutal cruelty of the boy, who feels no hurt himself; there were nights when she was waiting for him to come home when she wept with a misery that seemed as if it must rend soul and body—she had cried too much! Yet, if he had a day, an hour, of his old self, he fascinated her still, until— Most people thought he had left her voluntarily; she alone knew that she had herself sent him away. What was the use of going back over all that now? Had she, for these two years, really been cherishing the hope that he would return to her, clean and whole? The remembrance of his face, black and lowering, when he left her, should have killed that idea—his perverseness would never brook coercion; that sent him inevitably in the other direction.

That he had sought for a divorce and married on the day on which he had obtained it, was, she knew, as much for a defiance to her as to please himself—it was like saying: Now see what you've done! Well, if he *could* do it—then it was entirely best this way. She must get some new hold on life for herself; that was the positive, necessary thing now.

The singer had ceased, amidst a buzz of conversation; a young man who was laughingly protesting against using his own light accomplishments was being forced down on the music stool; the next moment his rich, youthful tones were swelling through the room, gaining an instant silence of appreciation, though the song was a hackneyed one, which had lost its place among popular favorites six or seven years before.

"*Every morn I bring thee violets—*"

Esther rose blindly; she felt as if she would never reach the hall. It was Grant who gathered up her fan and scarf and went beside her through the room, talking gayly, as she dimly realized, to cover the abruptness of her exit.

"Do you want my sister to come to you?" he asked in a low voice as they reached the stairs, the lower steps of which were filled with couples who rose to give her way. But she was past speech; she could only shake her head as she fled upward to the cloakroom. The maids had left it unguarded, to serve at supper-time—the huddled heaps of hats and coats made vague, strange, crouching outlines in the gloom. Esther cowered down in a corner as the tempest overwhelmed her; she wept as one lost in that flood.

After a while she heard the hurried step of some one evidently seeking her. A soft hand touched her shoulder—a form sank down beside her, with both arms around her.

"Nelly!"

"Poor, *poor* darling, poor Esther! It was too much for you to come to-night. Put your head on my shoulder. Grant said you told him not to send me to you, but he did, after a while. You see, any one might come up and find you like this."

"I know, I know. I'm trying to stop—it will be over in a minute. I did not think myself so weak. It isn't that I care—any more

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—for *him*—that was over and done with long ago; it was only—that song—he—it brought back——"

"Yes, dear, yes." Nelly's warm cheek was pressed to the wet one of her friend. Beneath Nelly's gentleness was the hot, vindictive resentment that she always felt at any mention of Stanley Ray. "Thank Heaven! Esther's done with him now forever," she said to herself. After a moment she murmured:

"Don't you want to go home? Would you like to have me go with you?"

"Yes."

"Grant thought perhaps you would. He has the carriage ready by this time." Nelly was busy as she spoke, helping Esther to rise, putting her wrap around her. Every motion of Nelly's slender figure, seen by the shrouded light, was instinct with a brooding tenderness; her small oval face was eagerly pitying. Esther leaned toward her ministrations as a child might, all her usual dominance shattered into meekness. Nelly piloted her down the stairs, where the rising couples all had plates in their hands now.

It was Grant who helped his sister and Esther into the carriage; even in that brief moment his healing kindness seemed enveloping, something gratefully warm to a shivering spirit.

"Won't you come with us?" Esther asked.

"No; not to-night. By the way, I haven't told you that I've got to go away to-morrow. I sha'n't be back for two months. I'll come and see you then—the very first thing—if I may."

"Yes, do."

He put his hand over her gloved one in a comprehending, supporting clasp of farewell, and she impulsively clasped her other hand on top of his before he closed the carriage door.

It was like him, touchingly penetrative, to know that she would want only Nelly with her now—yes, she would want only Nelly—now, but afterward— The very gentleness of this temporary abnegation seemed to convey, with exaltation, the force of his love for her.

It was so strong that it was like an arresting current to memory. She drove along in the winter night. The air was cold but sparkling; the brilliant electric lights along the icy streets, the stir and bustle of the pleasure-seeking crowds, the crush of carriages and automobiles, the crisp clang of the trolley cars, and a queenly moon soaring high above, gave her a feeling that she had left that terrible, lonesome misery far behind. What was it that had overcome her so entirely? What she knew now she had known, virtually, for a long time. She sat up straight, with the accustomed downrightness in her eyes; she had a quick, unusual longing for Grant's presence, as if with him by her side now she might continue stimulated and unremembering. Yet, if he had been there, she would probably have felt again that queer sensation of revolt.

"Here we are already," said Nelly. "May I come in with you for a few minutes? It's early yet."

"I was hoping that you would," said Esther.

II

THE apartment, a narrow, oblique strip like a shelf, on the eleventh floor, tiny as it was, had a large outlook; it faced on a square that lay far below, filled with trees; through the window, before Esther pulled down the blind, one saw the broad expanse of the moon-filled sky above the park, and the arc light on a tower beyond.

"It's the one thing I mind—unlocking the door and coming in here by myself," said Esther. "I always leave the shades pulled up when I go out in the evening, so that the light from the tower will keep it from being stone-dark when I enter—*that* gives me the most frightful sensation! I feel for an instant as if I were actually alone on earth."

She laughed, but her bosom swelled as she spoke. She put the subject away from her with a gesture. "Take off your cloak, dear. I'm going to light up the gas logs; small as they are, they're better than nothing. There! And I'll make some tea. We've neither of us had anything this evening. I don't do much housekeeping, but I can manage that."

"I can stay only a few minutes."

"It won't take long." She caught up the folds and flounces of her pink chiffon and pinned them into a fluffy knot at one side, showing the silk petticoat and small, white-shod feet with piquant effect, as she went back and forth from the little kitchen. Her eyes and hair looked unusually dark, her cheeks were flushed—there was a sudden, excited brilliance about her. Yet there was that suggestion of the mood below the mood that was characteristic of Esther, and, despite the child like contour of her arms and her small, round figure, she had the unmistakable air of the married woman in distinction from Nelly,

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FOR A MOMENT ESTHER STOOD THERE TRANSFIGURED, WITH THAT LIGHT IN HER EYES AND ON HER LIPS.

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who, nearly as old as she, was as patently unmarried.

The apartment seemed extraordinarily at variance with the individuality of its owner, as Nelly, a natural home-maker, gazed around it. She had been there only once before; Esther had not encouraged visitors. Nelly felt overpoweringly the dulling, negative aspect of the place; she could not have stayed in it for twenty-four hours. Esther had lived there for over two years, and it still looked as if she had merely stopped for the night, on her way to somewhere beyond. There was a small oak table, a leather-covered lounge with one meager drab pillow, a drab "art square" on the floor, a couple of straight chairs besides the uncushioned one in which Nelly sat, and a trunk in the corner of the room. There was no hint, in books, or sewing-work, or arrangement, of homelike occupancy. The bedroom beyond seemed as bare, save for a few necessary toilet articles on the dressing table, among which stood a faded photograph of Stanley Ray, heavily framed in silver; and, hanging on the wall, a head in water colors of a lovely little boy—Esther's dead child.

To one who knew of Esther's color-loving temperament, her old enthusiasm for the fitnesses and luxuries of life—as shown still by her toilet, which, through all bodily and mental vicissitudes, was charmingly and even richly appointed—to one who knew this side of Esther's character, the aspect of the apartment spoke pathetically of a woman who, when she was alone at the end of her public day's work, had no energy to live up to anything, and whose weeks passed by unheeded while she still existed transitorily.

She unconsciously bore out this idea as she came in with the little tea-tray, looking around as she set it down on the table.

"I think I must bestir myself and begin to live like other people; I'll hire a piano—I've been doing all my practicing at the Conservatory—and have 'evenings.' That chair you're sitting in is horribly uncomfortable; I've lots of cushions and books and things in my boxes. I'll get them out this week. You take sugar and lemon, don't you?"

"Yes," said Nelly. She watched her friend's movements as she carefully poured the tea. There was a peculiar charm about Esther, which one didn't expect, when she was engaged in any material office for one's comfort; she seemed to bring all her intelligence to bear upon the service because it was for one she loved.

Nelly could not help saying, "I wish Grant were here!"

"Yes, I wish that, too. Why didn't he come, anyway? Oh, Nelly, he's done so many things—he's managed that I should be spared so much. I want to tell you—I can't tell him, I just choke up when I try to—what it has been to me, what it was just tonight, to feel that there was a man to stand between me and the world."

"That's where he wants to stand always, dear—between you and the world," said Nelly in a low voice.

The sharp color flooded Esther's face.

"Esther, you've known it was so. He couldn't speak before, but now— He's not rich, of course; I think it hurts him for the first time that he isn't; it takes so long really to get ahead in the law. He would like to give you everything on earth. If it weren't for mother and me, he'd have more."

"Nelly!"

"If you knew him as we do, how noble, how self-sacrificing he has been—how all his life, ever since he was a boy of fourteen, he has had to give up for other people—all the burdens he's had to carry—" Nelly stopped, with the tears in her eyes; through her own emotion she had a vague sense of his being slightly lessened in interest to Esther by her words. Abnegation is seldom a winning quality to a woman; it is not the man who gives up, but the man who compels, that is usually rewarded. She went on bravely: "But I don't think you'd lack for anything. He'd go without his overcoat to buy you slippers, and make you feel that he was all the warmer without it—he really *would* be warmer! And he's so *dear*—and so strong! He has such a way of making you laugh! If he had a house of his own, even if it was a small one, he'd be so happy that——"

"You'll be telling me next how he likes his egg boiled," said Esther defensively, as she set her cup down and leaned over with her elbows in her lap and her square chin resting in her hands, her eyes under their straight black brows looking into the thin yellow and blue flame of the gas logs.

"Esther!" said Nelly in a different voice. She took the plunge. "I know you will never speak of—*that man*—but this time *I* am going to speak! You have always said that you didn't believe in divorce, but you *are* divorced; you are free, in spite of yourself, now that he's married again. How you can be anything but *glad*—" Try as she

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might to speak coolly, the wonderment and contempt that she felt for any other point of view crept into her voice. "Why, *everybody* knew what you went through, every one knew what kind of a man he was—that the blame was all on his side."

"Oh!" said Esther, painfully, in a low voice. Her eyes had a sadness of introspection that seemed to set her very far off. "When you're married—as *we* were married!—nothing's ever '*all* on one side.' I didn't realize it when I should have realized—girls marry with such a self-centered view of life! No, dear, I won't belittle myself or my rightness of intention, but it's true that the fault wasn't all on one side—it's my greatest pain as well as my greatest comfort to see that now."

"And is it possible that after all ou've gone through—when he's actually married to-day—that you still care for him?" asked Nelly. She rose as she spoke, trembling with wrath and repugnance—she tried to fasten the braided loops of her long gray cloak with fingers that slipped over them clumsily.

Esther shook her head. "Oh, no; I got over caring—as you mean—long ago." She rose also, and took Nelly's hands in hers. "But if he were entirely as—you—think, I could never have cared at all, you know; the man I married—" She stopped; her lips moved dumbly as if trying to break the wifely fetters that bound them. "It's always hard for me to talk of him to anybody—people don't understand. Nelly!" Her voice sank to a whisper. "Do you know that ever since our little Robert died he has never forgotten the day; he has brought or sent flowers every year—even *yesterday*—they came just the same."

As soon as she had said the words she felt instantly as one does who has nerved oneself to make a tremendous revelation that means nothing to the person confided in. Nelly's mutinous expression told plainly that no hint of Esther's feeling reached her consciousness. Yet her gaze softened after a minute.

"Esther, you're so tired," she said generously. She threw the cloak from her. "You mustn't stay up a moment longer. I'm just going to see you safe in bed before I go, or else you'll sit up all night. Your hall door locks itself when you go out, doesn't it? Then that's all right. I'm going to be your maid."

"It's absurd for me to let you," said Esther faintly; the strength seemed all to have gone from her. She submitted passively while Nelly unhooked, and untied, and removed the white slippers and stockings, slipping the nightgear on her and brushed out and braided Esther's beautiful long dark hair. There was a deftness and gentleness in Nelly's touch indescribably soothing; she accompanied her offices with little murmurs of direction and endearment.

When Esther was finally established in bed with all the last little services performed for her, she pulled Nelly down so that Nelly's cheek rested against hers.

"You're so sweet to me," she whispered with the voice of one painfully spent. "You don't know what luxury this is, to lie here and have the window opened for me and the lights put out."

"Don't try to talk," said Nelly, with a touch that subtly conveyed some new, intimate possessiveness, like an echo of Grant's manner earlier in the evening. "I want you to go straight off to sleep." She put her soft, virginal lips to those of her friend. "Good night!"

The moon had set, but, as she looked back, the light from the tower shone through the window upon the picture of the child, with the outline of Esther's shadowy form stretched out below. On the dressing table the photograph in its silver frame had been accidentally pushed over, and lay face downward.

The elevator man smiled greetingly to Nelly as she descended in the car in company with a hatless woman whom, as she now remembered, she had seen gazing disapprovingly at Esther at the *musicale* earlier in the evening; a noticeable person, with a triple chin and an elephantine form clothed in green and white plaid. Nelly's eye, fascinated, followed the joinings of the pattern, and she thought distastefully of this person's living under the same roof with Esther. The elevator man touched his cap as Nelly stepped into the hall, leaning forward with a deferential intimacy.

"She all right? I thought she didn't look so well when youse went up."

"Who? Oh, Mrs. Ray! Yes, she's all right," said Nelly reassuringly, touched by something in the man's manner.

She could not look back into the room that she had left, where a woman, with a shawl huddled around her, knelt by the open

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window, her cheek on the freezing sill, gazing unseeingly into the night while her lips drew in that sharp, bitter air which the sharper pain at her heart rendered necessary for her life.

III

It was two months later when Grant came to see her, on his return from the West. Winter still held iron sway: the trees in the square were embedded in a stone-like bastion of snow; the red sun setting in the west made the scene colder and more stonily forbidding. Yet Grant had the spring in his heart—through ice and snow he saw the leaves budding. Something of it in his face warmed the interest of the woman who was waiting with him for the elevator—a large woman with a triple chin. "I heard you asking for Mrs. Ray," she said sociably.

"Yes."

"She's a neighbor of mine—on the floor above. I often say to her, 'Mrs. Ray, if you feel lonesome at any time, day or night, you rap on your floor and I'll come up.' My little boy is taking vocal from her—he thinks the world and all of Mrs. Ray. When he cut his leg she brought him jelly every day."

Her manner had in it something at once defensive and protecting, which seemed to be shared by the elevator man. He scanned Grant's pleasant, homely face, evidently with a satisfactory result. "You'll find her bell to the right; she give orders that you was to be sent up," he announced hospitably.

Grant had been in Esther's little drawing-room once before with Nelly. He noted with quick pleasure the change in it now; a hundred little touches transformed it from a bare lodging into a home. The window-boxes, filled with things softly green, the open piano, the pictures, the usable books and belongings, all spoke of a woman's presence; and when she came quietly into the room, in a dark blue gown with a long string of pale pink coral hanging to her waist, he knew that the place was changed because she was.

She was subtly younger in some way that he couldn't analyze; her downrightness and her air of decision seemed to have under it a new and sympathetic quality, her eyes had a beautiful expression of inquiring gentleness below their straight brows. She was delightfully glad to see him, leaning toward him slightly as they talked of his trip, or what had happened to her in his absence—she was getting so many pupils!

She had lighted the gas logs, and their thin, bluish flame darted into the darkening corners of the room; down the high window the electric light peered through the "gradual dusky veil." From far below came that ever-present clang of the trolley cars, distinct in the frosty air. There was a pause in the conversation as she sat bent musingly forward, and Grant's eyes, with flashes in them, brooded on her downcast face as if they could never leave it again. His hands trembled slightly, and his tone had changed when he spoke again.

"Esther, you know why I've come. It's to tell you that I love you—only I can't tell it. If you knew how I've suffered in seeing you suffer, how passionately I've longed—" He stopped short, and drew a quick breath at the gaze with which she fronted him. "Esther, you don't mean—" He set his lips, as one who faces a deadly weapon. "Esther, you don't mean—that I mustn't say it—that—you—can't——"

"I'm afraid—just that."

His forehead flushed darkly. "You don't mean that you still care for that *brute!*"

She winced. "No, oh, *no!*"

"Then why—what reason can you have?" He gazed at her with tense inquiry, and then spread out his hands in bitter dismissal of the thought. "Of course, it's absurd to say that—there's no reason why you should love me. I've not much to offer, Heaven knows."

"*Please!*"

"If I had been rich—but that could have made no real difference with *you.*"

She bent her regard toward him with the old downrightness, as if seeking to recall some former attitude of mind.

"Yes, it might perhaps have made a difference at first—before I'd had time to think—but not afterward. Please don't mistake me. I've tried to think everything out clearly. I let you come to-day because I wanted to tell you everything; you've been so good." Her eyes filled uncontrollably for a moment, and she smiled through that veiling haze. "At first, when things hurt very much, it seemed as if great wealth might mysteriously in some way make up to one—as if, when there is nothing of the spirit, the material could adequately take its place. But then I realized that if I couldn't be glad to begin again and struggle upward with a man, that would mean I didn't care enough

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to marry him, anyway. You see, no matter how rich a man was, if I married him I'd be—his *wife*."

"Yes," assented Grant. The clock struck the half hour. The air in the room, in spite of the blue flicker of the gas logs, seemed to grow very chill. A swift, impersonal sense of the great fundamental things—birth, death, marriage—which must remain starkly the same through all the overlaying conditions, came weightingly to both before she went on.

"But all this is beside the mark. After all, I'm like other women. I might change if it were not for— Oh, it's very sweet to be loved, to be cherished, as you—" She broke off again, and touched his sleeve in a mute caress; he made a motion as if to clasp her in his arms, and then dropped them.

"I want you to know that your presence has always lightened life for me; I feel taken care of, *loved*, every minute. If I could think of myself alone—" Her fingers worked in and out of each other. "But you see, it's this way: when you've been really married—as *I* was—you can never be just yourself again any more. So much of me belonged to Stanley that I can't help being a part of him—still."

"But great heavens!" cried Grant savagely; he rose and stood looking down at her as Nelly had looked, with a fierce, unconscious movement of one arm, as if to ward off the hated presence that seemed to stand almost visibly between them with its vigorous, squared shoulders, the dark, audacious eyes, the willful, boyish lips.

"Do you mean that you'd *ever* take him back again? That if he were free——"

She winced at his tone. "No, no! I've never even thought of it." Her eyes became suddenly very dark. "What's the use of considering such things? Can we ever really tell ahead what life is going to mean to us? But this is what I wanted to say to you." She rose also, and stood in front of him. "Always—through everything—he has had faith in *me*—he has believed that I stood for the best things. Even when he has been angriest he has respected that something in me—he expected me to live up to the ideals that I reverenced. When I sent him away—for I did send him!—he never respected me more than he did then—he would have despised me if I had continued to live with him. Even now, when he has taken this last step—I know him so well—there are things he can't forget and that he knows I can't." She stopped once more, whelmed by the wave of memory that surged upon her, filled with those wrecked blossoms—little blisses and caresses; dear anniversaries of the heart that only two can know; the sacred, blinding tears shed together over a little grave.

She went on quite simply after a moment, unmindful of Grant's silence, which was filled with dumb, impotent scorn at her woman's interpretation of the man he knew. Her white face was raised to him in the dusk through which that one ray of silver light shone upon it from without; she had the rapt, cloistered look in her eyes worn by the thousands of women down through the ages who have immolated themselves for the sake of men; whether foolishly or wisely, God alone can tell!

"I can't help feeling—I shall always feel—that he has faith in me, that he counts on my being something that he has let go of, that the more he fails the truer I must be. If he can never come back to me in the body, I know that there are times when he comes back to me in spirit—when he *has* to come! I know that, weak and faulty and inadequate as I am, I stand to him for something that means purity and goodness and the higher life—I'm the one link he has with that; no matter what he does, no matter what he says about me, it's true. There are certain things he couldn't believe I'd do—like marrying—that may be quite right and usual in any one else. And if I take that away—if I take away that faith from him"—her voice sank; from somewhere down in the street the trumpet from a marching band flared across the whisper—"I'd be taking something from him that I could never put back again—that no one could.

"How—you—*love*—him!" said Grant, slowly, as if the words were wrenched from his lips.

A tremble seemed to pass over her—it was like the rippling of light among the slender leaves of a tree. For a moment Esther stood there transfigured, her beautiful head thrown back, with that light in her eyes and on her soft, breathless lips; her flesh itself seemed translucent in that glory. Then with a swift, appalled gesture she turned and dropped her arms on the corner of the low mantelpiece, with her face hidden in them—remaining there, a dumb and shrouded figure, as Grant, taking up his hat, went softly from the room.

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MANAGER VS. CRITIC

By PAUL ARMSTRONG
and HARTLEY DAVIS

With two drawings
by Rella Abell

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The old fight between the theatrical managers and the critics has broken out more fiercely than ever before. So intense has the antagonism become that not only are hard names being exchanged, but some managers have excluded certain critics from their theatres, and some newspapers have definitely abandoned serious criticism and now poke fun at all theatrical performances. The courts have even been appealed to. The two sides of the controversy are given here, but quite independent of each other. Paul Armstrong, the well-known playwright, author of "Going Some" and "The Heir to the Hoorah," presents the arguments of the managers and the actors. Hartley Davis speaks for the critics. Mr. Davis is responsible for "The Players" in Everybody's.

THE THEATRE'S SIDE

IN this country there are some two hundred million dollars invested in theatrical property. Each year something like two hundred new productions are made, averaging in cost from five to one hundred thousand dollars each. After the productions are made, it costs from two hundred to one thousand dollars a night to present the play.

Knowing personally most of the men who present these plays, I can assure you that the majority of them think no more of a dollar than of a right eye or an only child; and nothing resembling a habit of spending money on something they do not believe the public will pay money to see, belongs to any of them.

Moreover, knowing playwrights, stage managers, and a good many of the best actors, I assure you they are doing the best they can. They realize the seriousness of their work, and it is with infinite toil and with fear and trembling that they approach the stage. And this is the difference between them and the critics.

No one knows when the following dialogue first took place in a newspaper office. That it took place once I know, for I heard it. I was there.

The city editor called a reporter to his desk.

CITY EDITOR: "Where can you find a funny story?"

REPORTER (after a moment's thought): "There are a lot of openings to-night. Give me some tickets to a show."

And the city editor saw the point, knew he was on perfectly safe ground, and gave the tickets. The story was funny. It ridiculed a structure that cost something like $40,000. It probably reached, say, one in five of the circulation of 500,000 persons—and people are more or less influenced by what they read.

So the next morning 100,000 people were prejudiced, to a greater or less degree, by unconsciously accepting the word of a reporter who had *not* been sent to review the play as an expert, in order that those who bought the paper might be expertly advised as to how they could get the best for their money in a theatre. They were prejudiced by the review of a funny man, who was to return with a funny story if it robbed one man of a fortune, another of the work of

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months, and held up to ridicule a company of players whose life work is to give to the public some enjoyment, and who get for their work less money, less home, less happiness than any other people on earth.

Wherein lies the justice of this? Is property in theatricals of less value or consideration than property in stoves, or dry goods, or automobiles? On what ground should a theatrical manager be exposed to assaults in our daily press from which the merchant and the manufacturer are protected? Because of the modern requirements of elaborate productions, the multiplying of show houses, and the advancing salaries of actors, theatrical conditions have had to be reorganized commercially. To-day the theatre is, perforce, on a business basis. It deals in amusement. It appeals to the same public and is as necessary as the butcher and the baker. Its return can come only from the public's favor. Why should there be a middleman between the producer and his clients? Apply the idea of theatrical criticism, as it is practiced here and elsewhere, to the department stores, and see what an absurd condition you will have. Wanamaker, Siegel Cooper, Marshall Field, after elaborate and expensive preparation, advertise a great sale of carpets or rugs or silks at reduced prices. On the opening day, around comes Mr. Reporter from the *Daily Vigilant*, on the run to catch an extra edition, and casually inspects their goods. In the next issue the *Vigilant* says that the sale is bunkum, the values are deceptive, and that the merchant is either under a foolish delusion or is attempting to defraud the public. Would not Wanamaker and Siegel and Field at once call up their lawyers and institute suit for heavy damages?

Suppose an important automobile manufacturer who has just perfected a new type of car, on which he has been working for years, tells the public that it is the best machine for its price in the world. What would happen if, on the day set for the trial of the new machine, the enterprising *Clarion and Bugle* should convert its water-front reporter into an automobile critic and then this worthy should announce to the *Clarion and Bugle's* 500,000 readers that the machine was a good joke, looked like a hearse, and ran like a coal dray? Would not the publisher of the *Clarion and Bugle* have a quarter-of-a-million libel suit on his hands the next morning?

Or take the case of Smith & Robinson, the eminent architects, who have just erected a building for Andrew Rockerbilt, the great capitalist. They find in the live *Palladium* one morning that their design was inartistic, the construction faulty, that the structure is a blot on our fair city and an outrage upon the public that must pass in front of it. Smith & Robinson don't even wait to explain that the design is artistic and the foundation and ironwork are impregnable, but promptly demand a million dollars of the *Palladium* for the besmirchment of their professional reputation.

Yet it is to just such unwarrantable and incompetent attacks that the theatrical business is subjected by the press of New York and Chicago and other great American cities. On grounds of traditional privilege or some other ancient tommyrot, the newspapers arrogate to themselves the right to disparage and poke fun at a theatrical production. On this plea of privilege, or the equally baseless pretension of public protection, theatrical property is destroyed, and actors are insulted and humiliated. Just to make its 500,000 odd readers laugh, the *Bugle and Clarion* sends its police specialist to Shubert and Erlanger's great spectacular drama, in which $100,000 has been invested, or to Sothern's "Hamlet," and we hear next morning that the show is "not the goods" or "is a frost," or that the eminent artist's scholarly presentment of the melancholy Dane was "on the bum."

Is this intelligent? Or even fair? Why should not the theatrical manager have the same legal recourse to protect his business of which the merchant, the manufacturer, and the architect so freely avail themselves? All are appealing for support to the same public, and logically the theatrical manager is entitled to his decision from his public unbiased by the individual opinions of persons calling themselves critics. At all events, the present condition is intolerable and unbusiness-like and irrational. It is about time those in authority combined to put an end to it.

I think I hear some "high-brow" tragically arguing that play-producing is not a business, and that the free space and freer advertising are given by the newspapers to the stage and to the actors because art and its exponents are fair subjects of criticism. Admitting for a moment this contention, let me ask: Is the artist a dog or a pig to be kicked or pickled by whosoever has the whim to lift a foot or unstopper a vinegar decanter? Is he more or less than other men that he must sit meekly by while the smart Alecks of our daily

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press are skewering and saucing his carcass or his work for the delectation of their readers? Is the artist at the mercy of every scurrile scribbler who wields a pen or controls a printing press? The traditional privilege of criticism? Nothing but the opportunity to ridicule and misrepresent those members of a community who may be assailed with the greatest impunity!

However, let us again admit, for argument's sake, that dramatic criticism is a legitimate function of the daily press. Should not such praise or censure come from an authority? Is it just to allow this distinguished service to be usurped by some dried-up joke-writer who needs inspiration, or by the waterfront humorist? To justify the contention that a theatrical performance is of public concern, it must be classed as an art; therefore its practitioners are artists and their performances should be judged by experts. Here lies the root of the objection to criticism as it is practiced in New York and elsewhere through this humor-loving country of ours. There are certain shining exceptions, but for the most part the men who are passing on contemporary dramatic performances are not experts. Most of them are incompetent. Many of them are ignorant of the first principles of theatrical knowledge, and some of them are dishonest. In these categories I may be understood to include all unsuccessful playwrights and disgruntled actors who are using criticism as a vehicle of re-

Photograph by H. E. Lawson, N. Y.

VIRGINIA STEINHARDT WITH "MLLE. MISCHIEF."

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ADELAIDE GENEE

venge on the institution that cast them out. This is a flat, brusque statement, but it is true.

Further personal treatment is reserved for the "grafters" who are misusing their places to prey on managers and actors. It is sufficient to say here that I do not entirely blame the so-called critics for the malignant injustices and vulgarities they perpetrate in the name of criticism. It is the newspapers themselves that are to be censured. In the days when there was such a thing as individuality among newspaper writers, experts were employed to do things dramatic in an expert way, in the open day and with dignity. But of course that was in the long ago—before the spirit of commercialism fell upon us.

In those days there were humorists, and there were dramatic critics also. But the rush of the paper to "get the money" drove the humorists into other fields, and the rush to "get to press" deprived the critic of the right to think before he wrote.

Further, the newspapers became convinced that dramatic critics (critics in the truest sense, men who had a regard for the craft and thought it worth handling with dignity) were useless, and too expensive. Naturally, a man who really knows how a thing should be done can demand nearly as much as the man who does it.

Again, since a play is, relatively, so intangible, the courts hold that it cannot be harmed by abuse; it has no case when it is killed by ridicule; it has no rights at all, in fact. It cannot be blue-printed so the jury can see that it is properly constructed, nor is it really

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a perfectly legitimate product in the eyes of men who kill steers, milk stock or stocks, sell hay, chop wood, or measure ribbon. It is beyond them, perhaps—and again perhaps they are right. "Play writing is no business for an able-bodied man." Hence, since it cannot protect itself, it is the natural target for the bully.

The easiest method of writing a certain number of words on a difficult subject is to poke fun at it. But honestly, man to man, is not that a lazy man's trick, or the method of the faker who really does not know and uses ridicule to blind you to his shortcomings? Many plays have been ridiculed off the stage which needed but little to give them life. Perhaps the playwright had become confused, and if ten fresh, expert minds had been serious in their reviews, they might have given him a perspective on his work that would have enabled him to correct it. Abuse certainly does not teach actors to play better nor does ridicule make playwrights over to suit.

It is said that the French write the best plays. Does it mean anything that the best critics are the French critics? Given a play that is funny, the French reviewer will write a review of it that will be funny. Given a tragedy, his story of the play will give to you some impression of the clutch of circumstance that will move you. Given a tender tale of sadness, you will feel the pathos. The French critics take your play apart, examine its vitals, hold it up for you

Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago.

FLORENCE FISHER AND GEORGE HOWARD IN "THE FAMILY."

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Photograph by H. L. Lawson, N. Y.

MALVINA LONGFELLOW WITH THE JOHN CANTON COMPANY.

to look at—and you look. Of course they must be experts. They must know. Competency is the first attribute. But over there they do not have as a watchword: "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

To them criticism is a dignified profession. They live because they have a right to live—they try to give something to the structure which yields them a livelihood. The better the critic, the better the play. The critic should be able to help build. While he may not have the gift of playwriting, he may have the equally great gift of analysis and discrimination, of being able to point out faults and virtues.

I hear the cry from Park Row that the newspapers do not hire men to write plays! True, they do not; but if they pretend to criticise, they should—criticise. If one is an expert and knows a thing is bad, he should know why. "I don't like it," is not particularly instructive. Of course, the man who never commits himself in print can never be discovered for a faker, but the man who is helpful, sane, and expert in his analysis should have no hesitation in stating his belief.

A thousand things the critics might do for us. We of the stage long for aid. We rejoice over a helpful suggestion. If we have erred, how grateful we are for the keen eye of the man who can point out to us our fault. Being human, we like to be courteously corrected, but we'll waive politeness any day for an intelligent idea that

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betters our work. Instead, most of these critics of ours are using the actor and the playwright merely to furnish a starring vehicle for their ridicule. In all honesty, does it not devolve on them once in a while to give something valuable to the stage that gives them their living?

But we know the critics cannot help. At least they seldom do. When we do something that misses, they never set us right. We have to dig it out ourselves. Surely they must know something save the smart line, the play on words, and the weird stuff they print. They cannot all be what they appear. Surely, lurking back of some of those "high-brows" there must be something that would aid us, and not always hurt us.

Or do they think it is because they are critics that the managers refuse to produce their plays? If that is the reason they withhold from us the help that we—all of us—really need and crave, I wish I could disabuse their minds of the idea. While I do not claim to know the reason, I do not believe that is it. Managers are a queer lot—they used to refuse plays of mine, and, as God is my judge, I was never a critic!

Photograph by Hall.

JULIA MARLOWE AND WHITE WHITTLESEY IN "THE GODDESS OF REASON"

THE CRITIC'S SIDE

WHEN playwrights and managers raise their voices in bitter protest against the injustice and incompetency of dramatic critics, the wailing is in pretty direct

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proportion to the amount of money involved.

Those responsible for the plays—writers and producers—think the critic should belong to them, should be a part of their organization for making money. The critic knows he belongs to the newspaper that pays him his salary and to the theatre-goer who looks to that newspaper for advice as to where he can most advantageously spend his money for amusement. This distinction is at the root of the antagonism between the two classes.

It is the business of the dramatist and producer to provide plays that the public is willing to pay money to see. There is no difference of opinion as to that. The business of the critic is to inform the public whether or not, in his judgment, it is worth while to pay good money to find out if it likes the play. The managerial and playwriting intelligence doesn't subscribe to this definition of the critic's function at all. It is convinced that the critic should write only favorable reviews, closing his mind to all the weaknesses and defects, bending his efforts to persuading the public to pay good money at the box office so that it may judge for itself.

Probably the only critic thoroughly satisfactory to theatrical interests would be one who could be persuaded to accept the views of the press department. There are such, I believe, certain newspapers being controlled by considerations of dramatic advertising and of exclusive theatrical news stories. But the Public That Pays feels this when it doesn't know it, and the reviews thus directed have but little weight.

The contention of those financially interested is that the critic should measure the value of any production by the time and money expended on it. Almost tearfully a manager will recite his story of the thought and effort, the thousands of dollars spent to make his production as nearly perfect as possible—expenditures which the critic ruthlessly annihilates in a few hundred hurriedly written words of condemnation. But of what concern is the manager's investment to the man who is paying, possibly at some sacrifice, two dollars for a seat? Of course, if it is an expensive show, he is compensated by good scenery and rich costumes—also, perhaps, with pretty girls; but it may be there is a performance next door which would afford him all this and something more in addition. How is he to judge without the critic?

The position of the playwright and manager is about as logical as if the designer and builder of a boat that turned turtle should demand that the newspapers say nothing about the catastrophe, but rather expatiate upon the beauty and cost of the decorations. The real concern of the critic is the result; the means by which it is obtained are of very minor importance.

It seems impossible for the managerial mind to realize that the critic occupies a quasi-judicial position firmly established by custom and tradition. The critic is supposed to be able to measure the artistic, ethical, sentimental, or humorous value of a play. He presents what he conceives to be facts, supplemented by deductions and opinions. Manifestly, the public would not accept his verdicts unless it believed in his honesty and the correctness of his judgment. And this confidence is not built up in a day. If the critics invariably praised, what they wrote would be worthless.

By the way, there is a powerful New York newspaper that has adopted the policy of saying nothing about a new production unless it can honestly praise it. Curiously enough, this policy seems to please the managers even less than the practice of impartial judgment. Nothing hurts them so much as to be ignored absolutely, and they are quite right.

I have heard one of the leading managers say that a newspaper has no more right to comment adversely upon a new play than it has to attack articles placed on sale in a department store. Indeed, I am rather inclined to think this notion is being widely accepted. Certainly it is the attitude of those who are most strenuously fighting criticism.

Now, if a newspaper could afford to consider only its relation to the theatre, nothing would please it more than to accept this view. Placing the theatre on a department-store basis would enormously increase the revenues from advertising. Of course, under existing conditions, any manager or playwright can publish in any newspaper as many columns as he likes of extravagant praise of his show, paying for it by the line, just as department stores do. But there is this distinction: The newspaper never refers to the department-store bargains in its news columns, except possibly in what are called reading notices—patently advertising. But it must publish articles about the theatre in its news sections; and half a column of adverse criticism might counterbalance half a page of expensive managerial advertising.

The newspaper, however, may not choose.

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DORIS KEANE IN "THE HAPPY MARRIAGE."

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Its chief concern is not with the theatre but with the public. Its most important business is to get and keep as much, and as high-class, circulation as possible, for upon this depends its advertising revenue. The newspaper editors are fully aware of the very wide and keen interest in what is going on in the stage world; they know that a good theatrical department is a strong circulation factor. So when a newspaper publishes anything about the stage and its people, beyond perfunctory advance notices which custom has made a perquisite of advertisers, it is primarily because of the interest it believes the public has in the review or story.

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MARIE DRESSLER.

To be sure, if the writing and producing of plays is purely a commercial business, there is no reason why their exploitation should not be governed by the same laws that apply to other commodities. The same ruling should include books, music, and painting. But there is a firmly fixed tradition that those things which come under the heading of Art shall be subject to critical review by men who have established in the minds of the public a belief in their competency to pass judgment; and newspapers must reckon with it.

Of course, there is a dispute of some years' standing as to what Art really is. For a long time I was joyously entertained by a sign a few blocks from where I live. It read "Paragon Pants Are Art." Recently it disappeared, because, as I have been told, there was a dispute among the partners, some of whom maintained it should read "Paragon Pants Is Art!" There was no difference of opinion, however, as to the main issue.

I fancy there would be as much difficulty in convincing the cultivated public that a newspaper has not the right to review a play on its merits as there would be in persuading it of the art value of "pants."

What is the influence underlying the comparatively new and hostile attitude of the managers toward critics? It is the result of the introduction into the theatrical game of the business idea. The syndicates have reorganized the theatrical game. Publicity is an important feature of theatricals. "Press-agenting" has reached a high development; through skill in giving stories about plays and players a news twist, managers can get, without paying for it, an enormous amount of publicity which is really pure advertising. But the most important advertising of all—the critic's verdict—the press agent has as yet found no way to control. Hence, perhaps, his irritation.

For not only do these current criticisms of plays have enormous influence upon the financial receipts—I am considering now productions in the big cities—but they affect business during the whole active life of a play—a life which may cover a period of many years, on the road and in stock. Even if box-office receipts do not indorse the judgment of the critics in New York, a play that fails to make money in the metropolis may be sent "on the road" with the certainty of financial success for two or three years, or maybe longer, if it is supported by highly favorable "notices." It is obvious, therefore, why managers are so touchy where criticism is concerned.

In accordance with human nature, the manager whose play has been approved regards the critic as a man of intelligence. He

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whose production has been slated stigmatizes its assailant as an ignorant and incompetent ruffian. Now I cannot qualify as a critic, but I know fairly well many of those engaged in the work. They do not, as many managers claim, go to a theatre prepared to condemn the performance. They are as human as the rest of us, and they would rather be entertained than bored. It is true that they don't expect much. The percentage of failures is so high that their Missouri frame of mind is inevitable. On the other hand, they are all the more enthusiastic when they find a play really good.

I have known of dishonest critics, but they have been few, and they never last long. I know of critics who allow personal feeling, either bitter enmity or strong personal friendship, to bias their judgment—just as all of us do in some degree—but it detracts seriously from their value.

Now as to the competence of the critics: that of course depends upon the standard. For the most part, I think they are able men—when they are not too young. The first requisite is judgment, and that isn't a concomitant of youth. Of course, nobody will deny that even the best critics make blunders. We don't expect infallibility.

Suppose in this matter of judgment we compare critics with managers and playwrights. Charles Frohman, largest of producers, who takes fewer chances than any other manager because he imports so many foreign successes, tries to average six successes out of ten productions—this year his average is away below that—and he holds that even the ablest playwrights cannot hope for more than four "hits" out of every ten plays. A critic who could not in his verdicts maintain a far higher average than either would not hold his job very long.

And it must not be forgotten that there is nothing casual about the production of a play. It has been months in preparation. The critic on the daily newspaper staff has only minutes in which to form his judgment. A first-night audience is always misleading, because never was there a play or a performance so bad as to discourage the friends of those concerned from offering the most enthusiastic applause. First-night performances are notoriously long, few of them being over before half past eleven or twelve o'clock. Morning newspaper critics are required to have their copy in the office by midnight, and it takes practically half an hour to travel from the theatre to the office.

To digest a play, arrive at a decision on its values, and write a really good review in the time available seems to me a remarkable achievement. But it is done constantly.

Each critic probably represents some quite measurable proportion of an audience's point of view. It must be admitted that audiences are inevitably mixed. Charles Edward Russell, when he was writing about the stage, once divided modern dramatic criticism into two schools—the "Hee-Haw" and the "Reminiscent." The attitude of the Reminiscent School is scholarly. It is deeply concerned with the standard of the elder days, and judges modern performances according to former methods. It is addicted to what is known as "fine writing," and may be regarded as highly intellectual, but there is no reason to assume that it is not perfectly honest.

The name of the Hee-Haw School describes a type of dramatic criticism accurately. Its business is to hold every weakness up to ridicule, to provoke smiles when it cannot make laughter. There is only one crime in the eyes of the gentlemen of the Hee-Haw school, and that is to be dull. Each critique must be brilliant. Everything is sacrificed to that. A well-turned epigram, a peculiarly keen thrust is far more important than truth or justice. Everybody knows that the easiest way to get a reputation for cleverness is to say and write things that cut like acid. The big reputations as dramatic critics are made by the men who are notoriously severe.

There is a third kind of criticism quite as popular—the simple, straightforward effort to make the reader understand what the play really is about, presenting clearly its strength and weaknesses, and stating how well or badly the different characters were acted. In other words, the idea is to make the review conform to the news standard as far as possible. The critics in this class never win anything like the personal reputation gained by the other schools.

But one thing is quite definite as to all schools of dramatic criticism—the critics must have established confidence in their capacity for measuring theatric values, for it is that and not their cleverness which is, after all, the foundation of their success.

If one looks back over recent dramatic history one naturally questions, How potent is dramatic criticism?

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The most famous, the most widely quoted, and, supposedly, the most powerful critic in the country cannot harm a *good* play at all. If one should strike a balance between the good plays that the critics have lifted into immediate popularity, and the mistakes they have made in condemning those which have succeeded, it probably would be found that the managers have little ground for complaint.

For instance, when "The Lion and the Mouse" was produced, nearly all of the critics pronounced it a bad play with one or two fine scenes, and that was an accurate description. But also they intimated that it wouldn't be much of a success. It proved to be one of the great successes that come along every ten years or so. It happened that in this play there was an idea with a powerful appeal, and the imagination of the audience supplied exactly what the playwright had failed to bring out. But the critics did not realize this at the time.

The critics saw little in "The Chorus Lady," when it was first produced in New York, beyond the work of the star. Here they erred, and the public in the long run recorded its own verdict. On the other hand, a consensus of favorable criticism does make the immediate financial success of a play.

Just recently, in two different theatres, plays were produced at matinées. One was "The Climax," by an author practically unknown, and played by actors of whom only one was known on Broadway. The other was "The Incubus," played by Lawrence Irving. In both instances the critics far outnumbered the people who paid to see the first performance. In fact, it was impossible to fill the theatres even with complimentary admissions. The critics expected nothing, and were pleasantly disappointed. They praised the two plays very highly. Both leaped into immediate popularity and unusual financial success.

From a business viewpoint, the plain truth is just this: So far as New York is concerned, the reviews of the critics seriously affect, one way or another, the receipts for the first two or three weeks. Then the opinion of the public begins to tell. In the long run, it decides for itself whether or not it wants to see a play.

The manager who rails at the injustice or incompetency of the critics who have assailed his production is usually quick to accept their judgment, unless the public comes to the rescue speedily. If the play is really good, it is not at all difficult to prove the critics wrong—but it costs money. All the manager has to do is to keep the play running. Nothing is more certain than that, if the original judgment of playwright and manager was right and that of the critics was wrong, the play will make money in the end.

From whatever angle you look at it, the only real complaint the manager has against the critic is that he insists upon serving the public and not the box office of the theatre.

We have discussed criticism from the commercial standpoint—its ability to affect the box office—but a possibly higher function of criticism is yet to be dealt with. The writing of plays is technical, and values in playwriting exist regardless of mere local and temporary expressions of opinion. Great plays are independent of timeliness. We are clamoring for an American School of Painting, an American School of Music, and for an American Drama. Can we afford to disregard the foundation stones on which their structures are reared? Because a drama vividly appeals to emotions locally and temporarily aroused, if it sins against dramatic laws, however successful it may be for a season, it must inevitably find its end in the scrap heap. The older nations demand of their playwrights conformity to a certain standard of art. Of the ordinary audience it is absurd to ask that they shall discriminate between the emotional and the literary value of a theatrical performance. Such discrimination implies serious study and much experience. Such study and experience should be the elementary equipment of the serious critic. That the public should be told what it probably *will* like is important from the box-office point of view; that it should be told what it *should* like and *why* it should like it, is important to the development of American dramatic art, and incidentally to the cultivation of the American audience's intelligence. Just as it should be taught why it *should* like certain music, certain pictures, and certain books.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

SHORT LETTERS OF A SMALL BOY

By Paul West

IV

BROOKDALE MASS, NOV. 22, 1880

DERE COUS. GORGE

wel how are you Gorge, I am pritty wel, that is my mouth is all rite, my tethe dident come out so I wont be old falsey tooth like old Brooksey, he is. But I am kep in agen which is why I am riting you this letter as I havent annything else to do. Evvery time you get a letter from me you can say wel he is kep in agen and you wil be rite, I guess you get a good manny letters frum me Gorge, do you bern them, youd oughter, evveryboddy berns letters, ded men tel no tails you kno

wel the reason I am kep in now is Dwites falt but he is not blaimed for it, he nevver is, gee dont I wisht my farther had of bin a minnister and I was his littel boy, then you can do anything and if you are caught peeple say he is being led astray by those other boys, but he issent, Dwite issent, he thinks up evverything and gets out of it, I wisht I was him.

"IT LOOKED PRITTY GOOD BUT I WAS AFRADE OF WHAT MY FARTHER WOOD SAY."

It was Dwite that thought up the theatre which maid all the trubble, I dont mene all the trubble I was ever in but all I am in now. Dwite sed woodent yore barn be a bully plaice for a theatre, and I sed yes, what is it and what do you do, and Dwite sed why you hav a play, and you act in it, so he rote a play, it was Jessie James last stand, something like the novvels but different becawse Dwite thought of lots of things the novvels dident think of. And so we maid tickets, they was my mothers vissiting cards, new ones, and she dident hav enuff so Freds mother had some and we took those too. It sed Grand Theatre Torreys barn, come one come all, admission five sents, it wasent reely sents but pins, but we put it on to maik it look good.

wel we fixed up my farthers barn fine, we got a sheet for the curtain, I think it was Missis Bowkers only I aint sure, annyway Dwite got it, he sed it happened to blo off the line as he was passing by, I think he sed Missis Bowker or sumwhare, it dont maik anny diffrence becawse we lost it, and then Fred Strong borrowd some plush porchairs from his mothers howse, and they maid curtains too and they were beautifull, I tel you Gorge.

wel we had lamps for the foot lights and it wood of bin better only we dident hav enuff, becawse evveryboddy that came was going to bring a lamp, but Charlie Thorns mother woodent let him hav the parlor lamp, so we dident hav as manny as we thought we wood, but it was day time annyway so it was all rite.

The play was fine, they was only one audience, he was Charley Thorn, he likes to be the audience, he nevver wants to act like all the rest of us, but he'd rather be the peeple that watch us act, and he is all rite only he laffs all the time, no matter how sad it is in the play, but somebody has to be the audience, and Charley is all rite if he wood only kno when to laff.

Dwite was Jessie James, I thought I wood be becawse it was my farthers barn, but

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Dwite sed no, the author always had the pick becawse he new moar about it, so he was Jessie, but I was Frank James, and he is pritty nerely as brave as Jessie, he's his brother you kno Gorge, and Fred Strong was Jessies mother becawse in the play that Dwite rote Missis James comes to Jessies lare and ses "Fly my brave son, the detectives are on yore trale," and he flies.

wel Fred looked the finest I think, he had his mothers new dress on, and Dwite sed lets hav Jessies farther in the play too, so Willie Bowker sed he wood like to be him, so he was Mr. James. Mr. James isent in the novvels so far, but they must of bin one, so we had him. He neded a costume, so I went into my howse and I found a black suit in a box, it was my farthers, and I told Willie to be careful because it looked knew, and Dwite sed I'll look out for it all rite dont be so scared aint I running this theatre, but it was too big for Willie, and Dwite sed they wood hav to cut off the cote tales and the pants. I sed no, you mustent, and Dwite sed O all rite fraidy cat we wil only cut off the cote tales then, so he did, and they roled up the pants. It looked

"FRED . . . SED I AM GOING TO TAIK MY MOTHERS PORCHAIRS HOAM."

pritty good but I was afrade of what my farther wood say.

wel the theatre was fine, only Missis James, that was Fred Strong I told you Gorge, when he went to the lare of his brave boys which we had in a barrul, he tripped on his mothers dress and fel over the footlights and caught holt of the plush porchairs and tore them a littel not much only a yard I guess I dident messure it, and Charley Thorn laffed so he thought it was part of the play and then Fred mad so he sed I am going to taik my mothers porchairs hoam, I think she might nede them, so he did, but we went rite along, only insted of Jessies mother warning her brave boys it was Jessies farther, that was Willie Bowker, and when he crawled into our lare to warn us he tore my farthers pants a littel on a nale in the barrul.

wel you can tel it was fine Gorge, cant you, dont you wisht you cood of bin thare, you cood of acted too, Dwite wood of wrote something for you to act. Or you cood of bin the audience. Wel after it was over I put my farthers suit back in the box and you woodent of hardly noticed it was used only for the tales off the cote, I folded them up and was going to put them in but Dwite sed dont you do it, if you do then he wil notis they hav bin cut off, but if you leve them out he wont remember whether they was anny tales on the cote annyway, so I threw them over the fense into Brookseys yard and put the suit back whare I got it. And Dwite sed wasent it fine and we sed yes, and he sed lets hav annuther theatre next weke and we sed we wood but we wont, not in my barn Gorge, no sir.

wel that nite after supper I was studdying my hoam lessons and my farther was upstares, he was going out to a party at the club and so was my mother, and he sed to my mother, my dere, did my new dress suit come hoam from the talers, and my mother sed yes dere its in yore closset, hurry up and put it on I'm just dying to see you in it you look so swel.

So I thought it was bed time and I sed I guess I'll go to bed mother dere, all my lessons are dun, except speling and I always kno that, and I was just going up stares when I herd my farther, he was talking reel loud an say Gorge, talk about swaring, say my farther can sware as good as annyboddy I evver herd.

And my mother herd him too and she sed O samuel, my mother sed, whatevver has hapened, hav you cut yoreself shaving, and my farther sed no, and then he come down stares three steps at a time, and he had that suit on that Willie Bowker had used for Jessies farther, and he switched around so my mother cood see him and he shouted so loud that Anny, shes our gurl you kno Gorge, she caim in from the kitchen to see what was the matter, but she had to go out becawse she coodent kepe from laffing. And my farther sed what the dickens does this mene, who did this, I bet its moar work of that confounded son of yores, mening me, and my mother sed O Samuel, if you dood only see yourself, you

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are a sight you look so funny, and my farther sed O I do do I, wel I may look funny becawse you sympathise with annything that boy does but I will show him how funny it is Samuel come hear, and I went.

And so my farther had to borow Uncle Walters dress suit to go to the party and he sed it was of the vintige of seventy five and looked like the dooce, but he went, and so Uncle Walter had to stay at hoam, but he sed he dident cair, he wood stay in and smoak my farthers good ciggars, but he caim up to my room and he maid me tel him how it all happened and when I told him about the play he laffed until I thought he wood die and he sed why O why dident you let me in on it, I blew in a dollar an a haff to see a show last nite and I bet yores wood of bin ten times as good. If Uncle Walter thinks ours was so good I bet it must of bin, becawse he knows all about evverything, and he is going to go with me when I get squrrels tomorrow if I can go out of the yard, I kno the tree they are in, Uncle Walter is going to lern me how to maik them run around in a whele and do tricks, he is all rite Uncle Walter is.

So no moar for this time, yore aff. cous.

SAMUEL TORREY, JR.

"O SAMUEL, IF YOU COOD ONLY SEE YOURSELF."

p. s. Say Gorge dont forget you are coming to our howse thanksgiving day for diner it wil be fine, and in the afternoon we are going to our sunday school and they are going to giv a present to Deecon Draper, he is the sooperintendant of the sunday school, you can go if you want to but you dont nede to, it wil be all rite though, they wont be anny reglar sunday school so it wont be so bad, and I guess they wil hav ice creme and things, say two dinners in the saim day, fine hay Gorge?

p. s. No. 2. Dont forget when you come, you kno Gorge, those novvels you sed you cood get for too cents, bring five, and I wil giv you ten sents, I havent got it but I am going to earn it being good. So good by.

S. T.

LEANDER, FOUNDLING

By Hanna Rion

Illustrations by Walter King Stone

TO have been a mother to a robin—that was indeed a blessed privilege. To inspire a sense of personal relationship with every robin that flies, a more thrilling tenderness to all winged creatures forevermore—such was Leander's influence.

How such a small aggregation of fluff could so triumph over one's heart was almost inexplicable, unless it was attributable to the fact that he came to me a wee, helpless baby.

I found Leander upon my door-step one iridescent morning in June, the morning after a great storm that had converted all roads into miniature Hellesponts.

The wind, I fancy, is the "stork" of the birds. When the feathered children importune too persistently as to their source, can't you imagine Mrs. Thrush or Mother Robin telling of the great west wind that blows the birdlings out of the gold of the sunset sky?

Just as the beautiful fables surrounding

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the mystery of birth differ with us humans of divers nationalities, so, too, perhaps the legend varies with the several birds; for instance, I am sure the humming bird whispers of the baby she found in the heart of a columbine, hid in a drop of honey.

But it was doubtless a timid stork-wind which, frightened by the dazzling lightning and savage thunder of this June storm, had dropped Leander upon my doorstep instead of delivering him safely to the nest for which he was intended. He was not even dressed when I found him—only a soft fringe covered his small person in spots. When this adornment was supplanted by real feathers, with what sadness did I see the last little baby fringe disappear from the crown of his head, for it represented the departure of helplessness and dependence.

My right hand, I think, Leander regarded as his mother—the left, his father. When fretful, or perhaps overfed, he would beg to be taken; as he cuddled down in the mother-palm, the fingers of the father-hand would stroke his back and head, whereupon he would coo contentedly, invariably falling asleep.

During his infancy I made him a fresh nest of soft grasses and straw each day, becoming quite an expert nest-architect. At evening, after his last meal, I often tiptoed in to look at him snuggled down in his thatch, "with his head tucked under his wing—poor thing."

Leander was too young when he adopted me to remember previous parents. I am sure he was over three months old before he suspected he was a robin, and I prefer to believe he never found out the shattering fact that I wasn't one.

I hesitate to tell all the monstrous truth of Leander's appetite, for who would like to have it told of him that he had consumed seven hundred and twenty-eight worms during his first thirteen days? And this, if you please, in addition to bread and milk, hominy and strawberries! My mathematical bump refused to carry statistics beyond the second week.

After Leander grew up, there was nothing I ever offered in the way of food which he did not accept with relish. All my gooseberries and half my raspberry crop were devoted to appeasing his hunger. The harvest of a long row of elderberry bushes did not suffice, while fruit of every purchasable variety had to be eked out by rice, corn, spinach, lettuce, nasturtium-flowers, breakfast foods, meat, and thousands and thousands of worms.

Perhaps it was the richness and plenty of his daily fare that made his shoulders broaden to proportions I've never seen equaled in another robin. When the cares of motherhood were first thrust upon me, I watched the real robin-mothers feed their young in the outdoor nests. I emulated them to the best of my ability, presenting the worm or other delicacy on the tip of my little finger—the nearest thing in size to a bill I could find on my clumsy, un-birdlike body.

Leander accepted it for the genuine thing; opening his mouth to a cavernous width, he swallowed both finger and worm at each mouthful. Even after he had grown to be a great, independent boy, he liked to pretend, at times, that he was only a baby again—fluttering his wings in hysterical helplessness, dissembling in ravenous infantile gurgles, pleading for his mama's bill-finger to carry his food craw-ward.

All lazy gardeners lacking proper inspiration for work should own a robin. Thanks to Leander's appetite, our entire garden was kept beautifully spaded all summer and fall. His worms were stored in an earth-filled tin box in the bath room. Leander's residence proper was the studio, and a bedroom lay between his appetite and his pantry.

Not speaking, unfortunately, the robin language, I was forced to converse with Leander in plain English, which he, however, understood readily, having heard nothing else from his earliest memory. So when I gave the signal: "Now for the worms, Leander!" he knew it for a challenge to race. The game was to see who could reach the worm-box first. If I was the victor, didn't I pay dearly?—wasn't I pecked? Even after he could fly better than the Wright brothers, Leander would play fair, running the race on his feet, to take no mean advantage of his strangely wingless mother. And how he could fly! Perhaps the narrow limits of three rooms made him an expert in quick turns and circles; never have I seen such unfollowable flights.

Leander never knew boredom—every minutest detail of his unnatural life held a vital interest.

Hour after hour he sat on the top

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of my easel, or perched on my arm, watching with keenest wonder every stroke of the pen or swish of the brush. Possibly he sympathetically thought: "My mother, as well as I, has to scratch for a living."

the worm. This play grew too realistic, however, when, on my tugging at the other end, I recovered it damp for four inches.

He showed great admiration for red, using all sorts of strategy to procure some turkey

And such imagination, such a wealth of make-believe! He rivaled the most fanciful child. As children play doll-house, so Leander played bird-house. Now he was down on the rag rug, his ear cocked close to the pretended earth, listening—listening. . . . Suddenly he dived, catching a loose end of the rug in his bill, tugging with all his might at the imaginary worm, which he even went so far as to make out he eventually ate. Next my work-basket claimed his attention; a long piece of white tape became

red from my basket. On the other hand, he exhibited unmistakable fear of lavender, whenever I appeared dressed in a gown of that color.

Of his many games the favorite was "ride-a-cock-horse" on the tip of my foot; he would come back repeatedly to be swayed up and down. The smooth curved back and sides of an old-fashioned mahogany chair he used for coasting. Flying to the top, he squared his feet, leaned forward, then, letting go, went skidding down

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the slippery sides; catching his balance at the bottom, he flitted off, only to return to the top for a repetition of the fun.

In his fondness for tubbing he was a most perfect gentleman. If I forgot his bath, he would fly to the bath room, and if he found the bowl empty, down he would squat, whacking violently with his bill on the sides of the basin to summon me. Often when I was washing my hands, Leander would flutter down in the basin, thinking a bath shared with me an unusually great lark. Having no bust of Pallas to offer him, I placed Apollo at his disposal; here he loved to perch for the elaborate toilet following his ablutions. He knew my footstep from others, calling out merry salutations the moment I started upstairs; before I was well within the door he had lighted on my hair or shoulder, or was poised on wing, humming-bird like, before my lips, searching for the berry he knew might be hidden there.

In pessimistic mood, I sometimes thought perhaps Leander regarded me as many women regard their husbands, merely as a good provider. Yet when hurt or blue he seemed to know me for his comfort and place of refuge. I said blue, for there were times when a vague longing for the natural—the woods, the sky—his birthright—made every feather droop, and an expression of wildness, of yearning, fill his eyes; he then nestled in my hand, crying with puzzled pathos for the unattainable mystery.

His moods were seldom meek; his methods were of the swashbuckling variety—in fact, he was a freebooter of the most violent character. In his babyhood Leander summoned me at five sharp each morning, demanding food; from that hour until seven in the evening I danced perpetual attendance on his appetite.

Later on, one of our greatest mutual joys was breakfast in bed together. I was delighted to share anything with him that he fancied—except the hot coffee, but Leander preferred loot to gifts. Sneaking under my arm, he would snatch a piece of toast and run to the most out-of-reach regions of the bed to devour it. Watching a bit of egg *en route* to my mouth, he would flit up and possess it just before it reached my lips.

There were days when a sentimental mood filled his thoughts with domestic dreams. He then spent hours searching the floor for bits of thread, string, shreds of paper, hair-combings. These he deposited together on a chair, on pretense of nest building. He maintained the most serious air as if to say: "Don't disturb me to-day; I am very busy preparing for housekeeping."

All during July, August, and September, the world without the screened windows and door held no personal interest for him. His life was centered on our comings and goings, the piracy of food, the chase of a fly, the accomplishment of the forbidden. He had a perfect mania for pulling the pins out of my cushion, for which he was always roundly scolded. He also delighted in throwing matches about—another forbidden pleasure.

If caught unawares at these diversions, he would instantly take the defensive. Assuming the most pugilistic attitudes, ruffling his feathers, he made great rushes, leaps, and onslaughts on my hands. When he considered me pecked to submission, with the magnanimity of a conqueror he would light on my hand, nibbling his late foe with playful tenderness, uttering notes of softest cajolery to soothe my wounded feelings.

He often perched on a bar nailed before a screened door that gave on the outside world. Strange to say, there seemed to be no realized bond connecting him with the winged inhabitants of that outer sphere. He even ducked in fear each time a bird flew past. It was while sitting at this door that Leander sang his first note. A gentle rain was falling. Some kinship with the elements probably stirred Leander's prenatal memory. Crouching low as on a bough, protected from the rain, he shrugged and strained until the sought-for answer came—a wee, plaintive, exquisite song, which brought tears to the eyes of his listening mother. It was a song sung perhaps by no other bird since time began—the improvised notes of a groping soul responding to nature in its own untutored way.

He was molting his first feathers—exchanging the beautiful mottled breast of youth for the more

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dashing colors of maturity, before he essayed the real robin song, or robin laugh.

The laugh was at first so overdone, so super-exuberant, so shrilly lawless I was convulsed with merriment. This so wounded his feelings he would have none of me for hours. Even after the real robin carol and laugh were refined, mastered, whenever the clouds gathered and the rain fell, Leander returned to his own little song of heart-thrilling, heart-soothing melody.

I had promised Leander to be a mother to him until he could fly. When he flew, I extended my promise on the ground of his general helplessness. When he had grown quite independent, I gave further futile promises of devoted services—services which I knew, alas! were no longer required. At last I had to confess the truth to myself: Leander needed me no longer—*it was I who needed Leander.*

Then began the rending battle between selfish love and plighted word. The voices of autumn were warning him to make ready for flight. Leander heard, but where should he fly? He answered the summons in long, aimless, puzzled flights about the ceiling of his home, which had now become a prison. Nature, too, was perplexed. Why did he linger in the chilly Northland? She tried to meet the conditions by providing him appropriate clothes. Leander's stomach and undertail grew white—white as the approaching snow.

Still his cowardly mother procrastinated, listening to a wistful little bird accompaniment to the mournful autumn rain—bands of iron clutching her throat.

I even told Leander I didn't want to turn him loose because the birds would laugh at him, he was such a changeling—more human than bird—in short, a sort of Peter Pan. I reminded him he could speak neither Thrush nor Robin.

I kept the truth of his real cleverness from him, for I knew well enough that, with Leander's brilliant enterprise, he could soon assimilate the tongue and habits of any new associates. I could well imagine, if set free, what marvelous tales he would tell his children and grandchildren of his strange and romantic youth. I could even fancy the tales growing greater with the years, until in his old age Leander would become the public story-teller to the birds.

I kept all these dazzling possibilities hidden from Leander, presenting to him only the dark side of liberty: the motherlessness, friendlessness, the scarcity of food, the bleakness of unsheltered nights, prowling cats, and—most terrible of all—that ghastly enemy—the boy with a gun!

When the skies were bright and a deceptive warmth softened the withered landscape, I rejoiced in the climatic delusion, translating it into a reprieve—a few days more of grace. Leander sat oftener at the open door now, always watching, waiting for something, his neck craned, his eyes staring at the distance peopled by ever-journeying birds. I turned my head; I could not look.

Each day I searched the trees for a belated robin. If I perchance found one, I exultantly assured myself there was no hurry—there was plenty of time yet left in which to love and be happy.

But the calendar went on relentlessly checking off the days, until only a remnant of October remained. On the morning of the twenty-eighth I fed him for the last time from my lips. He then nestled down in my hand and I carried him outdoors—out into that vast beyond, which he had never before seen save from a distance. I walked to the rose-garden, saying a thousand foolish, tender things, kissing the back of his neck repeatedly, dotingly. Then, with an ache gripping all my senses, I reached out my arm, and, opening my hand, offered him the long-promised freedom.

Leander clung to the hand of the only mother he had ever known, looking about with dazed, overfilled eyes—up at the vast pines, still farther up at the illimitable sky, then back to my eyes, as if to ask, "Is all this to be mine?"

He did not snatch his liberty—bless him for that! Just when I felt I could bear no more, and my relinquishing arm was almost paralyzed, he gave one great cry of farewell, of ecstasy, and soared to the green heights of his first tree.

I had given him the world—the sky, but oh, the loneliness in my own heart!

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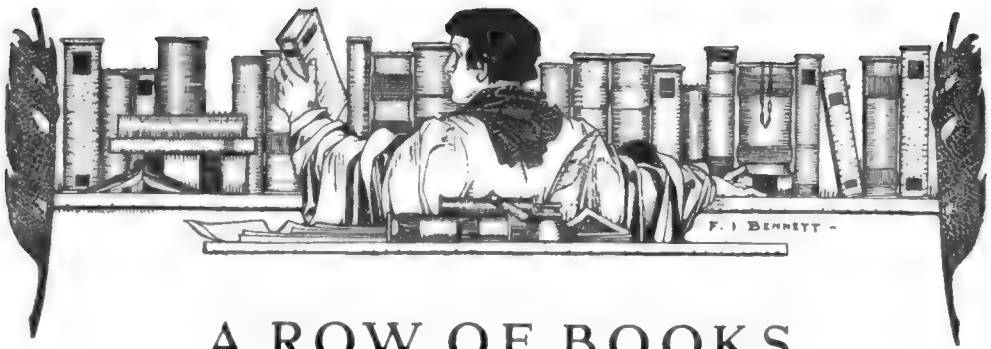

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

THERE is but one element that is constant in the flux of fashions. No matter what cut or what cloth the style of the day imposes, flesh and blood must wear the garment. So with fiction. Now flowery and flowing, now tailor-made and unadorned, words and their weaving follow many models. But if they clothe not men and women, they are nil. Now there are those among us who pass Mr. Eden Phillpotts's books without speaking because they are trimmed with what, at the moment, we regard as outlandish gear. We wear vegetable gardens on our hats, but no longer affect landscapes in our novels. Yet (and so much can not be said for all our reading) there are men and women moving through Mr. Phillpotts's pages. His novels are, after a manner of speaking, born with a caul. The real face of them, the features by which we look to know and judge them, are at first hidden behind a film of descriptive rhapsody and, even when the story has emerged and won our liking, shreds of irrelevant scenery cling to and cumber it. This is no less true of "The Three Brothers" (Macmillan), Mr. Phillpotts's latest work, than of its predecessors. Here, as heretofore, the physical Dartmoor, with its shifting mists and granite tors, obtrudes upon the human comedy, and not only punctuates the tale but interrupts it. Yet these interpolations, though out of place according to modern taste and habit, remain extraneous and call at most for the exercise of an easy eclecticism. And the tale amply repays the trouble of pruning. It is not in any technical sense a romance, nor the history of true love running either smooth or troubled. It is rather the tale of a neighborhood for a term of years; the records of an isolated community at a time when the affairs of a single family (the natures of whose three chief members boxed the compass of Faith, Hope and Works) loomed large in its annals. Its characters, like all those this author has made live for us, are humble folk, moving close to earth. But being closer to earth only brings them nearer to elemental things; and if one may not call the story an epitome, it is at least a significant fragment, of life.

Do you, dear reader, know anything of the ins and outs and rights and wrongs of the Bacon-Shakespeare feud? Have you ever met, in print, any of its partisans? Or inquired how it started? Or taken note of how often it has died out and been revived again? Or cared whose wife's cousin on the Shakespeare side had been ambushed in the backwoods of literary controversy and received a charge of logic in the back? I'll warrant you have not. But suppose you were to find that an old friend of yours, whom you had never suspected of being implicated, had gone armed for years because he was mixed up in it. And suppose he were to sit down on your front stoop and tell you things. Would you listen? I'll warrant you would. Well, that is what happens when you pick up Mark Twain's "Is Shakespeare Dead?" (Harper). It seems that long ago, in the wheelhouse of a Mississippi steamboat, Mark took sides in this quarrel and has been waiting ever since for a chance to fire a shot or two. And now, as his custom is, he fires them with eyes a-twinkle. The days have long gone by when we could be astonished over Mark Twain's being in earnest; and we have known for years that he carries an argumentative .45 in his hip pocket and a bone-handled razor of satire in his boot leg. But we never knew him for a Baconite. However, this adds the element of

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surprise to the fun and fury of his little book. And what fun and fury it contains! Bang! goes the .45. Slash! goes the razor. Mark never was a long-distance fighter. He likes hand grips and close quarters, and if he can duck and come up inside his enemy's guard, so much the merrier. Old Stratford's indifference toward her celebrated son? How about the attitude of Hannibal, Missouri, toward himself? And so we read and laugh, and lay the book aside. But the joke is that where once, in the back of our minds, reposed a contemptuous indifference to this controversy, there now resides an active and interested questioning.

Who has not, sometime, at the shaded side door of a farmhouse, had his hesitating knock answered by a homely figure whose work-stained hands and smiling, level gaze brought him into momentary realization of unfamiliar hardships and unnoted satisfactions? Those of us who knock at the door of Alice Brown's "The Story of Thyrza" (Houghton, Mifflin) court a like experience. We are met by a tale in gingham gown with rolled-up sleeves and floury hands, but with smiling, level-gazing eyes; a tale that brings one into touch with the stern shifts of living and with the quiet joys of unrecognized victories. Like all this writer's work, "The Story of Thyrza" is a story of New England, and both the narrowness and the depth of the New England character figure in it. But, as in all Alice Brown's later work, it is not upon the specific peculiarities, but upon the essential humanity of her chosen types, that her emphasis is placed. The central theme of this book is as old as the distinction between licensed marriage and unmarried license; the plight of a girl betrayed and deserted, forging such spiritual armor as she may in which to face, first, the world, and, later, her own grown child. But the story is no drama of situation. It is the history of an individual, the finding of a woman's heart and the birth of a woman's soul.

Alice Hegan Rice, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has published a new story. This statement is not set down as news, since one imagines that when this number of EVERYBODY'S makes its appearance the advent of "Mr. Opp" (Century) will be at least as widely known as any other one incident in our little world of current books. The statement is made because its manifest superfluity calls attention to an interesting subject—the occasional collision, head on, between critical pronouncement and popular verdict. Such a collision occurred in the case of "Mrs. Wiggs." It is not unlikely to be repeated in the case of "Mr. Opp." And while there are two dogmatic explanations always forthcoming on such occasions—one being that in matters of art the public is always wrong, and the other that, in the long run, the public is always right—it is conceivable that the truth is at once more complex and less disheartening than either. It is at least possible that honest criticism does not approximate to unanimity without justice, and that wide popular responsiveness is not evoked without reason. Let us look at Mr. Opp. Here is a soft-shelled crustacean in a horny world. Externally grotesque and congenitally incapable; striving by cultivated egotism and assumed bombast to hide—not from his fellows, but from himself—his own inadequacy, this poignantly pitiful little hero is a figure both human and pathetic. And since laughter lightens hearts and tears brighten vision, Mr. Opp is likely to be a welcome visitor round many an evening lamp. But, on the other hand, both Mr. Opp's humanity and his pathos are manipulated with an obviousness of intent that is as capable of killing emotion as of arousing it. There are moments when, instead of laughing, some of us cry "Fie, for shame!" And there are times when, instead of weeping, some of us ask, "Is thy servant a dog, to be vivisected?" Perhaps then, after all, this apparent disagreement is not a difference of fundamental opinion, but of mental cuticle, and may be best explained by saying that a touch that titillates one skin excoriates another.

Professor Hugo Münsterberg, who has just published the second of a series of explanatory books in which he proposes, for the benefit of an intelligent laity, to outline the trend and discuss the purpose of modern applied psychology, besides belonging in a special sense to Harvard University, belongs as an intellectual asset to the entire country. The first of these volumes, "On the Witness Stand," appeared last year and dealt with a somewhat exotic branch of practical, as opposed to theoretical, psychology: namely, the qualitative process by which it analyzes human testimony. This, while it touched the actual lives of few of us, was admirably calculated to arrest the attention and enlist the interest of all; and, by convincing us almost spectacularly of the concrete and provable achievements of this new science, paved the way for further exposition. The present volume, "Psychotherapy" (Moffat, Yard), builds with confidence upon this foundation of interest and conviction. It not only deals with a subject (the possibility of healing the sick by influencing the mental life) that, while more widely significant, is more difficult of technical comprehension; but it undertakes to clear the popular mind of misconceptions before it enters upon its proper work of reconstruction: it dares to attack that idol of the theorists, the subliminal consciousness; and it demands from its readers not only careless attention, but careful

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study. This study, however, it more than repays, and the book is earnestly recommended to those who are interested in a subject as full of pitfalls as of possibilities.

The hero of Mr. Herman Whitaker's story of "The Planter" (Harper) is a young man of Puritan proclivities, the son of an Abolitionist and the inheritor of a New England conscience, who, being inveigled into the Mexican tropics and the management of a rubber plantation, finds his heredity at loggerheads with his environment. The service of slaves, the companionship of slave-drivers, sun, sloth, and dusky jungle-maids with primitive ideas of housekeeping, woo him to forgetfulness. The sting of injustice, the sight of suffering, and the dark-eyed foster daughter of a Mexican virago, urge him to remembrance. There are times during the ensuing struggle when the virtuous reader will almost despair. There are moments when the unregenerate will almost hope that the hero will be human. But there is never a time when there is nothing doing. There are, as those familiar with rural matters know, two ways of planting corn. One is in rows, four kernels to the hill, with room for individual growth, an eye to cultivation, and hope of ripened yellow ears. The other is to scatter broadcast and gather green for fodder. Mr. Whitaker has sown romance upon the latter plan. He has broken virgin ground; has been lavish with his seed; and if his crop runs largely to stalk and leaf, it is an upstanding growth and ready for the sickle.

And now, since psychotherapy works largely through suggestion, and laughter is a specific for wrinkles wrought by thought, let me suggest Grace Luce Irwin's "The Diary of a Show Girl" (Moffat, Yard). Last month we were speaking of "The Actress" as a charming little story of the stage. Here, drawn from a knowledge no less intimate, is another picture of another side of the same life; a pen picture, drawn in words; a skit that strikes home as surely as many a more ambitious study. Sometimes a sentence printed in italics acquires the force of irony. Occasionally a simple truth, stated in its own terms, takes on all the qualities of satire by the mere fact of its being isolated from the surroundings that masked its meaning. This is Grace Irwin's method in the Diary, where Minnie Higgins, a pretty flibbertigibbet in the chorus, convulses us by her unconscious self-revealings, and gives to what is in reality the most unswerving realism the force and purpose of ironic travesty.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Hand-made Gentleman" (Harper). A story by Irving Bacheller, partly autobiographical, partly idealistic, partly allegorical of our nation's transition from youth to manhood during the latter half of the last century, and altogether invested with the faith, and optimism, and unsordidness of youth.

"Poems of American History" (Houghton, Mifflin). An anthology of unusually wide scope, edited by Burton Egbert Stevenson, and covering, either in verse contemporary with the period or in selections from later writers, the entire stretch from colonial times to the present. A collection that offers much entertainment and many curious finds.

"Our Village" (Appleton). A series of sketches by Joseph C. Lincoln, in which the types of Cape Cod life are presented with the same intimate appreciation as in his novels, but with the added liberty of a personal note and with the hint that recollection has been given preference over imagination.

"Dragon's Blood" (Houghton, Mifflin). A novel by Henry Milner Rideout, in which the reader is taken from Port Said to the Far East under the guidance of an exceptionally entertaining cicerone and admitted, at the end of the journey, to the councils of the European contingent in a Chinese trading post during a native uprising.

"Ruwenzori" (Dutton). A handsomely printed and interestingly written volume, describing the journey of exploration into the central mountains of equatorial Africa, led by the Duke of the Abruzzi in 1906. It has been compiled from the notes and diaries of the explorers by Filippo de Filippi, and is profusely illustrated by reproductions from excellent photographs.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

FROM a crowd of rah-rah college boys celebrating a crew victory, a policeman had managed to extract two prisoners.

"What is the charge against these young men?" asked the magistrate before whom they were arraigned.

"Disturbin' the peace, yer honor," said the policeman. "They were givin' their college yells in the street an' makin' trouble generally."

"What is your name?" the judge asked one of the prisoners.

"Ro-ro-robert Ro-ro-rollins," stuttered the youth.

"I asked for your *name*, sir,—not the evidence."

It was at a little northwestern town in New South Wales. A traveling Englishman stood on the veranda of the public house watching the sun go down across the Black Soil Plains in a splendor of purple and gold.

"By Jove," he exclaimed to an impassive bushman who was lounging against a post, "that's gorgeous, isn't it?"

The bushman slanted his head a little and looked critically at the glowing west. "Not bad," he drawled. "Not bad—fer a little place like Boggabri."

A little girl was greatly interested in watching the men in her grandfather's orchard putting bands of tar around the fruit trees, and asked a great many questions. Some weeks later, when in the city with her mother, she noticed a gentleman with a mourning band around his left sleeve.

"Mamma," she asked, "what's to keep them from crawling up his other arm?"

Little Muriel flew into the house, flushed and breathless.

"Oh, Mother," she cried, "don't scold me for being late to tea, for I've had such a disappointment! A horse fell down and they said that they were going to send for a horse doctor, so of course I had to stay. And after I'd waited and waited, he came, and oh, Mother, what do you think? It wasn't a horse doctor at all. It was only a man!"

Bozeman Bulger, the baseball expert, sat with a number of New York players on the piazza of the hotel at Marlin, Texas, where the New York team does its early training. A large black person in rags hung about in front of their uptilted chairs for half an hour or more, waiting for an opening to project his own personality and needs into the conversation. Mr. Bulger passed the wink for everybody to ignore the colored brother's obvious desire to make a plea.

A factory whistle blew.

"M'm'mp-e-e-e-e!" sighed the dark one with an explosive effect that commanded the attention

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of everybody. "Dar she goes! It means dinner time for some people—but it doan mean nothin' but twelve o'clock to me!"

He got his dinner money.

The moral of this story may be that it is better to heed the warnings of the "still small voice" before it is driven to the use of the telephone.

A New York lawyer, gazing idly out of his window, saw a sight in an office across the street that made him rub his eyes and look again. Yes, there was no doubt about it. The pretty stenographer was sitting upon the gentleman's lap. The lawyer noticed the name that was lettered on the window and then searched in the telephone book. Still keeping his eye upon the scene across the street, he called the gentleman up. In a few moments he saw him start violently, and take down the receiver.

"Yes," said the lawyer through the telephone, "I should think you would start."

The victim whisked his arm from its former position and began to stammer something.

"Yes," continued the lawyer severely, "I think you'd better take that arm away. And while you're about it, as long as there seem to be plenty of chairs in the room——"

The victim brushed the lady from his lap, rather roughly, it is to be feared. "Who—who the devil is this, anyhow?" he managed to splutter.

"I," answered the lawyer in deep, impressive tones, "am your conscience!" And then he hung up.

A love-smitten youth who was studying the approved methods of proposal asked one of his bachelor friends if he thought that a young man should propose to a girl on his knees.

"If he doesn't," replied his friend, "the girl should get off."

As the celebrated soprano began to sing, little Johnnie became greatly exercised over the gesticulations of the orchestra conductor.

"What's that man shaking his stick at her for?" he demanded indignantly.

"Sh-h! He's not shaking his stick at her."

But Johnnie was not convinced.

"Then what in thunder's she hollering for?"

"Ay tank Ay go across the street and get the tailor to mend my vaist," drawled a Swedish foreman, showing his employer a very ragged vest.

"All right, John."

In a few minutes the Swede returned with his vest untouched.

"Aren't you going to have it mended?" asked the boss.

"Ay tank not in that shop," replied the Swede. "Ay ask him what he charge an' he say, 'Two dollar.' Then Ay ask him, 'Will you take the vaist in part payment?' an' he wouldn't do it."

Berkowitz and Sternberg, traveling salesmen, met on the train.

"I have just come from St. Louis, vhere I did a tremendous business," said Berkowitz. "How much do you think I sold?"

"How should I know?" replied Sternberg.

"Of course you don't know, but vhat do you guess?"

"Oh, about half."

"Half of vhat?"

"Why, half vhat you say."

A graduate of an Eastern law school wrote to a prominent lawyer in Arkansas to find out what chance there would be for him in that part of the country.

"I am a Republican in politics," he wrote, "and an honest young lawyer."

"If you are an honest lawyer," came the reply, "you will have no competition, and if you are a Republican the game laws will protect you."

The night city editor of a New York newspaper once sent a cub reporter to see a temporarily prominent citizen after midnight. An hour later the reporter called up.

"Well, well," demanded the editor, "what did he have to say?"

"He—he boxed my ears, and cursed me out, sir, and said that if I ever dared get him out of bed at that time again he'd—he'd——"

"He did, did he?" snarled the editor in his high, querulous voice. "Well, you go right back there and give him to understand that he can't intimidate *me* with his threats. Moreover——"

But the reporter had quit journalism.

(Irate barber to customer as he seats him in chair)—"You see that guy going out the door?"

(Customer)—"Yes. What of it?"

(Barber)—"He's the meanest man on earth."

(Customer)—"What has he done?"

(Barber)—"Why, the scoundrel sat in my chair for half an hour and never told me he was deaf."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

IN October, 1908, we published an article entitled "Our Blind Citizens." Our object was to inform the public of the condition of the sightless, who dwell among us, but remain forever shut out from the freedom and opportunities of our lives.

We hoped to rouse you to sympathy, tenderness, generosity. The author was selected because of his high character and his intimate knowledge of the subject. It was a strong article, and it worked great good.

But among the workers for the blind, as among the workers in other causes of the Master, differences of opinion have arisen. In this way there have come to be opposing camps of philanthropic workers for the blind. Enlisted in the same cause, they yet, with all too human weakness, have fanned small differences into flames of bitterly destructive hatred. We did not know this. Had the adherents of one church attacked another in a portion of an article intended for our use, we should have been prepared to look for and eliminate the unfair portion or portions; but we met this situation without suspicion.

Now, we have learned that in this interesting and instructive contribution were hidden charges unfair in the last degree to one whose methods, personality, and views came into radical conflict with our friends who inspired and wrote the article in question. Our article stated that he was at the head of "the Tammany of Blinddom," and that "for revenue only" he bullied the institutions for the blind into using an illiterate system. There are many honest men in Tammany, yet we find that the name carries with it a terrible stigma in the eyes of a goodly portion of the American people. And to be doing philanthropic work "for revenue only" always is a serious offense. Along all these lines we have made the fullest investigations into the life and character of the gentleman in question. The result from our standpoint, as of the defeated side in a debate, is crushing. But from the standpoint of humanity and of Christian charity, it is a delight to the soul.

AN INSPIRING RECORD

For this man whom we innocently injured proves to be a character so rare, so inspiring, that just to know his worth almost makes the error worth while. During fifty years he has given the product of his mind, freely, and with almost unbelievable disregard of self, to "Our Blind Citizens"—to the education of the blind—and he ranks as a great authority on the subject. To those just entering the work, he extends welcome and assistance, but with fifty years' experience to draw upon, it would be surprising indeed if he were not impatient with newly converted philanthropists who persist in spending time and money on methods and theories that in his judgment have been proved impractical. His opponents claim that he has even gone so far, in such instances, as to appear dogmatic. Of this we have no evidence, nor of any bitterness or hatred on his part.

What we do learn from many and unimpeachable authorities is that, in his own way and with his own particular methods, he has accomplished more actual, practical progress for the blind than any other man alive, and his reward, in proportion to deeds done, is too slight to be called reward. Among workers for the blind he is known in every civilized country. Perfecting a simple and highly practical alphabet and system of

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point writing for the blind, to which he might have given his name, he preferred to call it "New York Point" for his native state.

There are honest differences of opinion as to the value of "New York Point" over what is known as "Braille," but of his integrity and frankness in strenuously advocating his method there can be no doubt.

Inventing numerous devices for the convenience and instruction of the blind, he has patented them to prevent selfish persons from gaining monopolies of the necessities for the sightless. Then, foregoing all personal profit and distinction for himself, he has presented his rights to the "New York Institution for the Blind," which means that he has given them to the world.

Mrs. Ziegler, out of her abundance, spends $20,000 a year on a magazine for the blind, printing freely any of the rival methods for which there is a demand. But, because no inexpensive system has been provided for printing on both sides of the page, the cost of paper has hampered the work in volume of material and in circulation. The gentleman criticised in our article, as a climax to his splendid services, has now invented a practical printing press that will permit the use of both sides of the paper. It is a progressive step of such value as only our mentally starved brothers and sisters can begin to comprehend. To all the blind in the world it opens new, vast, and beautiful vistas of knowledge and recreation. And, as with everything else worth while that he has done, he gives this work of his brain and heart and hand to all who need.

We are sorry that there are differences among these workers for the common good. But most of all, we are sorry that we did this fine character an injustice. His name is William Bell Wait, and he is Principal Emeritus of the "New York Institution for the Blind." May his tribe increase.

A FRIEND IN CHINA

Most of us who have reached forty know how important it is to think things over carefully before making any important decision. Business men have learned the folly of quick decisions. How often you hear them say, "Let me think over that." Then they get away from all distractions, forget the favorable aspects of the proposition for a time, and look squarely at the other side, weighing the possibility of failure and often, in the end, strangling a cherished dream. The letters we get from our readers are especially valuable to us because they give us the points of view of those who are not so close to the problems of the magazine as we are, and who, therefore, are not carried away by enthusiasm and whose minds are not worn in ruts.

Below is a letter from far-off China. Far enough away, surely, to guarantee an unbiased judgment and a perspective unusually clear and accurate. This writer loves his native land, and his assurance that we are really accomplishing something more than entertainment with EVERYBODY'S is most encouraging.

DEAR MR. RIDGWAY: I agree with those who say you are publishing a great magazine: one that not only fulfills the usual entertaining function of the literary monthly, but also does a splendid work in informing and instructing its readers. And I don't know how to classify such contributions as those of Eugene Wood and Dr. Thomson, nor how to express my deep appreciation of them. I have been out of America for more than five years, but EVERYBODY'S has kept me interested in, and informed on, the economic conditions "at home," so that I feel I shall not be a back number when I return. My only regret when I read such articles as those in which Mr. Russell relates the results of his investigations is that I cannot be in America to join my little strength to the great force you are directing for the country's good.

I enjoy the advertisements and read them through. They are interesting, and they are a big help to us who have to do our shopping by mail; it is a delight to see the way you keep out objectionable ones.

I have liked the biographical sketches you publish occasionally, and some I would like to have translated into Chinese for the benefit of my neighbors. Your poetry is—well, poetry; and some of it fine. Herbert Kaufman's "The Awakening" voiced a sigh of my heart that makes me want to say "thank you" to him. In fiction, you have published hardly a thing that grated on my sensibilities. If you can, do give us some more like "Avunculus," "A Case of Fits," "The Big Wind," "The Hickory Limb," more of the "Flickingers"; and is there any more to tell about "Johnny Fairchild"? "The Soudan" was most realistic to one living as near the tropics as we do. It's all good.

After thinking over the order in which I read the magazine and what I look at twice, I must say that I am most taken with your "Row of Books." It's there that I keep up with the novels of the day. Mr. Kerfoot's criticisms are apt, fair, worthy, and most delightfully given. His use of English is a lecture course in rhetoric and composition. I believe I would read anything that had his name on it just for the pleasure his way of using language gives.

I'm afraid my smile is too long drawn out, but, contracted to proper size, it's just this: I think EVERYBODY'S is a splendid magazine, and I hope you will keep on making it just so; don't get discouraged, but keep on exposing, instructing, praising, entertaining. I thank you for the pleasure you have given me and the good you have done me.

F. E.

AMOY, CHINA, April 17, 1909.

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